THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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THE MIRRORS OF VERSAILLES



by Elisabeth Kyle 10/- net

In the villages and small towns of Central and Eastern Europe quite ordinary people like ourselves go on living their quite ordinary lives; and it is interesting to speculate how they react to the repercussions of the political events of the last year or two.

To such speculations Miss Kyle supplies an answer in a personal, picturesque and vividly written narrative of a round of visits paid to a small castle on the Hungarian-Czech frontier; to the Seven Cities in Roumanian Transylvania; to a convent and to a country house in Roumania proper; to a family living in Travnik in the heart of "Turkish" Bosnia; to a cottage belonging to a Sudeten German girl in Czechoslovakia; and finally to a Latvian country house and to a flat in Riga.

In its own individual way this book is a complement, and in some senses a corrective, to the many commentaries of recent international happenings. On the one hand it emphasises the inherent strength of the pattern of existence in towns and villages remote from the centres of diplomatic and political activity; on the other it shows how small pin-pricks, scarcely noticed in the news, can take on a fresh significance when encountered in a village whose whole rhythm happens to have been upset by them. In such places, as the author remarks, a new, sometimes fantastic focus is given to world problems.

CONSTABLE

THE

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No. DCCXLIX—July 1939

IS WAR INEVITABLE?

In Madison Square Garden some six months ago, Dr. Thomas Mann addressed an audience of 20,000 Americans. 'It is too late,' he said, 'for the British Government to save the peace of the world. They have missed one opportunity after another; they have now no further opportunities. The peace of the world can be saved only by the peoples of the world; *Hitler must fall*—that, and nothing else, can save the peace.' His audience rose to their feet and yelled in passionate agreement. Need we accept so pessimistic a conclusion?

It must be remembered that this great exile was speaking under the first shock of the Munich agreement. He has since embodied these words in a pamphlet entitled, *Dieser Friede*. Being unaware of the dumb intricacies of the English mind, Dr. Mann was unable to estimate the in fact measureless powers of self-deception possessed by the average Englishman. It was so evident to him that Herr Hitler had obtained at Munich the most conclusive of all bloodless victories that he was unable for one moment to believe that phrases such as 'peace with honour' could have been uttered in sincerity. He came to the conclusion that the British Government actually desired the triumph in Europe of the Nazi-Fascist doctrine, that doctrine which he has himself described as 'the bolshevism of the artisan' or *Banausen-Bolschewismus*.

It was unavoidable that Thomas Mann, writing in trans-atlantic and suburban Princeton in the middle of October, 1938, should have felt that Great Britain had once and for all renounced her responsibilities as a liberal Power. Were he to visit England to-day he would not come to the same conclusion. Since September a revolution has occurred in British opinion, and therefore in British policy. Has this change of mind and will-power come too late? That is the question which I wish to examine.

Let me begin by analysing the nature of the change which has taken place. The average Englishman is by temperament optimistic; it comforts him to believe that what he wishes to happen is likely to occur; he will adopt almost any expedient rather than face realities which might disturb his equanimity. He becomes the victim, in such circumstances, not so much of intellectual cowardice, as of extreme mental absenteeism. The average Englishman can endure almost anything except cerebral discomfort; when faced with conditions involving tremendous and most unpleasant mental effort, he escapes from that effort by pretending that these conditions are easily remediable, or much exaggerated, or actually non-existent. It was for this reason that such words as 'collective security' or 'appeasement' assumed for so many of us the potency and the inefficacy of mystic incantations; it was for these reasons that we comforted ourselves for so many months with the facile assumption that the root of all evil was the Treaty of Versailles and that some slight modification of that instrument would render Germany satisfied and pacific; it was for these reasons that the Left found it more soothing to think of the Covenant than to think of rearmament, and that the Right found it easier to regard Nazi Germany as a bulwark against Bolshevism than to confront her as a menace to our Empire and our independence. Those who wrote or spoke otherwise were regarded as cowardly, bellicose, eccentric, self-seeking or ill-bred. Such prolonged absences of mind are familiar to all students of English history; yet our recent absence of mind is distinguished from its predecessors by the subsequent intrusion of two formidable currents of instinct. The first was the instinct of self-preservation; the second was wounded pride.

I do not see that it is discreditable to be frightened of the bombs and bolshevism which war is certain to produce. It is but natural that a civilised man should hate to lose his life or his possessions. What is so curious is that, whereas the French instinct of self-preservation has (in spite of Monsieur Flandin) never for one moment become dormant, our own instinct only awoke after March 15th last; and even to this day the remains of somnolence clog our alertness. There were two distinct phases in our awakening. The first phase came during the September crisis, when popular confidence in our security was suddenly destroyed by the distribution of gas-masks and the digging of pitiable ditches in the parks. The second phase was reached when Herr Hitler tore up the Munich agreement and proved to us that it was not in appeasement that our safety could be sought. There were other alarums which jangled in our ears. The persecution of the Jews did much to dispel the illusion that the Germany of Herr Hitler was a friendly and good-humoured country as cricket-conscious as we are ourselves. The seizure of Albania destroyed for many of us our confidence in the good faith and good intentions of the Italian Government. And the circumstances of General Franco's victory suggested, even to our most fervent anti-reds, that this happy ideological triumph might have been purchased at the cost of grave strategical disadvantage.

The second instinct which, on the Ides of March, was wrenched from the soft mud of the subconscious was the instinct of pride. By slow stages, by gradual infiltration, it was borne in upon the British public that we had been exposed by the dictator Powers to affronts more intolerable than any which this country had endured for generations. We had been obliged, owing to our weakness, to witness the repudiation of the Munich and the Anglo-Italian agreements; the seizure of Bohemia, Moravia and Albania; and the surrender of our Government to the terrorism of the Arabs. Too deep for sound or foam, the great tide of injured dignity rose from the depths of the British character. The English may dislike mental inconvenience; they dislike humiliation even more.

I contend, therefore, that were Thomas Mann writing his pamphlet, as I am writing this article on June 14th, 1939,

he would not argue that the British people are actuated by motives of cowardice, escapism, or class prejudice. We have got beyond all that. Great Britain has at last realised her weakness and the menace which it entails. The country is united in a desire to regain our defensive energy, and thereby our authority in the councils of the nations. We are prepared for this purpose to sink party differences and former slogans. And, although the voice of the appeaser still whimpers in the land, these ululations, in the thunder of reviving patriotism, are becoming fainter and more apologetic. The great mass of thinking people realise to-day that the only method of controlling violence is to resist it by a potentially greater force; even as the only means of deterring the dictators from a war of aggression is to prove to them overtly, and in time, that such a war would not be in the very least successful. The question is, therefore, 'Has this realisation, as Dr. Thomas Mann supposes, come too late?'

Sir Arthur Salter has recently published an admirable and extended study of this very problem under the title of *Security: Can We Retrieve It?*[1] He examines, as I have tried to examine, the nature of our previous optimism and of our present awakening. He recapitulates with precision, but without bitterness, the mistakes that have been made, and he draw[s] attention to the hesitations and the half-measures which are still impeding our maximum effort. He emphasises again and again that the period through which we are now passing i[s] not a period of peace but a period of half-war; and tha[t] peace-time methods are in no sense applicable to the prese[nt] emergency. He assesses, with caution and with reservatio[n] the balance of power as it exists to-day, giving due weight [to] such imponderables as the effect of air-attack in mode[rn] warfare and the decisions of the United States. He con[cludes] to the conclusion that, whereas the Western democra[cies] would almost certainly triumph in a long war, they wil[l be] exposed, during the first six months, to ordeals for w[hich] they are even now not preparing with sufficient spee[d and] energy. He urges that a far more intensive national e[ffort] should immediately be organised and he suggests that [this] effort should be accompanied and palliated by the prepar[ation] and publication of a general peace plan, in order that

[1] *[Can] We Retrieve It?* Sir Arthur Salter, Macmillan: 8s. 6d.

our physical and moral strength may be demonstrated to all the world.

It will be fairer if I summarise Sir Arthur Salter's theory in his own words:

> We must mobilise our full strength with all speed; cement our friendships at once; make it impossible, and obviously impossible, that any aggressor could quickly succeed. We must keep alive our ideals in our own hearts, and make it known to others that these ideals can be combined with strength, with efficiency and with magnanimity. Thus, and thus only, we can hope that, if war comes, democracy and its values will at least survive; thus, and thus only, may we hope perhaps to make the prospects of aggression too discouraging and so even maintain peace.

It is from this angle that Sir Arthur preaches the wise doctrine of conciliation, not from weakness, but from overpowering strength. Few thinking people would disagree with Sir Arthur's diagnosis; it is in regard to his suggested treatment that important divergences of opinion still exist.

Let us assume that, in its original form, the doctrine of appeasement is no longer held. There can be few people who still believe that peace can be preserved by diplomatic arrangements with the Axis Powers, and it is now generally admitted that one of the central factors in the whole problem is that international confidence has been totally destroyed. The essential divergence seems to be between those who fear that the full and immediate organisation of our physical, moral and diplomatic power may serve as a *provocation*; and those who hope that it will act as a *deterrent*. There is much to be said in favour of each of these two schools of thought, and they require to be carefully weighed against each other.

Those who hesitate to place our national energies upon a war footing, are consciously or unconsciously basing their argument upon the theory that time is on our side. Discussion of this theory has been blurred and embittered by the fact that those who in the last few years have urged that time is on our side have been proved incorrect in their assumptions. It is now evident that while we have been wasting time the Axis Powers have been gaining invaluable strategic ground. Yet it is also true that it will no longer be so easy for our

opponents to seize strategic or economic territory without encountering serious risks. It is thus possible that to-day the time-factor, which in the past has been a source of serious illusion, may in the future become a factor of decisive importance.

Those experts with whom I have discussed the matter have given me the definite impression that the time factor cuts both ways. Thus whereas it may be true that Italy and Germany can hardly endure the present tension indefinitely, it may also be true that the strain upon the nerves of the French and British peoples will also prove almost intolerable. Similarly, although it is obvious that our own air defences will be more perfect in 1942, yet it is also true that the cadres of the German army will by that date have reached full maturity. Nor can one seriously suppose that if, as I believe, Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini have deliberately planned to attack the French and British Empires, they will wait until the nerve centres of those empires have been rendered comparatively immune from attack.

I suspect also that the 'playing for time' argument is but a hang-over from the old 'let the explosion go east' theory, a theory which became discredited when, upon the Ides of March, the explosion did in fact take an easterly direction. Yet this whole conception is not one which should be lightly dismissed. It can be argued that Germany has a claim to economic expansion in the Danubian area, and that Herr Hitler would find therein that *Lebensraum* which, now that the iniquities of Versailles are wearing somewhat thin, has become his most persistent slogan. Nor is it wholly impossible that the energy absorbed by, and the satisfaction derived from, such exploitation of South Eastern Europe would in the course of years render Germany a satisfied and sedentary Power. I do not myself unreservedly agree with this contention. I feel that if by such acquiescence we condoned the suppression of so many liberties we should lose our reputation as a moral State; and that this loss, in that it would be irretrievable, would permanently damage our continental and imperial prestige. I am convinced also that once the Axis Powers obtained exclusive possession of the economic resources of the Danubian basin, the control of the Mediterranean and the land route to Iraq, Iran and India,

our own sea power would become so ineffective that we should find it difficult to resist further depredations.

As a cynical short-term policy this abandonment of Eastern Europe to the Axis Powers would, had Herr Hitler been a temperate statesman, have had every prospect of success. It would have gained considerable support in this country and might well have assured us two years of peace. By those whose one desire is to postpone the evil day, even though this postponement may mean complete eventual disaster, such an evasion of immediate danger would have been welcomed with actual relief. It would have been so easy for Herr Hitler to chloroform British opinion by amicable references to Mr. Chamberlain's courageous battle for peace and with assurances of a future of calm sunshine. It would have been so easy for him thereafter, with the aid of Herren Funk and Wohltat, quietly to cast the net around the Danube basin, and to capture the rich sturgeon which it contains. He made no such amicable references. He delivered the Saarbrücken speech; he launched his pogrom against the Jews; he seized Bohemia and Moravia. It is said that he linked himself to this chain of devastating blunders owing to a gust of rage induced by a letter from the wife of an English archdeacon begging him, as a thankoffering for Munich, to release Pastor Niemöller. Be that as it may, the impulses which drove him to such ruthlessness were impulses which can drive him, and many others with him, to eventual doom.

Although, for these reasons, the 'let the explosion go east' idea commands slight support, yet there are many serious and informed people who still contend that time is on our side. While agreeing in general with the diagnosis which Sir Arthur Salter has established, they would contend that the condition of the patient's health is not such as to admit of the drastic treatment which he recommends. They assert (and it is a formidable assertion) that any strength which we could evolve ourselves, or acquire in co-operation with others, would not for many months be so overpowering as to shatter Herr Hitler's faith in the infallibility of the knock-out blow. They argue, therefore, that to place this country upon a war-footing immediately or to resort to overt and avowed encirclement of the Axis Powers, would not only

cause domestic dislocation, but would be regarded by German opinion as definitely provocative. And they contend that the danger of driving the Axis Powers into a preventive war is a danger more real and more immediate than any disadvantages entailed by our present dilatory methods.

There is much truth in this assertion. There are many excellent arguments which can be adduced to prove the disadvantage, before acute necessity arises, of 'alarming the country.' It is unquestionable that the dread of encirclement lives in every German heart, and that it has already provided Dr. Goebbels with exactly that galvanic appeal which (after Mr. Chamberlain's civic visit to Germany) was necessary to destroy the growing pacifism which was weakening the war-will of the German people. All this cannot be denied. Yet the truth remains, and must again be emphasised, that there is no halfway house between appeasement and resistance. Either we have to appease with the maximum of concession or we have to resist with the maximum of force. It would be the gravest of all errors to adopt a military and diplomatic policy which, while sufficiently alarming to tempt the Axis Powers to launch a preventive war, was not sufficiently complete and rapid to convince them that any such war would prove disastrous. It is for this reason that I regret the divergence between those who are afraid of provocation and those who believe in the deterrent. It is to be feared that the Government may, as Governments do, try to steer between these two conflicting conceptions; and in the welter of uncertainty in which we wallow to-day, one thing alone is certain, namely that the middle course is certain to fail.

I therefore agree with Sir Arthur Salter that we should now cease drawing elegant arabesques around the alternations and combinations of appeasement and resistance. Our national disinclination for the extremes of policy tempts us inevitably to compromise between two policies which, although by no means mutually exclusive, are effective only if each is applied to the maximum degree. The only hope of peace, as I see it, is to convince the Axis Powers by a tremendous military and diplomatic effort (I should almost call it an offensive) that we are determined on resistance; and at the same time to issue a manifesto of peace terms comparable to the Fourteen Points of President Wilson, such

as will indicate to the world that we are definitely prepared to meet all reasonable aspirations. Each of these two lines of dynamic policy should be given the utmost publicity and for that purpose a Ministry of Information, supplied with generous funds, should at once be constituted. By these means alone can we hope to preserve the peace.

Supposing that such a policy were immediately adopted, what prospect really exists of avoiding war? I am not among those who believe that Italy or Spain can be detached from the axis by any diplomatic methods. True it is that the Italian and the Spanish peoples desire peace as ardently as ourselves and that many of them regard the German connection as a dangerous and unwelcome liability. Yet we must realise that the totalitarian States have been enabled to condition their peoples in such a manner that the mass of the population have 'personified' the State and regard it as a hero and a benefactor. No allurements that we could offer would be able to break through the machine of Fascist discipline or to prevent herd-emotions rising to the call of Gibraltar, Malta or Tunis. When people are anxious to die dangerously there is small propaganda value in the carpet-slippers of democratic ease.

I am not, again, among those who believe that the German people can, without defeat in war, be detached from allegiance to their Führer. It may be true that many elderly people in Germany regard the *Banausen-Bolschewismus* of the Nazi system with terrified disgust. Yet the younger generations feel nothing but ardour and gratitude, and it is by the younger generation that modern Germany is ruled. Nor do I believe that to-day the policy of Herr Hitler and Herr von Ribbentrop could in time be diverted or controlled by the wiser counsels of the German General Staff. That may well have been a possibility in September last; it is not a possibility to-day. I feel, therefore, that the whole apparatus of peace is, to an alarming extent, centred upon one single point, namely, the desires, emotions and impulses of Herr Hitler. We must realise quite calmly that the destinies of Europe depend very largely upon the temperament of a single man. And in any estimate of the possibility of preserving peace that temperament must be examined as one of the determining factors.

Herr Hitler is not, in the first place, a political animal, in

the sense that Napoleon and Mussolini can be described as political animals. He is primarily a revivalist, in the sense that Mahomet was a revivalist. His immunity to the ordinary indulgences of the flesh has enabled him to condense amazing pressure within those areas of personality which are generally reserved for the subsidiary passions. His capacity for hatred is superhuman. His ambition is without bounds.

In the second place Herr Hitler is a mystic. He sincerely believes that he has been chosen by fate to render the German people the rulers of the world. He has the utmost confidence in his own somnambulist certainty in that *nachtwandlerische Sicherheit*, which hitherto has enabled him to prove that the hesitations of his experts were futile in comparison to his own transcendental destiny. And he believes (and perhaps this is the most important factor of all) that he will shortly die. For him, time is certainly not upon his side.

Of all his hatreds, and they are many, there is one which is perhaps the most fatal of all. His hatreds for the Jews, for Schuschnigg, Niemöller, Benes and perhaps even Mr. Chamberlain, are dangerous in that they generate explosive gases such as are not justified by the provocation given. Yet, of all his hatreds the most dæmonic is his hatred of cowardice. The lives of many million citizens may be sacrificed in order that Hitler can prove to himself that he has never been afraid.

A temperament which combines in such explosive proportions high condensations of rancour and recklessness would in any case prove dangerous in a man possessed of terrific power. Yet Herr Hitler has often shown that he is able at times to master his own temperament, and it might well be assumed that he could restrain himself (as he restrained himself in May of 1938) if faced by a demonstrably unfavourable war. The instinct for self-preservation exists in the most fanatical types and even Mahomet thought it wiser to escape to Yathrib. It is thus possible that Hitler also may undergo his *hejira* and it is conceivable that at the next Nüremberg rally he will appear suddenly as the angel of eternal peace. Nor should it be forgotten that he has a superstitious veneration for his own Koran and that he might be unwilling to violate the message of *Mein Kampf* by facing Germany, over some naval or colonial issue, with a war upon

two fronts. It is thus dangerous either to under-estimate or to over-estimate the pathological elements in the Führer's temperament. We must remember that, while capable of the emotional excesses of the fanatic, he also possesses the shrewd caution of his peasant stock. Dangerous as his emotional impulses may prove, it would be safe to assume that they would not be determinant in a situation in which they ran counter to his instinct of self-preservation, to his own legend, or to the opinion and desires of the great mass of the German people. Can we feel confident that these moderating factors are really on the side of peace?

It must constantly be remembered that Hitler conquered his country by appealing to their rancour, their humiliation, their ambitions and their interests. Even his critics in Germany are deeply grateful to him for having abolished unemployment. He cannot afford to see the unemployment problem recur. Yet if he were to diminish armaments, to cut down his labour camps and his military training, or to accept our offers of raw material, he would be faced by unemployment upon a scale even worse than that of 1932. The Ersatz industry, for instance, has now become a vested interest, and extreme economic confusion would be created if Germany suddenly found herself possessed of those raw materials which she has for years been manufacturing artificially. A large part of the Hitler legend reposes upon a wholly fictitious solution of the unemployment problem; his love for his own legend, as well as his instinct for self-preservation, might thus deter him from allowing that fiction to be exposed, or that problem to be restated.

A similar difficulty arises in regard to the emotions which he has deliberately aroused. The German people have been able to endure the severity and sacrifices of the Nazi system mainly because they have been inspired by fear of attack from outside, by hatred of the successive bogeys with which Hitler has frightened them, by deep and sullen ambition to dominate Europe and the world. How can Herr Hitler, without danger to his whole system, deflate the immense balloon which he has blown into the symbol of German suffering and German might? Even if he were as modest and as reasonable as Lord Halifax this problem of deflation would cause him long anxiety. I fear that we must recognise

that even if the Führer desired to escape from his own legend he would find the process one of great difficulty and danger. It would require a man of surpassing genius to discipline the emotional and economic forces which have been unleashed; I do not regard Herr Hitler as a man of surpassing genius.

Is it then possible that the German people will realise the abyss towards which they are drifting and themselves insist upon a change of course? It is possible; but it is not probable. For five long years the German people have been subjected to the deliberate destruction of their intellectual and critical faculties. They are congenitally addicted to self-pity, envy, herd-emotion, obedience and a lust for domination. Their nobler qualities have been exiled or repressed. I doubt whether they are now capable of that tremendous energy of courage and independence which would be essential to any effective revolt. It is so far easier for them to acquiesce, to suffer, to endure; it is so far easier to lull their personal anxieties by the deification of the Führer and the worship of the nation-State; it is so far easier for them to believe that they are menaced, and to rejoice in the tremendous triumphs and spoliations which they are confident will ensue. I can picture a German of my own age, sitting there in his *Gartenlaube*, pondering upon all these things with apprehension and distress. For a moment perhaps he may nerve himself to the resolution that something must be done to prevent the onrush of this dreadful calamity. Yet almost immediately his resolve is tempered by thoughts of the *Gestapo*, by thoughts of deflation, by fear of losing his job, by fear of Dachau or Buchenwald, by the sad conviction that his generation in modern Germany has ceased to count. With a gesture of despairing acquiescence he will sink back helpless, and as he does so the voices of the school-children across the road will shrill their fatal chant:

> Wir werden weiter marschieren, wenn alles in Scherben fällt;
> Denn heute gehört uns Deutschland; und Morgen die ganze Welt.

'And why not?' he will murmur, in a pathetic attempt at self-assurance.

For these reasons I believe that war is almost inevitable. Yet in that one word 'almost' I still find hope. I believe

with Sir Arthur Salter that if we demonstrate that this country is prepared both for the maximum of resistance and the maximum of conciliation there is some slight chance of preserving the peace. Yet, if that chance is to be extended until it becomes a certainty we must act as a united nation without reservation and without delay.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

MODERN ASPECTS OF NAVAL STRATEGY

The feeble oscillation towards settlement of international disputes by reason, which an astral observer might have detected during the years 1919–1932, has now completely died away, and we are back in the position crystallised by Clausewitz in his sentence, 'War is a continuation of policy by other means.'

The application of force depends ultimately on the man and the weapon. Both are capable of modification, but the weapon changes more than the man. Men can be taught to risk their lives or even to sacrifice them voluntarily in the cause of their country, they can learn the value of co-operation, they can be hardened to endure, dulled to the reactions of pity, or steeled to a reckless bravery.

The means for superimposing these characteristics are well understood by most nations to-day, and although some breeds have greater basic endurance than others, good fighting qualities may be counted upon at first at all events, in the forces of all the great Powers. The weapon, on the other hand, is capable of infinite variation and development. No nation can afford to stop this development, and although each does its best to keep secret every step forward or new discovery, it knows that before long its rivals will possess the same or equally effective improvements. A year or two's start is all that can be hoped for, yet even this may make all the difference, and a slight advantage in weapons might decide a war and with it the fate of a nation.

Tactics, the science of using the weapons, depends on the weapons used. Strategy, the business of waging war, depends on the tactics to be employed when opposing forces meet; consequently, it too depends on the weapon. National policy in war must depend largely on strategy, for it is useless to adopt a policy which cannot in practice be carried out;

therefore policy too depends on the weapon. And so we have in each country, and for each Service, experimental departments working feverishly behind closed doors to make their weapons a little better than those of their rivals.

But until war supplies the ultimate test there can be no certainty as to the relative value of one weapon against another. For example, in naval matters the present value of surface craft, and battleships in particular, in the light of aerial developments since the last war, is still uncertain. Everything practicable has been done to clear the question up, and, on the whole, the opinion prevails that where the air offensive is not too intense, surface ships, which have been specially constructed or modified to withstand bombing, can hold their own. But one cannot be quite sure.

In British naval opinion air-power is the servant and not the master of sea-power in tactics and strategy. In Italian opinion, however, it would appear that the aeroplane is regarded as the master of sea-power, and it is this clash of idea and similar clashes on other points, such as the present-day value of submarines, which render it possible for a weaker naval Power to hope for success against a stronger, and which is largely responsible for the state of tension which has existed in the Mediterranean since 1935, and all over the western world since 1938.

Italian Strategic Concept

Thus it is conceivable that to-day Italy cherishes the idea that her great fleets of submarines and sea-going aircraft can seek out and cripple the British and French surface fleets anywhere in the Mediterranean and so dominate that sea. That strategic concept is probably the basis of all Italian naval and air development during the last decade.

To this end Italy has made air bases in Rhodes, Leros, Benghazi, Sicily and Sardinia, and moved her mainland bases inland out of the reach of artillery fire from the sea. To this end she has built submarines intensively, and sought the use of Spanish harbours. Since, however, she is also building four large battleships, it is clear that she does not rely a 100 per cent. on her own theory. If that theory is right, let us admit she has a reasonable chance of conquering Egypt and the Suez Canal.

German Strategic Concept

Similarly Germany, looking back on the last war, perceives the great effect of her submarine warfare on British trade, but sees also how Britain defeated it by convoy, and has devised means to make her attack more effective next time. Hence she has not only constructed a great submarine fleet, but has built a surface navy particularly adapted to raiding and breaking up convoys, and with special regard to the limitations in warship building which Britain voluntarily imposed upon herself by treaty during the disarmament period. Thus we have the three 10,000-ton ships of the Deutschland class carrying 11-inch guns and which at the time of their construction could only be caught and fought by three ships in the world, the *Hood*, *Renown*, and *Repulse*. To these France replied with the two ships of the Dunkerque class, whereupon Germany built the two powerful Scharnhorsts, and followed with full-fledged 35,000-ton battleships designed to hold the British battlefleet on guard in the North Sea, while the five super-raiders and powerful cruisers as well roamed the ocean in search of the convoys which defence against submarine attack had called into being.

Here, then, we have the German strategic plan, and its fulfilment can be immeasurably amplified by the provision of bases on or near the British trade routes. Consequently we have witnessed an intense propaganda in favour of colonies in Africa, and a *rapprochement* with Spain to acquire the use of the important Spanish ports and dockyards on the west coast and in the Canaries.

That this is so is supported by the stationing of a strong German naval contingent on the Spanish coast for 'manœuvres' at the time of greatest tension in the spring of this year. To pass out the first consignment of raiders, both surface and submarines, well clear of the North Sea and on to the richest trade route before war began, was a master-stroke on this theory, but madness on any other.

British Strategic Concept

British strategy does not depend wholly, or even mainly, on the methods of attack we anticipate an enemy will use. In the first instance, our base must be secure and that means that we must keep open the sea communications which both

provide our country with food and co-ordinate our Empire. Only when we have assured this can we look outward to the business of attack, and here at once the weapon constrains us.

We find that the very same organisation of sea-power which enables us to keep our communications intact, gives us the power to deny sea communications to an enemy. In fact, we can use the same forces at the same time for two different purposes, one defensive, the other offensive. And it is this happy circumstance which makes blockade our most practical, economical and effective war strategy. Only when we have provided the force which can command the sea and destroy the enemy if he offers battle, and have evolved the method of protecting our own communications and denying the sea to an enemy, can we indulge in any further offensive plan with the object of shortening the war; and then only when there is force enough available to make it effective.

Wrong thinking in these matters has been our undoing in the past. We see a perfect instance in the last war. As soon as the naval situation was stabilised and while waiting for the enemy fleet to give us an opportunity of destroying it, the Dardanelles campaign was conceived. Strategically this was admirable, provided enough force and energy were employed to bring it to a successful conclusion. But by starting too soon and piecemeal, and by being niggardly with troops, aircraft and ships, we frittered away what was unquestionably a magnificent plan.

Re-armament follows the Strategic Concept

Britain's naval re-armament to-day, then, is directed primarily to the maintenance of sea communications and enforcement of blockade, and to this end we are building nine new fast battleships and six aircraft carriers, bringing our cruiser strength up to seventy, and greatly increasing our numbers of destroyers. We are also building escort and anti-aircraft vessels for the protection of convoys, and we ought to be constructing, though I am not sure that we are, numerous flotillas of hunting vessels for destroying enemy submarines wherever they may be. In addition, the immense effort to increase our Air Force must, one hopes, include the provision of aircraft capable of neutralising Italian air superiority in

the Mediterranean as well as German air superiority in the North Sea.

Remembering these facts and remembering also that our Navy to-day is in a state of flux and growth, a new ship of some kind being added to the fleet every week, and the modernisation of old ships also yielding its increase of serviceable vessels from day to day, let us examine the present distribution of the Fleet so far as it is made public.

The Fleet Distribution—Mediterranean

It has been authoritatively stated that we intend to maintain our position in the Mediterranean in the event of war, and we therefore must keep there a fleet indisputably superior to that of Italy. But in this respect, we have to take into consideration the fleets of France, with whom we are virtually allied. Italy possesses four old battleships which have been modernised and given a speed of 27 knots. She is building four more, but these are not yet ready. Against this we set a squadron of four battleships, definitely superior in gun power, and to which can be added four French battleships, also modernised.

It is to be emphasised that, although Britain possesses twelve battleships and three battle cruisers, of which total three are in process of being modernised, we only keep four battleships in the Mediterranean. This is presumably deemed sufficient, and if any of these ships are put out of action they can be rapidly replaced from those in Home waters.

Italy has seven 8-inch cruisers, fifteen light cruisers, sixty-two destroyers and over a hundred submarines. Against this force we provide three 8-inch cruisers, which, with France's seven, gives a superiority of ten to seven, three 6-inch cruisers plus three French, a number which the Admiralty would doubtless increase at once by concentrations from outside, and thirty-nine destroyers plus twenty-two French, giving virtual equality to Italy's sixty-two. In the matter of submarines we have a mere seven in the Mediterranean and France twenty-four.

On the whole, then, and having regard to the weaknesses of a combined fleet, we are maintaining little more than an equality basis with Italy in the Mediterranean. Although

this force appears insufficient, it may perhaps be explained on the grounds that:

(1) Total Italian strength has been shown, assuming all ships in service and none refitting, as against actual effective strength on our side.

(2) The Mediterranean can be easily reinforced from both ends, and there are a number of ships available for this purpose.

(3) There may be some idea of not keeping in the zone vulnerable to aircraft more capital ships than are necessary to contain the Italian battlefleet and establish surface sea command.

The Fleet Distribution—Atlantic

Turning to the Atlantic, the Home Fleet provides the main force for containing Germany's Fleet and affording protection to our convoys. It consists essentially of six battleships, which are obviously more than is necessary to offset the German battle fleet, which consists to-day only of two 25,000 ton Scharnhorsts. These are served by three aircraft carriers, five cruisers, three flotillas of destroyers and seven submarines. The battle-cruiser squadron of three ships, one of which is still refitting, would probably operate in the North Atlantic against the three Deutschlands, and against these also and against the Scharnhorsts, if they go out raiding, the two French fast battleships of the Dunkerque class could be employed.

Obviously, then, the battle fleet in Home waters is unnecessarily strong and provides not only a reserve for the Mediterranean, but also for the detaching of battleships to escort convoys, so that these shall not be at the mercy of surface raiders.

Mobilisation

On mobilisation, additional cruiser squadrons, flotillas of destroyers and converted merchant vessels will be brought into commission as well as innumerable mine-sweepers, so that not only can the main fleets be reinforced, but the complex business of assuring the safe passage of merchant convoys and transports can function within a few days. It is not to be doubted that this has been planned in detail. The further necessity of intensively hunting down enemy submarines may lag behind, as we do not at present possess anything like

sufficient hunting craft. One cannot suppose the Admiralty are unaware of this weakness, and they must be credited with taking such measures as are possible to rectify it.

The War in Progress

Should war eventuate, it is probable that the more spectacular naval events of its early days will take place in the Mediterranean. We shall see the British battlefleet based on some port in the Eastern Mediterranean, possibly Alexandria, and it may be that a second allied battlefleet will be constituted with a base, say, at Gibraltar. These fleet bases will each be protected by a ring of anti-aircraft fire, provided by forts or ships, as well as an advance air patrol station. This will enable adequate warning to be given of air attacks, to permit of their being met by intensive fire and the attackers pursued by powerful fighter aircraft squadrons. In this way only can a battlefleet lie at anchor safely in wartime under modern conditions.

At sea a similar defence will be necessary, and will be provided by the Fleet, but here the danger is minimised by the difficulty of bombing a moving target.

Covered by these two fleets, which will put to sea whenever there is news of any enemy worthy of their metal being out, cruisers, destroyers and submarines will operate the blockade, and as soon as this can be organised, hunting flotillas will proceed to reduce the danger by intensively attacking enemy submarines. Though, in all probability, merchantmen will be deflected round the Cape, the convoying of troop transports and store-carriers for the Fleet will be necessary. These will be escorted by powerfully gunned surface vessels as well as by anti-aircraft and anti-submarine vessels. They will constitute a temptation to enemy vessels which may be lured out to their destruction, and may be the means of bringing on a fleet action.

The communications to enemy land detachments in Libya, for example, will, of course, form the object of concentrated attack.

There is bound to be a great struggle for mastery in the air. Here intrinsically we have the advantage, for there is no limit to our production of aircraft, while the Central Powers, if under blockade, will be severely limited and

gradually their supplies of oil and other necessities must diminish.

It is impossible to press speculation further than this, since so much depends on the enemy's land campaign, and on the countries involved. For example, a hostile Spain would necessitate extending the blockade to that country and taking Spanish Morocco. It might also invite a campaign against the Balearics. If Yugoslavia entered the war on either side, the whole aspect would be changed again. If Germany attacked Rumania we should see a concentration of force in the Black Sea. Again, reactions between Greece and Albania might cause interesting complications. And so on.

The Far East

Should the Far Eastern partner of the Axis, despite her heavy commitments, take a hand in the game, our problem would be further complicated. We could not at first hope to do more than hold Singapore and prevent her coming west. The defensive forces of Australia and New Zealand would then come into play until such time as either a new ally joined us in the Far East, or else, having established a mastery in the west and our new Fleet having come into existence, we could send a great force eastward to reassert British sea supremacy.

The North Sea

The Atlantic Fleet will doubtless take up its station somewhere in the north of Britain, in a position to cover the North Sea and entrance to the Channel and, at the same time, detach units as necessary to provide protection for convoys against raiders. The North Sea, English Channel and approaches will become hives of industry for our mine-sweepers and submarine-hunters. In the last war the vast majority of British trade had to come to the Port of London, but it is probable that a more all-round distribution will be attempted on any future occasion, so that the temporary paralysis of a port by bombing will not bring the country to a standstill.

The Baltic

So long as we have no ally in the Baltic, that sea is virtually closed to us, a fact which presents our greatest difficulty in

the prosecution of a blockade of Germany. But if Russia were our ally we should have the use of Petrograd, and means would doubtless be found to send a small stiffening of submarines into the Baltic, to work with the fifty Russian submarines already there. This would compel the hostile Power to convoy her merchantmen and would keep a large contingent of her Navy locked up.

When it is remembered that Germany imports from Northern Sweden over 5,000,000 tons of iron ore annually, involving at least 1,250 journeys of a 4,000-ton cargo vessel, it will be seen that this is no light matter.

The Trade Routes

On the wide oceans great efforts will be made to bring to action the German raiders, consisting of the Deutschlands, the 8-inch cruisers and perhaps the two Scharnhorsts. Until this has been done, no convoy of importance can sail without the escort of a battleship or battle cruiser, a most hampering and disquieting thought, for the escort in turn must be adequately protected against submarines and the number of destroyers available for ocean passages is definitely limited. The cry for more destroyers and escort craft will be loud and frequent. The intrusion of the air into naval strategy is not wholly against us. Aerial patrols from shore bases and from our great and increasing fleet of aircraft carriers, as well as by aircraft operating from cruisers, will make it far more difficult for raiders to remain in hiding, and that they will be brought to action eventually is certain.

It is not generally known that the explosive power of a shell is to-day far greater than it was in the last war, and consequently actions between warships will probably be swifter in reaching their conclusion. On the other hand, modern ships are built to withstand a number of torpedo hits, a fact which deprives the submarine of a little of its deadliness. But whether in practice a warship, with a couple of holes in her, made by torpedoes, will be able to continue to operate upon the high seas remains doubtful. It is probable that she will have to turn tail and limp into the nearest port.

We must end then as we began, with the thought that so very much depends on the power of the weapon, and doubt as to the value of this or that weapon creates the uncertainty

which alone can make the weaker side hope for victory. Fortunately, however, it is not a question of any one weapon, but of many, and the power to produce whatever proves necessary in unlimited quantities, together with the certainty that the man element will never fail us, must, in the end, decide matters in our favour.

C. V. USBORNE

NOTE.—The statements and opinions put forward here are the author's only, and in no way represent the Admiralty's view.

THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE

The latest White Paper on Palestine represents a deliberate attempt on the part of the British Government to abandon the policy concerning that country to which they have been pledged since 1917. The cardinal feature of that policy consists of the establishment of the Jewish National Home, as promised by the Balfour Declaration. The pledge was prompted by a twofold motive: to help the Jews to achieve their national aspiration—to return to their ancestral land; and to rally their sympathy and support on the side of the Allied Powers at a critical stage in the course of the War. It is generally acknowledged that the Jews furnished the desired response in adequate measure. The Mandate for Palestine was conferred upon Great Britain in order that she should fulfil her promise, and the text of the Mandate recognised the historic connection of the Jewish people with Palestine and 'the grounds for reconstituting their national home in that country.' No definition was given of the 'national home,' though various authoritative statements were made (by Lord Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George, President Wilson, Lord Samuel, Mr. Winston Churchill, and General Smuts) indicating that the Jews would ultimately have a self-governing Commonwealth.

The implementation of the promise began somewhat disastrously by the detachment of Transjordan as a purely Arab preserve, and strictly limiting Jewish immigration to Western Palestine in accordance with the economic absorptive capacity of that area. The Jews had no alternative but to acquiesce, and were mollified by the assurance that they were in Palestine 'as of right and not on sufferance.' But the Arabs repeatedly challenged this right, even though they greatly benefited by its exercise, and supported their protests at intervals with outbreaks of violence entailing much bloodshed. The Government regularly responded with the despatch of

Commissions of inquiry and the reaffirmation, *urbi et orbi*, of their inflexible fidelity to the Balfour Declaration. But, owing to their vacillation and their failure to ensure security, the latest Arab outbreak developed into a stubborn revolt that has lasted over three years. And now the Government, after failing to find a solution through the labours of two Commissions and their ill-starred conferences with Jews and Arabs at St. James's Palace, have at length devised a new policy for the future of Palestine. It is to break the pledge to the Jews in order to pacify the Arabs.

The Government have decided to rid themselves of their obligations under the Mandate by establishing an independent State of Palestine within ten years, which shall be 'in such treaty relations with the United Kingdom as will provide satisfactorily for the commercial and strategic requirements of both countries in the future.' Arabs and Jews are to share in the government 'in such a way as to ensure that the essential interests of each community are safeguarded,' and as soon as peace and order have been sufficiently restored they are to be placed, in proportion to their respective ratio of the population, in charge of certain departments of the Administration, with British advisers, with a view to their ultimately taking over complete control. At the end of five years a body 'representative of the people of Palestine' and of the British Government will be set up to prepare a constitution for the independent State, but if at the end of ten years circumstances require the postponement of its establishment, the Government will 'consult with representatives of the people of Palestine, the Council of the League of Nations, and the neighbouring States before deciding on such a postponement.' But before the least step is taken in the direction of this revolutionary change, two drastic measures, in regard to immigration and land, are to be enforced immediately. For the next five years the total number of Jewish immigrants is, subject to the country's absorptive capacity, to be limited to 75,000, including 25,000 refugees, so that the Jews shall not exceed one-third of the population, and after that period there is to be no further Jewish immigration except with the acquiescence of the Arabs. But as there will be no restriction upon Arab immigration, which has been attracted into Palestine by its

superior economic conditions, and owing also to the Arabs' higher natural increase, the Jewish proportion will inevitably decline. Further, the transfer of land to Jews in certain districts is to be prohibited and in others 'regulated.'

The new proposals constitute a fundamental reversal of the policy of the Balfour Declaration and of the provisions of the Mandate, and they have aroused a storm of indignation in the Jewish world as well as severe criticism in many other quarters, particularly in both Houses of Parliament. Article 6 of the Mandate prescribes that 'the Administration of Palestine . . . shall facilitate Jewish immigration under suitable conditions and shall encourage . . . close settlement by Jews on the land.' The White Paper professes to be in accordance with the Mandate, yet proposes to violate this article as well as others relating to the Jewish National Home. Its practical effect will be to stop Jewish immigration completely in five years' time, to crystallise the Jewish community as a permanent minority, and subsequently to place it at the mercy of the Arab majority.

The views of the Government on the Palestine question have undergone kaleidoscopic changes during the past twenty years, and show glaring contradictions even in the past two years. In 1937, after receiving the recommendations of the Royal Commission for a scheme of partition, the Government reduced immigration in accordance with what was termed 'the political high level,' and when the Mandates Commission pointed out that this was a departure from the *principle of the economic* absorptive capacity sanctioned by the Council of the League, Mr. Eden, then Foreign Secretary, defended it in the Council as 'a purely temporary measure designed to meet temporary and exceptional conditions.' It was also referred to as 'a temporary and admittedly arbitrary restriction of immigration' in a despatch from the Colonial Secretary (Mr. Ormsby-Gore), dated March 16th, 1938, to the High Commissioner. When the Government proposed a departure from the principle of the absorptive capacity in 1930, Lord Hailsham and Sir John Simon wrote a joint letter to *The Times*, suggesting that the opinion of the Permanent Court of Justice at The Hague should be obtained before the Government enforced their proposals, as 'this country cannot afford to allow any suspicion to rest on its good faith

or on its determination to carry out to the full its international obligations.' The Government now intend ignoring this very sound advice, given by one of its most distinguished members, although they will be guilty of a far more serious infraction than the one intended on the previous occasion.

The reasons given by the Government in their laboured statement for their change of front are twofold: they cannot allow the indefinite expansion of the Jewish National Home by immigration, since this would mean rule by force, and they are charged 'to secure the development of self-governing institutions.' The first reason is tantamount to a surrender to violence. The disorders of the last three years have been carried on by the Arab extremists for the purpose of bringing about a cessation of Jewish immigration and securing Arab domination, and the Government have at last decided to yield to these demands, though their fulfilment will be by instalments. The reasons for the deferred ban on immigration are said to be in order not to injure the economic interests of the country, and to make some contribution to the Jewish refugee problem.

The surrender to violence at this stage is all the more astonishing because the Arab revolt has now been crushed, if not entirely suppressed, and its leaders have disappeared through flight, capture or death. Moreover, the disorders were never a genuine national uprising, but a guerilla warfare conducted by the hired bands of the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, with the help of foreign money and alien mercenaries, and it has claimed far more victims among the Arabs opposed to this régime of terror than among the Jews. The assistance provided at first from Italian and then from German sources is too notorious to need demonstration. There is an Arab propaganda bureau in Berlin, and a Palestinian Arab delegation attended the last Nuremberg rally. To yield to the demands of the ex-Mufti implies a victory for 'Axis' intrigue. It substitutes for moral right and international law as the basis of British policy the rule of political expediency, even at the expense of a breach of faith. Now that Great Britain is resolved to assert the principle of the sanctity of pledges in international relations she should scrupulously observe that principle in the Holy Land.

The second reason given for the new policy—the obliga-

tion 'to secure the development of self-governing institutions'—has even less justification than the first. The Government have repeatedly and definitely rejected the suggestion that the McMahon letters to the Sherif Hussein of Mecca contained a promise of independence to the Arabs of Palestine. Their view is supported not only by all the surviving officials who were in any way concerned with the correspondence, and by the late T. E. Lawrence himself, but also by the declarations made at the Peace Conference by the official Arab delegations. The late King Feisal, head of the Hedjaz Delegation, and son of Hussein, is officially reported to have stated:

> Palestine, for its universal character, he left on one side for the mutual consideration of all parties interested. With this exception, he asked for the independence of the Arabic areas enumerated in his memorandum.[1]

M. Chekri Ganem, head of the Syrian Arab delegation, said:[2]

> Palestine is incontestably the southern portion of our country. The Zionists claim it. . . . Let them settle in Palestine, but in an autonomous Palestine, connected with Syria by the sole bond of federation. . . . If they form the majority there, they will form the rulers. If they are in the minority, they will be represented in the Government in proportion to their numbers.

But, although the Government have rejected the contention of the Arab propagandists (advanced most recently in *The Arab Awakening*, by Mr. George Antonius, who significantly omits the statements of Feisal and Chekri Ganem), they nevertheless, in effect, concede that claim in agreeing to the establishment of an independent Palestine.

This decision is based upon a few words in Article 2 of the Mandate, which have been detached from their context and radically diverted from their original intention. The Article reads:

> The Mandatory shall be responsible for placing the country under such political, administrative, and economic conditions as will secure the establishment of the Jewish national home, as laid

[1] D. Hunter Miller, "My Diary at the Conference of Paris," vol. xiv, p. 230.
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 389–415.

down in the preamble, and the development of self-governing institutions, and also for safeguarding the civil and religious rights of all inhabitants of Palestine, irrespective of race and religion.

This Article was originally composed as an amplification of the Balfour Declaration itself, and the previous alternative drafts of the middle part read as follows: (*a*) 'secure the establishment there of the Jewish National Home and ultimately render possible the creation of an autonomous Commonwealth'; and (*b*) 'secure the establishment of the Jewish National Home and the development of a self-governing Commonwealth.' Draft (*b*) was provisionally agreed upon between the Zionist Organisation and the Political Section of the British Peace Delegation at the beginning of 1919. It was obviously intended to mean that the Jewish National Home was to develop into a self-governing Commonwealth, but over three years elapsed before the final text of the Mandate was fixed, and by then the promise held out concerning the future status of the Jewish National Home was whittled down to 'the development of self-governing institutions.' Now this phrase is to serve as the justification for the establishment of an independent Palestine with a two-thirds Arab majority. Thus the Arabs are to be given the independent State that was never promised to them, at the expense of the Jews, to whom it was promised.

The Arab claim is also now based upon the message delivered to King Hussein by Commander D. G. Hogarth on behalf of the British Government, in January, 1918. This message, recently unearthed from the State archives, which cannot compare in weight with the Balfour Declaration, states: 'The *Entente* Powers are determined that the Arab race shall be given full opportunity of once again forming a nation in the world.' But it goes on to say: 'So far as Palestine is concerned, we are determined that no people shall be subject to another,' and, referring to the wish of the Jews to return to Palestine, it adds that 'as His Majesty's Government view with favour the realisation of this aspiration, His Majesty's Government are determined that in so far as is compatible with the freedom of the existing population, both economic and political, no obstacle shall be put in the way of the realisation of this ideal.' This document,

therefore, so far from supporting the Arab claim, reinforces the promise to the Jews; and, despite its assurance that 'no people shall be subject to another,' the Jews are to be subject to the Arabs. The Royal Commission uttered a special warning in their Report against such a development (p. 142):

> We cannot, in the present state of affairs, abandon them (*i.e.* the Jews) to the good intentions of an Arab Government. . . . And we doubt whether British prestige and the belief in British good faith would stand higher anywhere in the Arab world if we tried to escape from our difficulties in Palestine by an open betrayal of the Jews.

During the past twenty years there has grown up, with the encouragement of the British Government, a community of 450,000 Jews, who have invested in Palestine over £100,000,000, established two hundred agricultural settlements, created a multitude of industrial and commercial enterprises, formed all kinds of social and cultural institutions, and given a tremendous impetus to the general development of the country, and they are now told that in the future they will be dependent for their safety upon the mercy of the Arabs. True, they are promised safeguards, but these will be of no more value than the minority guarantees cynically ignored by the States of Central and Eastern Europe. The fate of the Assyrians in Iraq, against whom there had been no prolonged agitation before that country was given independence, and who had received British assurances of protection, affords no encouraging augury.

The real reason for the Government's new plan, conceived at a time of grave international tension, must be sought in the wish to secure the loyalty of the Arabs in the event of war. It is another example of the policy of appeasement, without any guarantee of success. In view of the part played by Italy and Germany in fomenting unrest and aiding the revolt against the Mandatory Government, it was thought necessary to deprive the Arabs of any ground for discontent, and to make sure that they did not side with their totalitarian abettors. That is why the neighbouring Arab States were also invited to participate in the abortive London Conferences, although if war broke out they would be in much greater need of Great Britain's help than Great Britain would be of

theirs. Besides, Mussolini's invasion and annexation of Albania have hardly endeared him to the Moslems. The solicitude displayed by the British Government for the susceptibilities of the Arab States contrasts strangely with the attitude of the French Government, who detached the Sanjak of Alexandretta from Syria and are now transferring it (under the name of the Hatay) to Turkey without worrying themselves in the least about the views of the other Arab States. Moreover, the French Government are seriously reconsidering the question of recognising Syria's independence, although that country has no internal problem equivalent to the Jewish National Home.

The White Paper represents a *volte face* not only in relation to the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate, but also in relation to the views held by the Government as recently as two years ago. For the Government then accepted the conclusions of the Royal Commission that the Jews and Arabs could not live peacefully together, and decided to keep them apart by creating separate States. But now they are of the opinion that they must live peacefully together—after three years of Arab violence—even under Arab rule. They are by no means sure, however, that an independent State will be practicable even in ten years' time, for they have made provision to consult with 'representatives of the people of Palestine' as well as with the Council of the League and the neighbouring Arab States in case a postponement is necessary. These Arab States have no right whatsoever to be consulted in regard to the political future of Palestine. The one body that will not be consulted will be the Jewish Agency, which, according to Article 4 of the Mandate, has a right to be consulted on all matters that 'may affect the establishment of the Jewish National Home and the interests of the Jewish people in Palestine.' The Government have apparently decided that the Jewish Agency is to be suppressed or divested of its statutory rights.

If there is anything that enhances the tragedy of the situation caused by the new plan it is the fact that it has been devised at a time when the Jews in Central Europe are the victims of unparalleled persecution and are in urgent need of the asylum that could be provided by their National Home. It is, of course, true that nobody foresaw twenty years ago

the calamity that Hitler has brought upon the Jews, but the Balfour Declaration was intended to embrace within its scop Jews in lands of oppression and not merely to provide Jewish spiritual centre. There were, indeed, doubts expressed in official quarters at the time when the Declaration was under consideration, as to whether the Jews would take advantage in sufficient numbers of the opportunity offerec to them. The keenness with which they responded before the urge of persecution, and the need that has impelled them since, have apparently led the Government to the conclusion that the National Home can now be regarded as almost complete—all but for another 75,000 souls. Even if this entire number were taken from Greater Germany (including the provinces of Czechoslovakia) and Italy, there would stil be over 400,000 Jews for whom new homes must be found, but the Jews of Poland, Rumania, and other parts of Eastern Europe, as well as those in other lands, will also seek to be included in the limited quota allowed for the next five years. Palestine was able to receive over 60,000 immigrants in 1935, and it could therefore receive far more than 15,000 a year at present. The dubious prospects afforded by the various schemes of Jewish settlement in British Guiana and elsewhere render it more than ever imperative that Palestine should be allowed to make such a contribution to the solution of the refugee problem as would be in accordance with its economic absorptive capacity. The scenes that have been taking place on the coast of Palestine, from where so many shiploads of refugees, after a terrible voyage of several weeks, are turned back because they have no certificates, are an affront to humanity, which the conscience of Britain can surely not allow to rest.

The reception accorded to the White Paper both by Parliament as well as the people in Palestine, suggests grave doubts as to its ultimate realisation. The Government's proposals were attacked by members of all parties. The most damaging criticisms came from their own distinguished supporters, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Amery, who had administered the Mandate as Colonial Secretaries, and from the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Samuel, and Mr. Lloyd George (in a broadcast), while Mr. Herbert Morrison announced that a Labour Government would seize

the opportunity of rescinding the new plan. Despite the official pressure they brought to bear upon their followers in the House of Commons, the Government obtained a majority of only eighty-nine, which, in view of their great majority in the House, was equivalent to a moral defeat. If the Mandates Commission comes to the conclusion that the plan is incompatible with the articles of the Mandate, the Government, if they adhere to the scheme, will be obliged to seek permission from Parliament to have the Mandate amended so as to agree with it. But even if the League finally gives its sanction, it remains to be seen how the plan will fare in Palestine. It has been rejected by the ex-Mufti's party, but accepted by the Arab moderates, one of whom was promptly shot dead by a terrorist. On the other hand, the Jews are united in their opposition and have decided upon a policy of non-co-operation, and since they are nearly a third of the population, provide three-fifths of the country's production, and contribute over two-thirds of the revenue, it is unlikely that an independent State can be set up against their active resistance.

Sooner or later the proposals of the White Paper will have to undergo rectification. The substitution of the Passfield White Paper in 1930 by the Prime Minister's letter of 1931 to Dr. Weizmann affords an adequate precedent. The Colonial Secretary has already indicated that a federal system may be devised. Such a solution (possibly linked up with Transjordan and Syria, provided France agrees) would, at any rate, be more reasonable than the plan of the White Paper; but it is essential in any such scheme that the Jews should be assigned an ample area, with the right to regulate their own immigration. Great Britain is resolved to remain in control of Palestine for at least the next ten years, but the Government should lose no time in amending their proposals and formulating a policy that will be in accordance with the principles of honour, justice and humanity.

ISRAEL COHEN.

THE TRIPLE PACT AND THE BALTIC STATES

Right from the start the conversations about the Triple Pact were complicated by the fact that Russia requested Britain and France to guarantee the integrity of the Baltic States, which the two Western Powers were unable to do because Latvia, Estonia and Finland refused to accept such a guarantee.

At first Russia did not refer directly to the three small republics at her north-western border. When invited by Britain to join the new Anti-Aggression Front, she simply pointed out that if she accepted the suggestion she might easily provoke Germany's hostility in a region not covered by the new system. She admitted that the Anglo-French arrangement with Poland and Rumania increased also her own security. She expected, however, London and Paris to reciprocate for her adherence to their peace pacts by safeguarding her whole European frontier from the White to the Black Sea. And that is how Estonia, Finland and Latvia come in.

But since the Baltic States, unlike those countries already guaranteed by the Great Powers, have reverted to a policy of absolute neutrality, there is the question why Moscow should want to bring them into the new security system. When soon after the Nazi occupation of Prague the various States took stock of their position, Latvia and Estonia had consultations with Russia, with whom they had concluded a Non-Aggression Agreement in 1932. It was rumoured then that the Baltic States applied for help to Russia in case of need, and that the Soviets offered defensive guarantees. These rumours were denied later by the Latvian and Estonian Governments. It was officially confirmed, however, that a complete understanding had been reached with regard to Baltic neutrality. Since Riga and Tallinn pledged themselves to defend it with all available means, the Russians welcomed it as corresponding with their vital interests. For nothing

can serve their security better than a buffer of strictly neutral states between themselves and a would-be aggressor.

But Russia doubted whether the three small States, with tiny armies and wide unfortified frontiers, would be able to defend their neutrality if it ever came to a test. The failure to include the Baltic countries in the Anti-Aggression Front would simply be an invitation to the Axis, since it would be only a matter of days for an attacking power to overrun them and thus directly to threaten Russian territory. Neutrality is impossible, if it is not fortified enough, runs the Soviet argument. However much the three republics might be ready to fight for their independence, it will be useless if they are unaided. Therefore Russia tried to ensure the automatic aid promised already to Poland, Rumania, Greece and Turkey, also for Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania and Finland, which are *her* 'defences.'

Now there are several possibilities for a German attack to the East. She might push into Russia by way of the Baltic States with or without their consent. Equally, she might attack one of the small republics directly and the victim might put up resistance. In both cases Moscow would have no reason for apprehension since the Anglo-French original proposals provided not only for assistance against an attack on Russian soil, but also for a 'shelter against aggression' under which any country in need might place itself. But what Russia fears is the possibility of one or all of the Baltic States losing their independence or giving up territory even without an act of open aggression simply by submitting to armed threats from outside or to pressure from within. It is obvious that she must prevent a repetition of the events in Austria and Czechoslovakia right at her border. And that is why she wanted joint military measures on the part of Britain, France and herself against what she terms 'hidden aggression.'

From the beginning there was a divergence between the Russian demands and the views of the Western Powers. The latter suggested co-operation between Russia, Britain and France if 'one of them went to the assistance of a state not yet guaranteed, but resisting an attack.' The Soviet Government, however, demanded that 'the three Powers should pledge themselves to lend mutual assistance in the

event of any threat, direct or indirect, to the independence of any of them.' This was followed by the assertion that they would regard their independence as threatened not only by direct invasion of a Baltic State, but also by its coming indirectly under German control. And since they wished such a case also to fall under the guarantee provisions, it meant that the Russians claimed the right of interference in the Baltic States if internal events there should be distasteful to them. It is against this form of guarantee that the Baltic States objected most violently.

From the first day that Russia raised the question of including Latvia, Estonia and Finland in the new security front, the latter, though not directly approached then, made plain that they did not wish to take part in it. Having lways avoided ideological or strategic *blocs*, they cling now nore than ever to the policy of neutrality, for it is their only neans of preserving their integrity among the conflicting olicies of the Great Powers. Participation in the new guarantee system at once appeared to them as jeopardising this neutrality, for it entailed adherence to one of the European ower groups. They feared Germany's reaction if they oined the system which Berlin from the start described as encirclement.' And in view of this unavoidable reaction hey had to consider the projected guarantees damaging to altic interests. That is why the governments in question lainly expressed the hope that England and France would not gree to anything of the sort.

The stronger the Russian attempts became to draw them n, the more outspoken were the Baltic arguments against it. It is obvious,' wrote the Latvian official Press, 'that Russia nvisages a violation of our neutrality by nobody else than Germany. But since we have just now signed a Non-ggression Treaty with the *Reich*, which reassures us in that irection, we should merely contradict ourselves by accepting ne possibility of a German aggression. But if a great power nould think (and, in fact, Russia does) that the Baltic States annot judge for themselves about their position and need rotection, this must be definitely refuted, for it is a violation the rights of free and sovereign governments.'

It is, of course, open to doubt whether the Baltic States wise in rejecting security guarantees, given jointly by the

Western Powers and Russia, for the sake of a problematic neutrality. What is a non-aggression promise from the *Reich* worth, if one remembers how many pledges she has already broken? Neither Latvia nor Estonia and Finland are strong enough to withstand her pressure, so that Mr. Winston Churchill is well justified in supporting the Russian claim 'that these should be included in the Triple guarantee,' for 'there is no sense in having a crack in the peace diving bell.'

But the fear of Russian tutelage is the corner-stone of the Baltic objection to this international guarantee. The Governments of Riga, Tallinn and Helsinki have repeatedly affirmed that their relations with Moscow are correct, the two former have even spoken of their confidence in the intentions of the Soviets. However, it is another thing to have the latter's troops again on their territories which were formerly Russian, and to open their gates to the Communist element, which is distasteful to the Baltic leaders. But the worst thing is that Russia seemed to claim the rôle of the first judge as to whether and when the guarantees are to apply, so that they might come into force even against the will of the Baltic States. 'The Soviets want us to regard them as our governess,' said the Estonian official Press, 'they are to determine whether we are capable of defending our neutrality or not, and they wish to come to our assistance even before we ask for help.' And since it appeared that Russia wanted to act on Baltic territory whenever her own interests require, it is understandable that Riga, Tallinn and Helsinki refused to tolerate such an interference.

This was the kernel of the whole affair. Russia seemed to aim at a sort of protectorate over the Baltic States which they can never accept of their free will. They naturally want to be in a position to determine themselves whether their interests are threatened and what to do to preserve them. As a Latvian spokesman put it, they want to be free to ask for help when and against whom they think fit, instead of being forced to it—particularly from Russia. Some neutral observers consider that behind this attitude on the part of the Baltic Governments there is German influence. However that may be, they are genuinely worried lest London and Moscow in their direct talks should come to an agreement

over their heads and at their expense. That is why they declared that any guarantees imposed upon them would be regarded as an unfriendly act and resisted as such.

This attitude in turn tends to produce suspicion in Moscow, notably in view of the Non-Aggression Pacts signed now between Latvia and Estonia on the one hand and the *Reich* on the other, which seem to point to an increase of the influence of pro-fascist circles in the Baltic and greater leanings towards Berlin. In spite of this, it is a question whether the Russians ought to stick too rigidly to their demands. For the result is only to increase the apprehension and reluctance in the three small States (which are already indirectly covered by the new system on account of Poland's vital interest in them), and to complicate Britain's efforts. The latter, having done much in the East by now, would not mind guaranteeing the Baltic States too. But since it is an old principle of her policy to lend assistance only if it is wanted, the deadlock—dangerous because of the wait-and-see policy of the Axis—could only be overcome by a formula satisfying all sides.

The Russians must be reassured about the future of their Baltic bulwark. The three small States have to be convinced that they remain absolutely free in their decisions. How is this to be achieved? Now Estonian Government circles have made a declaration acknowledging the fact that England, France and Russia are interested in the existence of the neutral Baltic countries. Therefore there would be no reason for them to object to promises of assistance if their neutrality were violated. In fact they would be prepared in such a case to accept a limited form of support from sources whose *bona fides* was not to be doubted. This statement is of the greatest importance, since it offers the first clue to a way out of the dilemma.

The Baltic States were not interested in a guarantee against aggression, for they professed not to fear it. But what they were and are really interested in is, of course, the preservation of their neutrality. If the Great Powers agreed to safeguard this, the governments concerned could not decline it, for it is exactly what they want. A guarantee of their neutrality tends to ensure their position in all directions, it cannot create offence anywhere, and it does not impose the

will of others upon them. That is why Latvian and other Baltic official quarters made it plain that they would even welcome such a guarantee. And pointing to the example of neutral Belgium, which has received assurances from this country, France and Germany alike, they invited all interested powers to give them similar assurances, thus acknowledging the general interest in their integrity, without tying them to one system or the other.

Obviously, this was a way to the solution. It entailed the consent of the beneficiaries of the new security system and met the requirements of the Great Powers in it, particularly those of Russia, since under this formula it is always possible for them to act, if Germany directly or indirectly violated Baltic neutrality. From the outset a solution of this kind was essential for the conclusion of the Triple Pact.

WOLFRAM GOTTLIEB.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF RUSSIAN FOREIGN POLICY

II

In the first part of this article the history of Russian foreign policy was traced from the fifteenth up to the end of the nineteenth century, in an attempt to set forth what is relatively immutable, *i.e.* uninfluenced by internal developments in Russian foreign policy. The same method is applied in the following survey.

The more Russo-British antagonism worked itself out, the more did Russian foreign policy tend towards continental combinations which would guarantee security for Russian expansion in Asia in the face of British opposition. This applies in any case to the period between the Berlin Congress and the Russo-Japanese War, therefore just for that quarter century in which Russia had adopted an entirely defensive attitude on her European frontier while pursuing an aggressive policy in Central Asia and the Far East. The Leitmotiv of Russian policy at this time was an approach to France, which, however, was in no way intended to lead to alienation from Germany. In this way may be understood on the one hand the decisive move in favour of France in the year 1875, which at that time saved her from invasion by Germany, and on the other hand the 'Three Kaiser League' and the 'Reinsurance Treaty' of 1887.

During the whole of this twenty-five years Russian policy was decidedly anti-British. The Government in Petersburg was prepared to take part in any combinations against England. In the decade approximately between 1895 and 1905 it can be confirmed that there was a complete standstill in the Petersburg Government's diplomatic activity in Europe as well as in Central Asia. Russian foreign policy in this period concentrated itself on the Far East, where great

expansion took place in the Russian sphere of power. Th is the third Russian offensive on the shores of the Pacific the course of two hundred years. The first advance w thrown back by the Chinese at the end of the seventeen century (Nertschinsk, 1689); the second developed in t middle of the nineteenth century with important initi successes, but was soon interrupted, and ended with the lo of the Russian colonial possessions in America (Sale Alaska to United States of America, 1867). Therewith t plan of a Russian ocean empire in the Pacific, which at t beginning of the nineteenth century seemed to be taking real form, was finally abandoned. The third advance of t Czarist Empire developed between 1895 and 1905, and end finally after a war disastrous for Russia in a partition of sphe of influence between Russia and Japan. Japan and Russ whose ambitions appeared to be irreconcilable, had be chief rivals in the Far East since the end of the nineteen century. Japan, however, in this period, appears as partn with the Anglo-Saxon Powers. At the beginning of t twentieth century a kind of Triple Entente took form betwe England, America and Japan, with a view to setting sor bounds to Russian power aims in East Asia. The Ang Japanese Alliance of 1902 was also aimed at Russia.

Petersburg's plans at this time were far-reaching, a aimed at the inclusion of the whole of Northern Chir particularly, however, Manchuria and Korea, in the Russi sphere of influence. In these efforts Russia was support not only by France, but also by Germany. She played t leading part in that German-Franco-Russian combinati which in 1895 prevented Japan from imposing her will defeated China. The 'rescue' of China, set on foot Russia, bore, it is true, a singular character. It degenerat immediately into an actual Russian protectorate over whole of North China, and particularly Northern Manchur The further development of this policy must of necessity le to an acute conflict with Japan, who was backed by Englar But it is noteworthy that British foreign policy at this tin while on the one hand fully conscious of the clash of Russi and British interests in Asia, on the other hand conside both possible and desirable a large-scale *entente* between two World Powers, based on the division of spheres

influence. Towards the end of 1899, Joseph Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary in the Salisbury Government, in a conversation with the then German Foreign Minister Bülow, spoke of the great danger to Britain's position in Asia of any further strengthening of Russian influence. England could not agree to be driven by Russia out of China and Persia. From the English point of view the existence of China, Persia and Turkey was a necessity. Chamberlain, however, doubted whether these States could keep their independence. He likened them to empty sacks, unable to stand upright without support.

Viewed from this pessimistic standpoint, the proposal made by Salisbury at the end of 1898 to the Petersburg Government becomes understandable. It concerned the division of spheres of influence in China within the framework of a comprehensive settlement in Asia between the two World Powers. According to this proposal Russia would have received much more than she could reasonably have expected. The whole valley of the Hoang-ho with all territories lying to the north of this river, were to fall into the Russian sphere of influence; while the Yangtse Valley was to be recognised as England's portion. At the other end of the Eurasiatic line Russia might envisage the attainment of her ancient goal—the occupation of the Straits. Not only the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, but also the valley of the Euphrates as far as Baghdad was to be credited to the Russian sphere of influence. Thereby the Petersburg Government might look forward, in the case of the partition of Turkey, to the inclusion of all these districts in the Czarist Empire.

Salisbury's offer was made with a view to alienating Russia not only from France, between whom and England strained relations at that time existed, but also from Germany. Russia, however, felt herself too strong in the Far East just then to take advantage of the British proposals. The Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905, however, proved that even the greatest military land power is not sufficient to carry on a successful expansion policy. Russia's defeat, apart from the difficulty of concentrating a huge army at a distance of 4,000 miles from its base, must be traced to the loss of naval supremacy in Far Eastern waters.

In the last decade before the World War the centre of

gravity of Russian foreign policy moved back to the West. In the Far East the Czarist Empire at this period remained on the defensive. Spheres of influence were shared with Japan, a compromise already being reached whereby the Mongolian provinces of China as well as Northern Manchuria were included in Russia's sphere of power, while Korea and Southern Manchuria were allocated to Japan. This *entente* with Japan, which secured the remains of Russia's position in the Far East, was worked out under the patronage of England, who now sought to draw the weakened Czarist Empire into the British system, which was developing definite anti-German characters. At the same time the Russo-French Alliance took on a new function. This alliance, fundamentally directed against Germany, had also in its later development, an anti-British focus. Both France and Russia at this time struck against English opposition in the domain of colonial policy. Therefrom sprang a moderating of the two Powers' opposition to Germany, hand in hand with a sharpening of the tension between them and England. However, after both France and Russia had suffered decisive reverses in colonial policy, they both, so to say, turned back to Europe, to find in a strengthened Germany and her ally Austria-Hungary their actual rivals.

The Anglo-Russian *entente* of 1907 actually represented merely the fulfilment of the plans conceived by Salisbury at the end of the nineteenth century. For Russia, however, this agreement signified an increase of her influence in Asia, particularly in Persia. England, on the other hand, achieved the security of her Asiatic possessions against Russian expansion. For the first time since the Napoleonic Wars a state of equilibrium between the two World Empires was attained. This was made possible by the concentration on the Western European sector of the Russian movement to the south, while the Russian expansion on the two Asiatic sectors had to some extent reached saturation point. The British Cabinet in London, on the other hand, for the first time recognised the justification for the Russian claims in the Balkans and in the Straits question.

On the one hand during the World War Russia pursued her old aims in regard to Turkey, and continued the policy which she had carried out in the Russo-Turkish War of

1877-1878, that is to say, the destruction of Turkey and the occupation of the Bosphorus. On the other hand, however, her programme on the Western sector was very considerably extended. Russia was now aiming at nothing less than the union of the remaining part of the Russian Irredenta (Galicia) with the Czarist Empire. This could only take place by means of the dissolution of Austria-Hungary. While, however, the Government, as well as public opinion, was unanimous on the radical solution of the Straits problem, there was difference of opinion on the subject of the new war aims. The liberal opposition in the Duma was wholeheartedly in favour of the annexation of Galicia, the formation of a Greater Polish State under Russian protection, and the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Conservative Court circles, on the other hand, feared that the carrying out of this radical programme would mean the weakening of the Monarchy and unleashing of revolutionary forces all over Central Europe. In any case, it was clear by 1915 that Russia could only win the war by mobilising all her forces and transforming it into a People's War. But it was just this that the Court dreaded. And thus the tendency towards a separate peace with Germany became ever more distinct as the war progressed.

The defeat of Russia in the World War led to the loss of a considerable part of the conquests of Peter the Great and Alexander I. Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia and Finland were taken from the Russian Empire, and Russia was in actual fact driven back from the Baltic. For a time it seemed as though the Ukraine also would be taken from her. At the other end of the Empire large portions of Far Eastern territory as far as Baikal were occupied by Japan. The Soviet Government, however, succeeded with the support of the Anglo-Saxon Powers in winning back these Far Eastern territories. The Ukraine, also, after the collapse of the Central Powers, was once more incorporated in the Russian State.

The Baltic Provinces and Poland continued lost. In the year 1920-1921 the Soviet Government made an advance to the West with the object of winning back Poland. Poland, however, with French help, succeeded in repulsing this attempt. The efforts of Russia, too, in Central Europe, above all in Germany, Austria and Hungary, to obtain a footing by

revolutionary risings and propaganda ended in failure. The liquidation of the Hungarian Soviet Government and the consolidation of Germany put a full stop to these Western advances. Since 1924-1925 Russian policy in the West has taken an essentially defensive form. The *entente* with Germany (Treaty of Rapallo, 1922; Treaty of Berlin, 1926) served, above all, to secure her Western frontiers.

On the other hand, Russian expansion in the Far East, and to some extent in Central Asia, continued to develop under the Soviet Government. Outer Mongolia and a part of Chinese Turkestan were drawn into the Russian sphere of power. The old law of the shifting of foreign political energies from one sector of the Eurasiatic line to the other thus remained valid. Here perhaps at the same time it was a question of structural change. The Russian Empire has, in the last three hundred years, exhibited a tendency to develop in an easterly direction. In the last hundred years this tendency has become particularly marked; while Russian expansion in Europe has been brought to a standstill, her expansion in Central Asia and the Far East has continued. At the same time in the course of eighty years, from 1850 to 1930, the demographic centre—the so-called Centre of Population—shifted 820 kilometres in an easterly direction. The rapidity of this movement of the demographic centre of Russian population to the East has been about twice as great as that of the United States of America to the West. Before the World War Russian industry was essentially concentrated in the European part of the Russian Empire. It now seems that in the immediate future the district between the Urals and the Altai will become the chief centre of Russian industry.

Since the beginning of Stalin's dictatorship, that is, approximately, since 1928–1929, the foreign political activity of Russia in Western Europe has been defensive. This defensive action has employed various tactical means, but the aim remains the same. The defence of Russia's Western frontier was carried on in the first half of Stalin's dictatorship by a policy of *entente* with Germany. Relations with Western Powers remained tense. Hitler's accession to power at first altered nothing in Moscow's policy. It was only the aggressive nature of the National Socialist Government that led to a change in tactics. The defence of the European frontiers

of Russia was sought no longer through an *entente* with Germany, but through an approach to the Western democracies and the United States of America. The aim, however, was unchanged: defence in the West.

On the two other sectors of the Eurasiatic line of Russian foreign policy, the Stalin Government has remained apparently defensive. In reality, however, Russian influence at this time has been strengthened not only in Outer Mongolia and Eastern Turkestan, but also in China itself. The Soviet movement in China has been a means of putting pressure on the Chinese Government and influencing her policy in a definite direction.

We have attempted to indicate the 'unchangeable' line of Russian foreign policy, deliberately ignoring all variations resulting from a transitory turn in foreign or a change in internal policy. From this review one may now proceed to make an approximate forecast of the development of Russian foreign policy for the present and the immediate future. Any suggestions made must naturally be of an entirely general nature. It is clear that the 'law' of the concentration of foreign political energy on one of the three sectors of the Eurasiatic line still holds good. Should Russia suffer a set-back in the Far East, say through a decisive defeat in a new Russo-Japanese War, one could then reckon on the exclusion of Russian influence from the whole of Asia. It is, however, possible that without war a compromise might be reached with Japan whereby Russia would withdraw from the Sea of Japan, while receiving Outer Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan conclusively into her sphere of power. In this case Russian aggressiveness in Central Asia would increase considerably, and very probably lead to advances against Persia and Afghanistan, or perhaps even against Tibet. Russia, thrown back from the Pacific, would then strengthen her movements on the Central Asiatic sector in the direction of the Indian Ocean.

If pressure on Russia is strengthened on her Western frontiers, two possibilities must be envisaged. On the one hand Russia might reply to this pressure with counter-pressure, thus beginning a new period of Russian activity in the West which, according to historical precedent, would mean a lessening of foreign political energy on the two other

sectors. War with Germany would necessitate security on Russia's Pacific frontier, that is, an understanding with Japan. War on two fronts against Germany and Japan would be contrary to Russian foreign political tradition, which, however, is naturally not to say that the possibility of such a war is excluded.

On the other hand, Russia might react to German pressure by a 'withdrawal from Europe.' In this case an understanding with Germany is probable, together with a complete abandonment of all interest in European affairs. This would give Russia a free hand in Asia. An understanding with Germany, however, could also be combined with an understanding with Japan. A new 'transversal axis'—Berlin–Moscow–Tokyo—would thus be formed. In this case Russia would renounce foreign political activity on the two outermost sectors, the European and the Pacific, and concentrate all her energies on the Central Asiatic sector.

In this last case a situation would arise in Russian foreign policy similar to the epoch between the Berlin Congress and the Russo-Japanese War (1878–1904/1905). This would mean acute tension between Britain and Russia in Central Asia and a threat to India by the renewal of Russian pressure towards the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. Equally possible, however, is the reversion of Russian foreign policy to the Russo-British *entente* of 1907 with all the corresponding consequences.

In weighing the possibilities in Russian foreign policy one must always remember the fact that this policy has two faces—a European and an Asiatic. The foreign political destiny of Russia is working itself out in a rhythmical swing of the pendulum between East and West.

GREGORY BIENSTOCK.

POPULATION, THE REFUGEES AND THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

PUBLIC opinion in England is being awakened at last to the imminent danger of the decline of population in Great Britain, with all that it means for the national strength. We like, however, to keep our anxieties discrete, to disregard general causes, and consider only particular manifestations. So we separate three problems which are manifest to-day: the threatened decline of the population; the finding of homes for the hundreds of thousands of refugees from Central and Southern Europe; and the need of increasing emigration to the Dominions for the strengthening of the British Commonwealth of Nations. At first sight those matters seem to be inter-connected, yet we are still unwilling, for the most part, to link them up.

The Times has recently drawn attention to the grave position of the population in the British Isles. If the present trends continue, there is a prospect sixty years hence of a population in England and Wales of under 20,000,000. The birth-rate in the country, which sixty years ago was 30 per 1,000, has in the last years been about half that. In the next fifteen years the total of British children of the age of five and over in the elementary schools is likely to fall by 1,000,000. Already in 1931 there were not enough boys and girls under fifteen to replace the men and women twenty years older than themselves, and each year the age-pyramid gets more shapeless. The threatened decline is concealed by two factors. The age-level of the population has been remarkably raised, so that, while the birth-rate has steadily fallen, the actual numbers of the people living have increased. And England has become in recent years a country of immigration; not mainly by the arrival of aliens from the European continent, but by the streaming in of Irish, and by an appreciable, if smaller, inflow from the British Dominions themselves.

That method of redressing the decline of the birth-rate cannot be regarded as salutary. Least of all, so far as it means a diminution of the British element in Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

Two factors, again, make the approaching decline of the population a grave menace to the national well-being. When once it is started, it proceeds steeply; *Facilis descensus Averni*. And, secondly, it is extremely hard to redress, and cannot be redressed for a considerable period even if social habits are changed. There will be no chance of supplying the young labour that will be required in the next years from within the country, because the young children who could supply it have not been born. It is calculated by the Ministry of Labour that, during the period 1931 to 1936, some 2,000,000 boys and girls of the ages of fourteen to eighteen were employed in Great Britain. The decline in the numbers of available juveniles began last year, and it is estimated that by this year the total would be 250,000 less than in 1937. Even if all the unemployed young persons were to be employed, there would still be a large number of jobs to fill, and the number will grow from year to year. The shortage in Great Britain of certain classes of labour, particularly amongst women, is already apparent and exciting anxiety. Domestic servants are increasingly brought from abroad; and now our hospitals all over the country are clamouring for nurses and for pupils for nursing. And again there is no chance that those needs can be supplied during the next decade or two by persons of British stock.

It might have been expected in these conditions that the Government of the country would have welcomed the opportunity of absorbing the tens of thousands of refugees who are seeking admission to these shores of liberty. To-day the stream of the fugitives from racial and political persecution flows from Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Spain, and comprises a large proportion of youths and persons in the prime of life. Great Britain, which is traditionally a country of asylum, has indeed opened its gates, particularly during the last six months, to some thousands of these refugees; but almost always with the condition that they shall not be absorbed in employment. The permit to work

special skill which cannot be supplied by the native-born. That condition is explained, if not justified, by the condition of unemployment in the country, and by the general adoption of what is known as 'the lump of labour' fallacy. An idea is abroad that there is a limited amount of work to be done in the country, and if a stranger is allowed to nibble at the lump, there will be less of it for the natives. All the economists of repute have shown this to be a fallacy; but neither populace nor Government to-day will heed the economists.

It is more inexplicable that, while opening the asylum of the country to refugee children, provided that their maintenance is assured by individuals or charitable organisations, the Government makes it a condition that the children, when they have completed their education or training in England, shall be emigrated, and requires a guarantee from the individual or philanthropic organisation to be responsible for their emigration. The requirement appears to be flying in the face of Providence, in view of the certain shortage that there will be in young labour within a few years, by the time that these refugee children, trained in the country for manual vocations, will be ready to work. Circumstance here may prevail over prejudice, and enable British economy to be strengthened where it is likely to be most defective. Great Britain might attract to the country a large proportion of the more than 100,000 children whose parents are seeking a haven for them—and are prepared to let them go—if the authorities, looking ahead a few years, would decide that they might stay when they had completed their preparation and be integrated in the national life.

We might take a lesson from the example of France. Our neighbour and ally, with a stationary native population, has for years been absorbing the stranger within the gates. The census of 1931 showed in a population of 42,000,000 nearly 3,000,000 aliens; the later census of 1936 returned 2,500,000 aliens, and it is considered that this was less than the real total because of an unwillingness to disclose a foreign origin in times of depression. France has manifested, in particular, a power of absorbing a large refugee population in her citizen body, realising that they are unlikely to have political attachments elsewhere. It is estimated that to-day not less than 200,000 refugees are harboured by her, not

counting the myriad mass of misery which has just poured over the frontiers from Spain. The refugees include large groups coming from Russia, Armenia, the Saarland, Germany, Austria, Spain and Italy.

It is with some justice that Sir John Hope Simpson, in his Survey of the Refugee Problem, which was made last year for the Royal Institute of International Affairs, observes that 'England's record in the admission of refugees is not distinguished if it be compared with that of France, Czechoslovakia or the United States of America. Her initiative and rôle in international work would be greatly strengthened if she could show a braver record as a country of sanctuary.'

Although Great Britain had deservedly a repute in the past as a country of asylum for political and other refugees, the popular prejudice against the stranger within the gates is not new. Callisthenes, in the refined advertisement columns of *The Times*, has been seeking to educate the British people during the last weeks about the contribution which the refugee has made through the centuries to the economic life of the country. He has pointed to the crafts and arts which were brought here by the Flemings, the Walloons, the Huguenots, and so forth. He is only repeating what was said by Lecky in the last generation : 'No country owes more to her toleration than England. For nearly two centuries a steady stream of refugees representing the best continental types poured into her population, blending with English life, transmitting their qualities of mind and character to English descendants, and contributing immensely to the perfection and variety of English industry.' Nevertheless, the common people were contemptuous and resentful of these valuable strangers when they came. A writer at the end of the seventeenth century, describing a visit to Goodman's Fields in East London, speaks of finding 'such an unruly congregation of ill-favoured sluts that he thought a fleet of French Protestants had just arrived.' Looking back, we recognise the benefit of receiving refugees ; looking forward, we are blind to it. What, of course, makes the problem of finding homes for the refugees difficult just at the time when it should be easy, in view of the demographic conditions of the countries of refuge, is what Sir John Hope Simpson calls 'the pandemic condition of national exclusiveness.' Each

country is unwilling to absorb any fresh elements while it has a mass of its own subjects unemployed.

If the record of Great Britain towards the problem of the refugees during the last years is not distinguished, still less distinguished is the record of the British Dominions. Yet they comprise the largest parts of the world fit for the settlement of the white race which are still relatively empty. And the essential facts of their economic life indicate insistently their need of fresh population, and have, in fact, brought home that need to some of their statesmen and publicists.

One of the outstanding features of the life of the Dominions in the last seven years has been the decline in the growth of the population, which, if not checked, will involve soon an actual decline in numbers. The experts are more or less agreed that the growth of the population by natural increase and immigration, in countries not yet fully developed, should be at least 2 per cent. a year. In fact, in Canada, Australia and New Zealand the increase since 1930 has been not much more than 1 per cent. The birth-rate in Australia and New Zealand has fallen to nearly the same level as in Great Britain: about 15 per 1,000. In Canada and South Africa it is higher; but yet substantially lower than it was a few decades back. The figures of immigration show a more catastrophic fall. In the Dominion of Canada the immigration in the year 1913 exceeded 400,000; in the decade following the war it averaged about 150,000 a year; during the most recent years it has been less than 20,000. It is equally notable that the outflow of British stock to the United States has been as great as, or greater than, the inflow of newcomers from European countries. In Australia, similarly, the rate of increase was over 2 per cent. a year for sixty years till 1924; and in the decade which followed the war it averaged annually 35,000. During the period 1930–1937 there was an actual annual decrease of 2,500. During that same period the United Kingdom received a net immigration of 410,000, and the balance of British persons returning to the Mother country over those settling in the Dominions was over 140,000. In the decade following the war the average outflow from the United Kingdom to the Dominions had been 80,000 a year. An

outflow of young persons on that scale could not be renewed to-day without grave injury to the country.

The Empire Settlement Act, passed in 1922 in order to encourage emigration from Great Britain to the Dominions and to assist it financially, had spent its force, and no longer operated. When the economic recovery began in 1936, the Overseas Settlement Board appointed by the Dominions Office examined the position again. In that year they recommended the renewal of the operation of the Act, but there was little result. Then last year the Board published a considered report in which the question of Empire migration was more thoroughly considered. The conclusion was that the Dominions, and particularly Australia and New Zealand, which desired a larger immigration, could no longer hope to obtain it from Great Britain or British peoples, and should therefore be prepared to encourage the settlement of other migrants of assimilable types. This recommendation reinforced the conclusion of the Empire Migration Conference held in London in 1937, to the effect that, if the Dominions were to renew immigration on any large scale, their requirements could not be met by Great Britain.

The Commonwealth of Australia has recognised in recent years, more fully than any other Dominion, the desirability of augmenting her population. She still adheres, however, to her affection for a homogeneous British people. A White Australia is not enough; she boasts proudly that 98 per cent. of her present population are British-born. At least one of the political parties and a large part of the Press in the Commonwealth take no account of the fundamental change of circumstances since that policy was enunciated, viz., the absence of an emigrable section in Great Britain, and oppose any opening of the gates. The Government, indeed, announced last autumn that they would admit 15,000 refugees within the next three years. That is, on the one hand, the most substantial contribution which any of the Dominions has made to the human problem of finding a home for the exiles; and, on the other hand, the most definite indication of a willingness to consider a modification of the old policy. It still, however, falls far short of what is required. Vast spaces call for big vision, and a policy of autarchy in manhood cannot be well maintained

in a continent with a declining birth-rate. The Commonwealth needs for its healthy growth a diversity of creatures.

During the second half of the nineteenth century the United States grew great and prosperous, and multiplied its population many times over, by acting as the mother of exiles. Now, it is true, her Government is restricting the introduction of an alien population till she has digested her present mass of immigrants. Neighbouring Canada to-day has the vast spaces and a small population, but her Dominion is not directly menaced by an overflowing population around. Unless, however, Australia — and to a less extent New Zealand — voluntarily increase their population with European stocks, their spaces will exercise a dangerous attraction upon the expanding oriental nations that have a birth-rate as high as that of the British people in the Victorian age. It is constantly repeated in Australia that the empty spaces of the Continent were, are, and will be empty because they cannot support a population. That may be true, though science has not said its last word, about the most arid districts; but what is more pertinent is that the populated and more fertile parts of the Continent and the smaller towns are thinly peopled, and it is on those parts that the land-hungry peoples of the East cast an envious eye.

Canada in receiving European refugees would not be departing from the policy by which she grew and developed before the war. For then, like the United States, she welcomed a large proportion of immigrants from the Continent of Europe. Australia will be initiating a new policy, but has good reason to do so. Unless she receives immigrants who are fleeing from persecution and have a strong aspiration to be absorbed in her life, who will be British by choice if not by birth, she is likely to receive elements from Southern Europe who have, in fact, constituted the greater part of the small immigration in recent years, are less willing to be assimilated, and will retain a divided loyalty. Moreover, she cannot hope to find, at the best, the growing market she needs for her primary products unless she can attract to her continent a larger industrial population and an element that can expand what her economists call the 'tertiary industries' or the amenities of civilised life. It is just that need which the refugees from Europe will supply. While generally

emigrants are not the most talented or intellectual class of the country they leave, political and racial persecution in Europe is driving out many of the most vigorous and most talented persons from one country after another and offering them to other states. The would-be immigrants to the British Dominions are men, women and children who, if they were British, would be welcomed, and would be granted assisted passages. To reject them, or to admit them in niggardly fashion, because they were born in Germany, Austria or Bohemia, is equally opposed to British tradition and Australia's present interests.

A recent German study of the British Empire, *Wie Stark ist England*, by Graf Puckler, contains a striking chapter on the population troubles in the Empire. The writer shows that, unless the present trend of the birth-rate is radically changed, the total population of Britain will begin to fall rapidly twenty-five years hence, and in eleven years will drop from 44,000,000 to 33,000,000. A similar decline is to be expected in the rate of reproduction in all the white Dominions, whereas the population of India will rapidly rise. During the decade ending in 1931 it increased by 34,000,000, which is an appreciably greater number than the total white population of all the self-governing Dominions to-day. The writer goes on to argue that in Australia and New Zealand the problem of population is not only an economic question for the future, but a political and strategic question of the present.

The admission of the refugees from Europe might appear to be a small factor in the large problem, but at least it would enable the population to grow at the rate which was attained before the economic cataclysm of 1930. And that would mean a country stronger economically and strategically. The ill wind of political and racial persecution and the national frenzy in the states of Central Europe have blown a windfall towards Great Britain and the British Empire; and the deeper interests of the British Commonwealth should combine with the spirit of humanity to make us accept it.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

IN A GERMAN CONCENTRATION CAMP

II

THAT first night our prisoner-wardens told us something of the concentration camp. All prisoners wore insignia to show to which category of men they belonged. Thus red insignia designated political prisoners; yellow for Jews; pink insignia homosexuals; red and yellow political Jews; purple insignia *Bibelforscher*, members of that religious pacifist sect; green professional criminals. Apart from the regular camp there was a special section for men who had been reinterned after their sentence was over. These prisoners were not allowed to smoke, read, write letters or buy anything in the camp canteen.

Six thousand Jews from Berlin, Hamburg and Westphalia had been brought to the camp after November 10th. Besides, there were eight hundred from the Sudetenland. These Sudeten Jews were particularly bitter as, according to the Munich Agreement, they had officially been given the right to vote for Czechoslovakia until March 1st, 1939.

All ages were represented among these Jews: boys of thirteen to men of eighty-four were amongst us. In one German province an entire Jewish school had been arrested, and though the children of thirteen to fifteen were in separate barracks, their heads were shorn and they were treated as we were. Some of us had been wounded in the War; others were ill; yet others were healthy men. During the first month 4 per cent. of our number died. When the colder weather began we lost 20 per cent. through death.

Altogether there were about 14,000 prisoners in the Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp. Pastor Niemöller was kept in isolation. Two years before political prisoners had been given the chance of leaving the camp. If they proclaimed themselves as adherents of National Socialism they

were dismissed. They were also made to promise that they would spy on their former comrades. Those who had refused to do this had no hope of ever leaving the camp. Visitors to the camp are never allowed, and these men had not only lost touch with the outside world but with their families as well. Those who had been there only a few years still received letters from their mothers or their wives. But great pressure was put on the wives to divorce these political prisoners, and many of them finally succumbed to this pressure. The Jews from the Sudetenland, who were married to non-Jewish women, were forced to sign a document agreeing to a divorce.

On the first Monday after our arrival at the camp we were led to work. I was assigned to a group of prisoners who were building some small houses for the S.S. men outside the camp. Other prisoners were used to erect a vast house which was to be handed over to the Commandant of all the concentration camps in the *Reich*.

When we marched to our work, S.S. men armed with rifles escorted us. We were ordered to sing as we marched, and anyone who failed to do so was prodded with a rifle. We soon realised that our fellow-prisoners only worked when they were being watched by the S.S. men. I should say that the prisoners accomplished about 3–4 per cent. of the labour performed by normal skilled workers, but as 10,000 to 12,000 men worked day in day out, including Sundays, at the camp, a certain amount is done in the course of a month.

For the first few days we were taken back to the camp for a hot meal, but after that we had only a short rest for lunch. As there was no paper in which to wrap our bread and little piece of cheese, we had to bring it with us in our dirty pockets. We were given water from a rusty old jam pail. Hygiene was never taken into consideration.

On our way to work we passed a cage, for the Commandant liked animals. He had a baboon and several other monkeys, a peacock and other pets. The prisoners had to look after these animals. Probably the Commandant wanted to imitate Goering's animal parks on a small scale. We often envied these animals who were left alone.

Some of the work assigned to the prisoners was a useless

torment. For instance, in a large courtyard there were about four hundred piles of sand. Four hundred prisoners were forced to shovel the sand on the pile before them on to the next pile. This was done merely to keep them busy. One can understand that this futile task unbalanced many of the prisoners' minds.

Occasionally, when we were on the drill ground in the morning, the Commandant appeared and told us Jews that he hoped we were learning how to behave as guests in Germany.

As we had to work regardless of the cold or the weather generally, and as our clothing was quite inadequate, the paper bandages applied to our chilblains were not really helpful. Anyone who was taken seriously ill in the camp was lost. We were allowed to report that we were ill, but then we had to wait in the cold for five or six hours in the open in front of the so-called infirmary hut. Then, if one was lucky, one was given one aspirin. If, however, the doctor in charge decided that the prisoner was not ill enough to have come, he was stood up, his face to the wall of the hut, and forced to stand there in the cold. The men whose hands and feet were frozen and who were therefore unable to go to work, had to march round and round the drill ground from dawn until night. Finally, there were 1,200 prisoners with frozen hands and feet, that is to say about 10 per cent. of the total number of prisoners in the camp.

After we had been in the camp for ten days we were given some of our post. I was one of the fortunate ones, for I had a card from my son, and I learned that he had not been arrested. On the following Sunday those of us who had money for postage were allowed to write one letter. We had to say that we were well or the censor did not pass this letter.

Many of the political prisoners have not given up hope of an ultimate victory. They try to encourage their desperate comrades. When they talk of suicide the political prisoners say:

'You can't take your own life. That's just what these murderers want, and you wouldn't do them that favour?'

Or: 'Look at us. We have been here for years, year after year, and here we shall remain until a machine-gun mows us down.'

These political prisoners taught us the real concentration camp songs in the evening when the S.S. men had left our barrack.

'*Auch uns leuchtet einmal die Freiheit . . .*'

By the S.S. we were made to sing gay songs, even when we returned, frozen and exhausted, to the camp after work. I remember one evening when we marched back to the drill ground. We were ordered to sing a gay song about Hans and Grete, who love dancing. The men who had died during the day were always included in the roll call of the evening. We were still singing when two Jewish comrades, bending under the weight, carried a dead man onto the drill ground and laid him down in front of our columns. We were commanded to go on with the happy song with this dead man before us.

Others were as courageous as the political prisoners. One day the Commandant ordered a member of the *Bibelforscher* sect to step forward. The Commandant asked the prisoner:

'Do you still believe in Jehovah?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Where is your Jehovah?' the Commandant continued.

'In Heaven.'

'Well, look up, do you see Him anywhere?'

'Yes, I see him, *Herr Kommandant*.'

'Well, I don't,' the Commandant said with a sneer.

'Would you take up arms to fight against one of Germany's enemies?' the Commandant asked.

'My religion forbids me to use force of any kind,' the prisoner answered.

The S.S. men with the Commandant then kicked and pushed the *Bibelforscher* back into our ranks, calling him a 'cowardly swine.'

These casual beatings, such as the one suffered by this *Bibelforscher*, were not, of course, considered real 'punishments' in the camp. These were terrible, and as I have said, they were inflicted according to the mood of the S.S. men in charge. The least dreadful punishment was the order to stand still for hours at the entrance gate to the camp after the day's work. This meant that the prisoners thus punished went without their one hot meal a day and were forced to

remain motionless in the bitter cold. Then there was the ghastly punishment of being strapped to a wooden block and receiving fifty strokes with a wired stick. In the camp there were tiny separate cells, open at the top, in which one man could find room if he remained standing. Sometimes prisoners were kept in these cells for several days and nights without food. Many of them succumbed after the first few days.

The worst punishment was called 'Tie the man to a stake.' The prisoner was seated on a low stool. His hands were bound together behind his back. Then his hands were pulled up and tied firmly to a stake behind the stool. Then the stool was removed from under him. The poor man was left in this horrible position for hours; the S.S. men often remained standing near him, jeering at him and shouting such remarks as: 'Well, call for your mother, she might help you.'

The S.S. men had a curious impulse to drive their victims to suicide. And there were many suicides. The most popular method of ending one's own life was to run into the wire fencing of the camp. This fence was charged with electricity and the shock was always fatal. I remember that I was told that one day in July, 1938, when the heat was unbearable, fifty-seven men ran into the fencing and killed themselves.

Occasionally Commissions from various German organisations sent representatives to inspect the camp. One day a general and his staff came as a military party, probably to investigate whether or not the camp could be used in case of war. The food was better than usual on that day, and this military commission was shown only two of the prisoners' barracks which had been quickly emptied so that only sixty-five men were housed in each wing. (In our barrack there were always 180 instead of sixty-five in each wing.)

Representatives of the newspaper *Das Schwarze Korps* also came to the camp. They came to take photographs of us Jewish prisoners for their journal. When we had all been summoned to the drill ground we were ordered to step forward according to professions. Lawyers, university professors, physicians, etc., were then carefully inspected by the staff of the *Schwarze Korps*. Their photographers then

chose the most Jewish-looking amongst us. When university graduates were commanded to come forward I was told to go away. Probably I did not look Jewish enough to please them. One of my comrades who had been photographed told me that the men chosen for this humiliation were placed in front of one of those distorting mirrors one sees in side-shows of country fairs. This reflection was then photographed for use in the *Schwarze Korps*.

Some of the Jews amongst us had not been believing Jews for generations. One day an S.S. man had struck a Jew in the face because one of the buttons on his coat was not properly fastened. The S.S. man asked the Jew what was his profession. The Jew said:

'I am a Lutheran pastor, *Herr Scharführer*.'

During the first three weeks of our detention only a few of us were discharged, but later between 150 and 200 Jews were dismissed from the camp every day. In the evening, after roll call, the Jewish prisoners were told to remain on the drill ground. We usually stood there for almost two hours while those to be discharged were called forward. We always tried to send messages to our families by the men fortunate enough to be leaving, but as they were not allowed to take any notes or addresses with them, it was difficult for them not to be confused by so many names and messages.

At last, one December evening, I, too, was told that I would be discharged from Sachsenhausen. I did not allow myself to think about this too much that night, as I had seen many men disappointed at the last minute the next day when the S.S. changed their mind.

On the following morning about 200 Jewish and a few non-Jewish prisoners who were to be dismissed were commanded to stand in front of the secretarial barrack. A thirteen-year-old boy from the school I have mentioned was with us. After we had been inspected in the barrack we were sent to take a bath. We handed in all of our clothing and were given back the civilian clothes in which we had come to the camp. They had been disinfected and had shrunk to such an extent that we could hardly get into them.

When we were dressed we were ordered to come to the gate to the camp in groups of forty. Again we stood—this time for two hours. One of the commanding officers of the

camp then appeared and asked us whether we had suffered any ill-health from being in the camp. Naturally we had to say 'no' or we should not have been let out. He also asked us whether we would ever make any future claims against the camp. Again we said 'no.' Then this S.S. officer said:

'You are not being discharged because your behaviour has been particularly satisfactory in the camp. Or because you have worked well. We are letting you go chiefly because you are to leave Germany as quickly as possible. You will never be allowed to return to Germany. This you must know. Anyone of you who ever tried to come back would be sent to a camp again at once. And you are strictly forbidden to tell anyone your experiences in this camp. And don't think you would be safe in telling tales abroad. The S.S. knows everything that is said abroad, and Germany is a world power now. We are no longer afraid of any foreign police force. And so far we have got our own back on anyone who told tales abroad.'

Before we were allowed to pass the gate we were told to hold our hands over our heads. Then we were carefully searched by S.S. men. They were obviously afraid that we might have some notes with us. This gave the S.S. men their last chance to strike and kick us, and to threaten us with re-arrest. Then we signed a receipt that all of our property had been returned to us, and were finally permitted to leave. We were conducted out into the broad road that connects Sachsenhausen with the town of Oranienburg.

I bought some cigarettes in the first shop I passed. I also stopped at a baker's to buy a few buns. The woman in the shop looked at me pityingly and knowingly when she saw my clothes and my closely shaven head. She refused to take any money for the buns and silently gave me a cup of coffee.

In the train from Oranienburg to Berlin, too, the other people in the compartment looked at me with pity. I did not mind my clothes. I felt that not I, but the others, should feel ashamed. For though, as the kindness I met in the baker shop shows, there are many Germans who do not agree with the methods of the S.S., still the Germans as a whole are committing a terrible crime to have permitted the adoption of these methods in the first place.

My mother and my son were expecting me at my flat. They had been looking for me out of the window, but they had not recognised me. My limp passed within a fortnight, and my son and I worked feverishly to arrange for our emigration permits. I also went to see the families of my comrades in Sachsenhausen. I had managed to remember the addresses. The plight of their wives was terrible. Many of them had been told by officials that if they would pay 5,000 or 10,000 marks their husbands would be dismissed. Naturally this was merely a form of theft, and many of the women were penniless as a result. The Jewish hospitals in Berlin were overcrowded. There were so many amputations of feet and hands that the surgeons were overworked. And many of the former prisoners died soon after their dismissal. That is what Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp did to us Jews.

EX-PRISONER.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND NATIONAL SOCIALISM

In the history of the relations between Catholicism and the Third Reich, September 30th, 1930, will prove to have been a memorable date. It marks the first occasion on which the Catholic Church in Germany declared its official attitude towards National Socialism. For a long time past there had been latent conflict. No one had failed to realise the hostility of Hitlerism to Catholicism, based both upon doctrinal reasons (a fundamental incompatibility between the Christian Gospel and racial ideology) and upon political motives (the alliance of the Catholic Centre with those other parties which had always opposed the Swastika). Yet, until that date, the Church had confined itself to an attitude of general disapproval and refrained from publicly and precisely defining the position. On September 30th, 1930, this was done. Questioned by the parish priest of a little village in Hesse about the proper attitude to be taken in practice by the clergy towards the Nazis, the Bishop of Mainz replied categorically that a Catholic 'cannot be a registered member of the National Socialist Party' and that a 'Catholic who adheres to the principles of the party cannot be admitted to the Sacraments.'

Nothing could be more definite. From the point of view both of abstract doctrine and of the practical exigencies of daily life, we now know where we stand. The verdict of the Bishop of Mainz, in effect, excludes every adherent of the Swastika from participation in the life of the Church.

Less than six months later, in February, 1931, the Bavarian Episcopate, in a collective letter, solemnly condemned the racial doctrine and enumerated its five fundamental errors: the primacy of race over religion; the rejection of the Old Testament and of the Mosaic Decalogue; the rejection of the primacy of the Pope; the subordination of moral law, which is essentially universal, to the criterion of a 'moral sentiment'

belonging to the German race; and the dream of setting up a 'National German Church.'

These arguments, found in the Bavarian pastoral letter, became the basis of a great number of Episcopal documents which appeared in Germany before the advent of National Socialism to power. It is not possible, within the limits of this article, to go into the details of those manifestos, which, moreover—as has just been said—reproduce with little variation the reasoning of the Bavarian Episcopal Letter of 1931. The Bavarian bishops laid emphasis on one point which, in the previous year, the Bishop of Mainz had also underlined as being of capital importance: the dream of setting up a National German Church, the ambition, which racial doctrine had openly admitted from the first, to annex the territory reserved to the spirit. Not content with politics, National Socialism is, by the confession of its own theorists and leaders, a *Weltanschauung*, which is to say a conception of life comprising all the activities of man, including his religious activities. Not content with securing the ballot box, it aspires to domination over the spirit and the heart of man. The essentially universal character of a Church which knows no barriers of race is stigmatised, in the scathing phraseology of Dr. Rosenberg, as *rassenloser Universalismus*, and is rejected with scandalised indignation. The Bishop of Mainz, as early as 1930, put his finger on the tenderest spot when he noted as profoundly characteristic of National Socialism the nationalisation of the Divine and the annexation of God. 'They want a German god, a German Christianity, a German Church.'

On this essential point there can certainly be no complaint about any ambiguity of National Socialist thought or expression. In an official commentary upon the party programme, Gottfried Feder, one of its leading exponents, writes:

> The German people will one day find that its knowledge of God and its life in God can be given a form adapted to the exigencies of Nordic blood. Without any doubt, we shall one day witness the realisation of a trinity of Blood and Faith and State.

On January 30th, 1933, National Socialism comes into power. What will be its treatment of a Church which has so emphatically condemned the errors of doctrine upon which it

rests? To begin with, there must be caution and moderation; recent conquests require first to be consolidated. With an obvious eye to the votes of the Catholic party in the Reichstag, there will be a spate of conciliatory declarations on religious questions. As early as February 1st, on the morrow of his accession to power, the Führer may be heard proclaiming the resolve of the Government over which he presides to act as 'staunch defenders of Christianity, which is the basis of all our morality.'

On confessional questions he will take an even more positive stand during the historic session of the Reichstag on March 23rd, 1933:

> The National Socialist Government regards the two Christian confessions as essential factors in the maintenance of the spirit of the German people. It will respect the agreements existing between these confessions and the *Länder* (an allusion to the concordats arranged, under the Weimar Government, between the Vatican on the one hand and Prussia, Bavaria and the State of Baden on the other). It declares its determination not to interfere with their rights. In schools and in the realm of education the Government is resolved to maintain the influence which belongs to the two Christian confessions. Its whole desire is to see a state of peace and concord established between Church and State. We regard the spiritual forces of Christianity as indispensable instruments for the moral recovery of the German people. We look forward to developing our friendly relations with the Holy See.

Hitler achieved his object. By intimidating a Reichstag which could feel the wings of destiny hovering above it, and which knew that its days were numbered, the new master of Germany obtained full powers (*Ermächtigungsgesetz*) with the help of the votes of the Catholic Centre.

Conciliatory moves inspired by an obvious political opportunism should not mislead us with regard to the deeper feelings of National Socialism towards the Catholics. The Third Reich cannot forget that in the electoral arena the Catholics were regularly numbered among its adversaries, in the coalition of leftward parties. One of the fundamental dogmas of Hitlerism is that in the field of politics there is an indissoluble connection between Catholic and Socialist, between 'the black rat and the red rat'—to borrow an elegant

expression from the regular vocabulary of speakers for th régime. 'The system,' writes the *Völkischer Beobachter* 'must be pilloried, by which an alliance for the ruin and deat of Germany was formed by a combination of the forme parties: Catholicism, Social Democracy and Communism. Speaking at Essen in the spring of 1933, Hermann Görin pictured the colours of the Weimar flag (black, red and gol as symbolising the doctrines hostile to Germany and repre senting the 'three internationals' combined—the blac international (Roman Catholicism), the red internationa (Socialism) and the yellow international (Jewish plutocracy) At about the same time, early in 1933, he described th attitude of Catholics under the Weimar Republic by sayin that 'the black man kept a look-out while the Marxis burgled the German house.'

Despite any such clear-cut sentiments, a Concorda between Rome and the Third Reich began to take shape i the fullness of time. For several months its outline becam more and more definite. Hitler's anxiety was to emerg from political isolation and prove to the world that th Government over which he presided was not a gang o adventurers. There could be no better way of cutting good figure among the nations of Europe than by enterin into a contractual relationship with the highest moral autho rity in the world. The purpose of the Third Reich i exchanging signatures with the Vatican was, clearly enough to establish its prestige. To this paramount end details wer readily sacrificed; the road was cleared of all obstacles, an a fixed determination to reach a swift decision was everywher apparent. The terms offered to Rome by the Nazi Govern ment were the most favourable that, until that time, ha appeared in the text of any Concordat between German and the Vatican. On July 8th the new Concordat wa initialled by Cardinal Pacelli and Franz von Papen; o July 20th it was solemnly signed, and on September 10t 1933, it was ratified.

During this summer of 1933 hopefulness was in the ai The year has been called 'the sacred year of the Church an of Germany.' Herr von Papen gave free expression to hi blithe spirit and declared that he had 'promised His Holine that there would be no disappointment coming to him fro

the Reich and that the hostilities of the Liberal and Socialist period have been ended for ever.'

Scarcely had the Concordat seen the light of day when a shadow fell over its cradle. On January 24th, 1934, Alfred Rosenberg was appointed as Head of the Reich Department for Education and Culture. This appointment amounted to a declaration of war. At the most sensitive moral nerve-centre of the nation was to be stationed the author of the most passionate pamphlet of modern times against the Roman Church—the *Mythus des XX Jahrhunderts*. From that moment the veil was torn asunder and no more illusions were possible. A rupture was virtually accomplished and the whole responsibility fell upon one of the contracting parties.

The consequences of this internal breach were soon to appear in concrete form, with the inflexible logic of events. The Concordat which had been supposed to promote friendly relations with the Holy See was to be subjected not to a frontal assault but to an oblique and progressive attack, intended to undermine it from within. By laborious sapping and continual erosion the substance of the agreement was to be emptied out, while its outward appearance continued to be respected.

The two articles regarding the maintenance of Confessional Schools and of free communication between the Roman Catholic hierarchy and the faithful were perhaps the most essential articles of the pact, and the most solemnly guaranteed. These were now openly and impudently violated.

Very quickly the Concordat became what every contract becomes when one of the parties regards itself as committed by its signature while the other is determined to turn the text inside out by every possible means, and to contravene the spirit of the agreement. The Third Reich has never missed an opportunity of showing, in every context and in all its relations, how little respect it has for what is dubbed 'the draughtsman's attitude.' The very rigidity of written engagements is held to imply their disruption. Respected in theory, but cynically violated in practice, the Concordat was cut to ribbons, and very soon left unprotected the Catholics whom it was supposed to cover. For those who had sought cover

beneath it, nothing was left but a tattered cloak; for their adversaries it became a screen.

Let us try and examine rather more closely the phases of a struggle which, from the very first, was immanent, and which now became concentrated on a particularly sensitive and crucial point for the Church—the education of youth. From the outset the declared ambition of National Socialism was to bring about a rigorous unification of youth, a fusion of all existing groups in the ranks of the *Hitlerjugend*. This fusion had already been realised in the Lutheran Church. Nearly a million adolescents had had to submit to a summons which required them to leave their evangelical associations and become merged in the Hitler youth movement. As applied to the Catholics, such massive unification—the evident objective of National Socialism—encountered the practical difficulty that it would be in flagrant violation of the Concordat. Recourse must therefore be had to stratagem, and the tactics of attrition must suffice so long as a break-through by general offensive remains impossible. It remains to show how these methods were applied.

The task of leading the youth of the Reich (*Jugendführer*) was entrusted, as is well known, to Baldur von Schirach, a faithful exponent of the doctrinal principles advocated by Alfred Rosenberg, the passionate opponent of the Church. That name of Baldur, borrowed from ancient Germanic mythology and pungently pagan in its associations, is itself suggestive of some reasons for anxiety. It sounds like a challenge and at the same time implies a programme. By adopting it, Herr von Schirach offers practical encouragement to a new usage which threatens to establish itself in Germany and to which he is the first to conform—the supplanting of Christian names by Germanic and pagan 'given' names.

Herr Baldur von Schirach cherishes two ideas in particular: the idea of an intimate fusion, to the point almost of identity, between Germanism and religion; and, as a practical corollary, the urgency of finally unifying the whole youth of Germany in a single national faith which supersedes their confessional dispersion. As early as 1934, in a speech at Frankfurt, he gave expression to this double idea in a short formula which has something of the solemnity of a creed: 'We unite God with Germany in one and the same divine concept. We

shall abolish the barriers between one confession and another.'

Faith in God is not proscribed, provided that it connotes the adoption of a German god. What is divine may still survive, on the express condition that it conforms, in a natural (*artgemäss*) and close relationship, with blood and race. This ambition to unify the whole of German youth within the strict confines of an exclusively German religion, to the exclusion of all confessional groupings, is to be found again in a speech made at the end of 1933 by the same speaker at a congress held in Brunswick.

We claim, and proclaim, that there has ceased to be any reason for the existence of other youth organisations in Germany besides ourselves. Any such organisations must disappear and leave the field free for the Hitler youth. It would be intolerable, from our point of view, if youth associations, grouped under the protection of this or that particular ecclesiastical interest, were to continue to survive in their own backwaters.

Such professions of faith have a meaning which is unmistakably and ominously clear. In contrast with the unifying principle of nationalism, the confessions represent a principle of division and dissociation. They introduce conflict (*Gegensätze*) into the life of the country ; they are barriers (*Schranken*) which must disappear. Confessional groupings, formed in the ' backwaters ' (*abseits*) of the nation, isolate their members from the main blood-stream of the country. Only the national faith, a flaming crucible in which all vital energies are melted and amalgamated, and all divergences volatilised, can bring to life the indivisible soul of Germany.

The principle of complete unification to be applied to youth associations is also intended to govern the Press. There, too, the confessional point of view is regarded as an obstacle, as introducing an element of dissidence and disturbance (*Störung*). These are the very words used in a commendably frank speech by a racial leader in the district of Düsseldorf. Let us quote a passage taken from his public appeal to the population :

Anyone who says to you : ' Catholics, read the Catholic newspapers,' or ' Protestants, read the Protestant papers ' ; anyone who thus introduces into the German nation the germs of opposition

and conflict, is a perverter of the people (*Volksverderber*), a traitor guilty of sabotage against that national unity which has been so laboriously won. I declare merciless war against any such attempt to revive the divisions of the past. There is no such thing as a Catholic Press or a Protestant Press; there is only a German Press.

There is no mistaking the menace which these conceptions imply to the religious life of Catholic youth in Germany. The *Hitlerjugend* remain, of course, free to hold 'private confessional opinions' when not actually on parade; but it is quite evident that a faith thus relegated to the shadows of private life and treated like a cumbersome cloak to be left in the vestry before entering the Holy of Holies, the sacred precincts of the nation, must almost certainly wither in an age which has some difficulty in separating religion from its outward manifestations, and must be expected in the end to die for want of nourishment. Moreover, the peril appears particularly grave among a people whose racial aptitude for exploring the mysteries of religious emotion is less than that of others; who have been trained by long tradition to associate conviction spontaneously with organisation; and whose religious spirit only reaches its full development when it can rely upon the support of collective expression.

Month by month the breaches made in the Concordat become more obvious, and the position of the Church, persecuted and humiliated in an implacable war of attrition, stands out more clearly. One after another the most vital positions of the Church fall to the enemy: the youth associations, the schools, the Press. Harassed and dogged in every quarter, the Church is not only reduced to the defensive along the whole line, but to a defensive that has to be conducted without weapons. All forms of retaliation are systematically forestalled by a pitiless adversary who, meanwhile, advances methodically and surely to the heart of a people, and especially of young people, poisoned through the numberless channels of a propaganda which is the most efficient in the world and which never tires of unfurling the banners of Antichrist.

At last the decisive hour strikes: the hour of condemnation. Rome has waited a long time; too long, in the opinion of some German Catholics whose patience has been

overcome by indignation. The Encyclical *Mit brennender Sorge* . . ., dated March 14th, 1937, is read on Sunday, March 21st, from the pulpits of the Reich to silent congregations of the faithful. The words of the shepherd both confirm and release the emotions of his flock. They are a force and a light, a beacon on the dark road full of pitfalls and perils. They show what, from the first, has been designed against the Church; a war of annihilation (*Vernichtungskampf*). They show the method: a sapping from within (*Aushöhlung*). They illumine the Calvary of the Church (*Leidensweg*).

The hard light that exposes the enemy and penetrates his mask sets out, in relief, at the same time, the course of duty, of Catholic duty, which may require a solemn sacrifice. There are times when the Christian conscience is faced with the alternatives of apostasy or martyrdom.

We have reached a decisive stage in the history of the relations between the Third Reich and the Catholic Church. The Encyclical *Mit brennender Sorge* . . . strikingly displays the breadth and depth of the abyss which separates Rome from National Socialism. Other subsequent documents, like the Syllabus on Racialism, dated April 13th, 1938, may illustrate the irreconcilability of racial doctrine with the doctrine of the Church, of the Gospel of blood with the Gospel of Christ. But it may be said that the appearance of the Encyclical of March, 1937, defined the issues once and for all. Nothing but a complete reversal of the basic positions taken up by National Socialism, an express renunciation of racial ideology, could bring reconciliation within the bounds of possibility; and the whole course of events as here set out makes this appear unlikely. The manner in which the German Press lately commented on the death of Pius XI and the election of his successor does not encourage any expectation that tension will be relaxed, even though some regard was paid to the advisability of caution. The importance which National Socialism attaches to the Gospel of blood and race is well enough known; and in the field of doctrine the Church of Saint Peter will remain inflexible.

ROBERT D'HARCOURT.

COMMENTARY

Mr. James Joyce's new work, *Finnegans Wake*,[1] has had a bad reception in the English Press, judging by the reviews I have seen. It has been attacked as meaningless, drivelling, the work of a madman, 'a colossal leg-pull,' and so on; even his most sympathetic critic has described Mr. Joyce as 'a writer without a theme.' This is the more curious since, during the past sixteen years, most of the work has already appeared in serial form, and has been accompanied by a great deal of comment and explanation. In the circumstances, perhaps no apology is needed for drawing attention to what is already known about this extraordinary book.

Finnegans Wake is based largely on the philosophy of the seventeenth-century Neapolitan, Vico, who elaborated the theory that history repeats itself, that the history of one nation is the history of all nations, that organised society sprang from primitive man's fear of the supernatural, literally from the terror produced by a thunderclap, and that from this terror proceeded the social institutions of church, marriage and burial. Vico was among the first to recognise mythology as a true and important kind of history. He had in mind the project of writing 'a timeless, ideal history' which would be all histories rolled into one, and of creating a universal language which would express the 'common nature of nations' and of human ideas.

In a sense *Finnegans Wake* is a realisation of this project. Based on the history of Dublin, as Vico's work was based on the history of Rome, it is an attempt to display simultaneously past and present, gods, heroes and men, all the ages and attributes of mankind in a vast, composite mythology. Finnegan was the hero of a ballad, who died and came to life again at his own wake. That he should represent the progress of history, through life, death and renewal, is an indication

[1] *Finnegans Wake*, by James Joyce (Faber & Faber, 25/-).

of Mr. Joyce's approach to his theme. *Finnegans Wake* is an uproarious book, like the celebration which gives it a title.

This is far too simple an account of it, but may serve to correct the impression that Mr. Joyce is a writer without a theme. His prose technique derives naturally enough from what he is attempting. It is an extremely involved and novel technique; but I think that what is traditional in it has caused as much perplexity as what is new. Joyce uses language to impersonate, to perform, to involve the reader almost physically in what is being said. It is essentially a poetic use of language; it is the kind of speech which Vico assigns to his 'heroic' age, when all men were poets; but we need go no farther back than Rabelais to find words used in this compulsive, mimetic way. When Rabelais wishes to convey the exertions of Diogenes with his tub, he gives us a list of a hundred verbs to read, and when we have worked our way through the list we are in a position to appreciate Diogenes' performance, for we have had our share in it. This is the simplest kind of device, but if a modern writer were to make use of it I think he would find himself accused of revolutionary procedures.

As Mr. Eliot has put it: 'language in a healthy state presents the object, is so close to the object that the two are identified,' and he has described Mr. Joyce's language as 'that which is struggling to digest and express new objects, new groups of objects, new feelings, new aspects.' We are not nowadays accustomed to language in a healthy state; we prefer objects at a distance—whether in politics or literature—and this fact has, I think, tended to magnify the very real difficulties of Mr. Joyce's prose.

Already, in *Ulysses*, Mr. Joyce had carried manipulation of language to remarkable lengths. The structure of *Ulysses* is largely to be explained as verbal impersonation. When Sirens are the theme, words and sentences assume musical forms. When the theme is giants, casual phrases are elaborated and distended by circumlocution till they become gigantic. When the protagonists of *Ulysses* are worn out, the language becomes worn out too, and their actions are described in the exhausted clichés of journalism. The method pervades the book in its smallest details: when somebody yawns, we are not merely told so, but are given the yawn

itself: 'Iiiiiiiiaaaaaach!' And when the Viceregal procession passes through Dublin and we see the 'outriders leaping, leaping in their, in their saddles,' the prose takes a leap too, just to show exactly what happened.

In purpose and technique *Finnegans Wake* is a natural sequel to *Ulysses*. In the earlier book Mr. Joyce's task was to imply the Homeric age in the events of an Edwardian day. The words which describe what Mr. Bloom is doing suggest at the same time the Homeric parallel, in a sort of pantomime. The effect is elaborately ambiguous, but it is nothing to the ambiguity of *Finnegans Wake*. Here the task is not to imply one age in terms of another, but to imply all ages, all cities, all peoples simultaneously in a narrative of Dublin. In order that his words shall carry as many implications and ambiguities as possible, shall have the widest possible range, Mr. Joyce has evolved a complicated technique of punning, and has produced a language unlike anything ever written before. His technique is not entirely without precedent, however, for there is a very good account of its principles in the prose miscellanies of Swift and Sheridan. 'The Art of Punning,' as set out by Sheridan, includes a rule which describes very well the device on which *Finnegans Wake* is constructed:

> The Rule of Transition; which will serve to introduce anything that has the most remote relation to the subject you are upon; *e.g.* If a man puns upon a *stable*, you may pun upon a *corn-field*, a *meadow*, a *horse-park*, a *smith's* or *saddler's* shop; *e.g.* One says, 'his horses are gone to *rack*.' Then you answer, 'I would turn *oat* the rascal that looks after them. *Hay*, sir! don't you think I am right?'

Here is the whole method of *Finnegans Wake*: a device 'which will serve to introduce anything that has the most remote relation to the subject you are upon,' and the whole purpose of the book is to establish relations of this kind.

* * * * *

The first sentence implies the general theme, not only by what it says, but by the fact that it is a completion of the last sentence in the book:

> riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend

of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.

A few lines further down we have the Viconian thunderclap :

bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonnerronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohoohoordenenthurnuk !

This word has caused reviewers some dismay, and has convinced one or two that Mr. Joyce is out of his mind, but it is a natural enough extension of a common device. When a pistol goes off in a detective novel, we allow the author to write 'Bang!' though a pistol-shot does not really sound like that. Mr. Joyce is availing himself of this liberty, with a more complicated noise to imitate. By the 'Rule of Transition' the thunderclap is associated with the fall of the angels, the fall of man, the fall of a wall and the fall of Humpty Dumpty ; it is a theme which constantly recurs. Finnegan, who now appears, is a composite figure with implications of Balbus, and apparently met his end while wall-building. His wake is described a few pages later, and is conducted, we are told, with 'the shoutmost shoviality.' A parody of a line from Phil the Fluter's Ball occurs here. 'With a toot on the flute and a twiddle on the fiddle, O!' appears in an alcoholic context as 'Tee the tootal of the fluid hang the twoddle of the fuddled, O!' and this line recurs throughout the book in different guises. In an appropriate setting it reappears as : 'To the tumble of the toss tot the trouble of the swaddled, O!' and it is typical of the many recurring phrases or motifs which serve to relate one context to another.

Presently we meet the 'hero' of the book, Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker, the Viking founder of Dublin, whose symbols are mountain and city. He is described as 'a big cleanminded giant,' 'a veritable Napoleon the Nth,' and when he takes charge of the prose it assumes the dignity of a state procession. It is a precarious dignity, for Earwicker has a stutter, and is embarrassed by his efforts to explain away some offence which he is alleged to have committed in Phœnix Park, and which is a source of much rumour and gossip. Towards the end of the book he has a section to himself, in which he boasts of his achievements as a husband and founder of cities ; but he is seldom absent from the text in some form or other, for Earwicker is all men ; he shares

with Adam a misdemeanour in a garden (in 'Fiendish Park' as Mr. Joyce puts it, to leave us in no doubt), and by Earwicker we are also to understand Wellington, Duke Humphrey, Noah, Napoleon, Finnegan, Swift—anyone you care to mention, including Dunlop, the inventor of the pneumatic tyre. His name has hundreds of variations, through which the initials H.C.E. persist; he appears variously as Haroun Childeric Eggeberth, Howth Castle and Environs, even as Hosty's and Co., Exports, but his most popular nickname is natural enough: Here Comes Everybody.

The 'heroine' of the book is his wife, Anna Livia Plurabelle, whose symbol is the river. She is at once Dublin's river Liffey and all rivers and all women. Her name and initials pervade the text like Earwicker's, and she brings with her a flowing, streamlike prose rhythm. Anna, too, has a section to herself, and it is one of the clearest and loveliest in the book.

There are also Shaun the postman and Shem the penman, children of Earwicker and Anna. Shem is amusingly identified with Mr. Joyce himself in a long, illuminating passage in which he gives an account of his book and its method. He appreciates the reader's difficulty in locating the word 'as cunningly hidden in its maze of confused drapery as a fieldmouse in a nest of coloured ribbons,' but reminds him that 'patience is the great thing, and above all things else we must avoid anything like being or becoming out of patience.' Among the legendary ramifications of Shem the penman, traces of autobiography appear: 'He even ran away with hunself and became a farsoonerite, saying he would far sooner muddle through the hash of lentils in Europe than meddle with Irrland's split little pea.' 'Irrland' is a typical and unflattering construction, in which the alteration of a letter implies the German for 'crazy.' Among other salient personages is Jaun (don Juan), whose lengthy sermon to an audience of girls, in the middle of the book, is a triumph of innuendo and tough moralising.

Earwicker and Anna, Shaun, Shem and Jaun stand out as entities of a sort, since the narrative method, as Mr. Joyce puts it, causes 'some features palpably nearer your pecker to be swollen up most grossly while the farther back we manage to wiggle the more we need the loan of a lens';

but they are liable at any point to be dispersed into the surrounding text, and to coalesce again in the guise of Napoleon or Finnegan, Tristan or Iseult, any man or any woman.

The method of *Finnegans Wake* precludes sharp edges and outlines, anything which tends to isolate one object from another. Mr. Joyce describes it in his own way:

> Well, almost any photoist worth his chemicots will tip anyone asking him the teaser that if a negative of a horse happens to melt enough while drying, well, what you do get is, well, a positively grotesquely distorted macromass of all sorts of horsehappy values and masses of meltwhile horse.

'Horsehappy values' rather than horse are what we must expect in *Finnegans Wake*; and in this respect the book resembles a musical composition: its 'characters' are themes rather than persons, and are managed like the themes in a symphony, with the same recurrences and ramifications. If ever Pater's well-worn pronouncement about the aspiration of art towards the condition of music had an application it is in *Finnegans Wake*, and the best approach to the book is probably the condition of mind in which one listens to music, as Mr. Robert McAlmon suggested in an essay published some years ago: 'Joyce,' he wrote, 'wishes to believe that anybody reading his work gets a sensation of understanding, which is the understanding which music is allowed without too much explanation.'

* * * * *

The obscurities of *Finnegans Wake* are partly due to its enormous range. No single reader could possibly recognise all the implications which have been worked into it. To grasp even the greater part of them his knowledge would have to include mythology in general, Irish history, papal history, the religious significance of numbers and colours, Dublin street-names, the Book of the Dead, the philosophies of Bruno and Vico, the careers of Swift, Duke Humphrey, Finn MacCoole and Mr. Joyce, the names of most of the rivers and cities of the world, some fifty languages, and a great deal more.

That much of *Finnegans Wake* survives these difficulties

is a tribute to Mr. Joyce's incomparable mastery of speech, of the evocative powers of words. In the first section there is a dialogue between two primitive men, Mutt and Jute, whose names relate them, characteristically, to the simple humours of the comic strip. Jute greets Mutt:

Jute.—Yutah!
Mutt.—Mukk's pleasurad.
Jute.—Are you jeff?
Mutt.—Somehards.
Jute.—But you are not jeffmute?
Mutt.—Noho. Only an utterer.
Jute.—Whoa? Whoat is the mutter with you?
Mutt.—I became a stun a stummer.
Jute.—What a hauhauhauhaudibble thing, to be cause! How, Mutt?
Mutt.—Aput the buttle, surd.
Jute.—Whose poddle? Wherein?
Mutt.—The Inns of Dungtarf where Used awe to be he.
Jute.—You that side your voise are almost inedible to me. Become a bitskin more wiseable, as if I were you.

The dialogue proceeds through a series of explanations and misunderstandings to the final question and answer:

Mutt.—Ore you astoneaged, jute you?
Jute.—Oye am thonthorstrok, thing mud.

'Astoneaged' for 'astonished' combines vocal difficulty with a suggestion of the period; 'thonthorstrok' has the same laborious effect while suggesting the thunderclap and the birth of the gods. There are implications in this dialogue which are beyond me, but though bits of foreign words and parodies of modern advertisements are worked into it, its whole texture never fails to suggest the primitive awkwardness of a social encounter in the Stone Age, the struggling, thick speech of two simple-minded giants to whom speech is a difficulty. The elements of the situation are physically present in the language, apart from its remoter implications.

The book is to be judged by the success with which this communication of essential qualities is maintained, and it must be said that in many places the communication breaks down. There is necessarily a point reached in writing of this kind where words have been loaded with all the implica-

tions they can carry if they are to keep their communicative vigour, and not degenerate into mere puzzles; and I think that Mr. Joyce, with his passion for ramification, has often allowed himself to be tempted beyond this point. Here and there, too, his cleverness is alarming. Consider this passage:

> All the vitalmines is beginning to sozzle in chewn and the hormonies to clingleclangle, fudgem, kates and eaps and naboc and erics and oinnos on kingclud and xoxxoxo and xooxox xxoxoxxoxxx till I'm fustfed like fungstif . . .

This seems to me a fair example of Mr. Joyce's verbal mimicry. Eating is the subject, and the effect is of somebody talking with his mouth full; the language is involved in a general munching; but when one has it explained that the letters of 'steak' have been rearranged as 'kates,' peas and bacon as 'eaps' and 'naboc,' duckling as 'kingclud,' and so on, to suggest the transformation of food as it is munched, and that the o's and x's represent not only the final anonymous condition, the lost identity of masticated food, but stand for 'cabbage' and 'boiled protestants,' *i.e.*, potatoes, because the x's and o's correspond to the consonants and vowels in those words—when one realises that Mr. Joyce has been at pains to work all this into his text, one feels a little uneasy. It is a moderately good joke here, but it is very nearly a private joke, and it is proof of an ingenuity not far removed from pedantry. The suspicion that many of the obscurities of *Finnegans Wake* may be due to ingenuity of this sort is disturbing.

Such criticisms must qualify one's appreciation of the book, but I think the emphasis should not lie there, but rather on its extraordinary achievements. Mr. Joyce is entitled to the benefit of a good many doubts till we have had time to become familiar with his completed work. Meanwhile, though there is much in it that is difficult, there is also a great deal that can be enjoyed. One has not to consult a reference book to appreciate the simpler humours of its constructions, such as its own account of itself in terms of food: 'once current puns, quashed quotatoes, messes of mottage,' or its reference to psychoanalysis in the phrase 'jung and easily freudened.' Jaun's sermon is no more difficult than anything in Rabelais, and invites the comparison on any level. The

fairy-tale imagery and streaming melodies of the Anna Livia section are accessible to anyone who can enjoy Hans Andersen and has an ear for music. Consider Anna in this passage, as she prepares to visit 'her furzeborn sons and dribblederry daughters':

> And after that she wove a garland for her hair. She pleated it. She plaited it. Of meadowgrass and riverflags, the bulrush and waterweed, and of fallen griefs of weeping willow. Then she made her bracelets and her anklets and her armlets and a jetty amulet for necklace of clicking cobbles and pattering pebbles and rumbledown rubble, richmond and rehr, of Irish rhunerhinerstones and shellmarble bangles. That done, a dawk of smut to her airy ey, Annushka Lutetiavitch Pufflovah, and the lellipos cream to her lippeleens and the pick of the paintbox for her pommettes. . . . She wore a ploughboy's nailstudded clogs, a pair of ploughfields in themselves: a sugarloaf hat with a gaudyquiviry peak and a band of gorse for an arnoment and a hundred streamers dancing off it and a guildered pin to pierce it: owlglassy bicycles boggled her eyes: and a fishnetzeveil for the sun not to spoil the wrinklings of her hydeaspects: her nude cuba stockings were salmospotspeckled: she sported a galligo shimmy of hazevaipar tinto that never was fast till it ran in the washing: stout stays, the rivals, lined her length: her bloodorange bockknickers, a two in one garment, showed natural nigger boggers, fancyfastened, free to undo: her blackstripe tan joseph was sequansewn and teddybearlined with wavy rushgreen epaulettes and a leadown here and there of royal swansruff: a brace of gaspers stuck in her hayrope garters . . .

* * * * *

It is too soon to attempt a comprehensive judgment of *Finnegans Wake*; but it is clear that Mr. Joyce has created in it a medium which, in Mr. Eliot's words, is able 'to digest and express new objects, new groups of objects, new feelings, new aspects.' He has succeeded in restoring to language much of the vitality it has lost in this age of potboilers and newspapers; he has brought within its range states of feeling which have hitherto been inaccessible. Some years ago M. Auguste Bailly wrote a critique of *Ulysses*, in which he criticised the device of the 'inner monologue.' He said:

> The necessity of recording the flow of consciousness by means of words and phrases compels the writer to depict it as a continuous

horizontal line, like a line of melody. But . . . it is wrong to suppose that we follow only one train of thought at a time; there are several trains of thought, one above another. . . . We attend or own to one series of reflexions or images; but we are all the time aware of other series which are unrolling themselves on obscurer planes of consciousness. Sometimes there are interferences, irruptions, unforeseen contacts between these series. A stream of thought from a lower level suddenly usurps the bed of the stream which flowed on the highest plane of consciousness. . . . At every instant we are aware of such simultaneity and multiplicity of thought-streams.

Finnegans Wake might have been written in answer to that criticism; simultaneity and multiplicity are just what it achieves, and M. Bailly's account of thought-processes reads like a description of its methods.

One can allow many of the criticisms that have been made of this book: that it is pedantic, showy, unnecessarily obscure, and so on; and one can still say that it has extended the tradition of literature. In England it has been received with mingled rage and sorrow; but it would have had a sympathetic reception in the eighteenth century, if one may judge from the verses addressed to Sheridan by Dr. Delaney in *The Art of Punning*. They might very well be addressed to Mr. Joyce:

> Hail to the sage, who, from his native store,
> Produced a science never known before,
> Science of words, once jargon of the schools,
> The plague of wise men, and the boast of fools . . .
> Till now not half the worth of sounds we knew,
> Their virtual value was reserved for you.
> To trace their various mazes, and set forth
> Their hidden force, and multiply their worth;
> For if t'express one sense our words we choose,
> A double meaning is of double use.

ALEX GLENDINNING.

PASTEUR'S HERITAGE

Popular science is generally the science of yesterday. Microbe-hunters of this and of past generations have recently become the heroes of to-day. Well-deserved honours never come too late, but it is certain that the most important developments in medical science are now no longer in the realm of classical bacteriology. It is even often maintained that this science has not fulfilled its promises. Some of its most important presuppositions appear, in fact, to be unfounded. It is certain, at any rate, that infection, *i.e.*, the entry of the agent into the body, is only occasionally the cause of disease. The development of most infectious diseases and epidemics is a very complicated process. It is impossible to deny, however, that we do live longer than previous generations. Not the least cause of this is the combating of infectious diseases which would have been impossible without bacteriology.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Pasteur Institute in Paris offers an admirable occasion for considering bacteriological contributions to medicine. Its foundation was an historical event. Hitherto scientific progress had been the affair of universities and academies. Universities, above all, provided teaching, whereas academies made it possible to communicate results. France provided the world with a new type of scientific institution in the Pasteur Institute, which was created by public subscription and enabled scientists to devote themselves to research without other obligations.

The Pasteur Institute was opened when the world was still under the impression of the first systematic victories over infectious diseases. Edward Jenner had already shown, ninety years before, how smallpox can be avoided, but he founded no school of thought. Lady Montague had had her son inoculated against smallpox as early as 1721. The origins of smallpox inoculation are remote and obscure; they

were probably due to a chance discovery like knowledge of the properties of herbs. Pasteur created an entirely different situation. He had definite ideas about artificial immunisation, and his vaccination methods had already been tried out in connection with different diseases when, on July 6th, 1885, he inoculated for rabies Josef Meister, an Alsatian boy of nine, who shares with Jenner's James Phipps, the claim to be the most famous patient in the history of medicine. Pasteur's vaccine was not a present from nature, but an achievement wrung from her by years of work. It required the chemical artistry of the great Frenchman who succeeded in turning the bodies of animals into the vessels of his experiments. With the inoculation against rabies victory was gained over the second infectious disease and one of the most horrible. In the previous year 141 people had died in Vienna alone from the bites of mad dogs. On July 14th, 1885, while Pasteur was treating his first patients, five passers-by on the Paris–Pantin road were bitten by a mad dog, and all of them died. Fifty-two thousand and thirty patients were inoculated in the Paris Pasteur Institute alone by January 1st, 1937, and no case of death has been reported amongst those treated from Paris for many years. Lieut.-Colonel A. G. McKendrick (formerly director of the Kasauli Pasteur Institute in India), in his report for the League of Nations on anti-rabic vaccinations, records a total of 758,182 cases treated by Pasteur Institutes throughout the world. Of the 123,040 last cases reported, only 332, *i.e.*, 0·27 per cent., were still fatal, but these certainly include patients who were brought for treatment too late. Before Pasteur's treatment was known 20 per cent. of those bitten by mad dogs and 80 per cent. of those bitten by mad wolves developed hydrophobia, and 100 per cent. of those who had the disease died.

Bacterial research had already achieved triumphs before the first inoculation for rabies. Pasteur's work had led Lister to introduce antisepsis into surgery in the 'sixties. The demonstration of the different forms of the anthrax bacillus by Robert Koch in 1876 opened the long proud series of bacteriological discoveries. Fifty years ago the anthrax bacillus, the leprosy bacillus, the spirochæte of relapsing fever, gonococcus, malarial plasmodium, staphylococcus, streptococcus, the bacilli of tuberculosis, cholera and tetanus, the

bacterium coli, the pneumococcus and meningococcus were all already identified. The great Breslau botanist, Ferdinand Cohn, had already established the classification of micro-organisms into genera and species which is still employed. That was the golden age of microbe-hunters, and a new chapter of medicine opened with the recognition that micro-organisms were the causes of disease. The study of infection was given an exact basis. The mystery of epidemics seemed to be solved. Bacteriology brought revolution in medical practice; it reformed the hygiene of everyday life and public health services. Microbiology created a new diagnosis therapy and prophylaxis. Without bacteriology there would be no science of immunity to disease, neither serum-therapy nor chemo-therapy.

Bacteriology finally made medicine into a natural science. It is easy to do an injustice to the spirit of natural science and of bacteriology by excessive concentration on the technical side. There were three requirements for the recognition of the rôle of microbes—ideas, technical possibilities and men who disposed of them. The technical possibilities were first available. The great Dutch microscopist, Antony van Leeuwenhoek, included in his letter of September 14th, 1683, to the Royal Society pictures of micro-organisms, including a spirochæte. The idea of microparasites was an old one. Swift had written:

> So, nat'ralists observe, a flea
> Hath smaller fleas that on him prey,
> And these have smaller fleas to bite 'em
> And so proceed ad infinitum.

That small parasites cause diseases was first observed in the nineteenth century. The first step was the explanation of an affection of food, which consisted in the sudden appearance of 'bloodstains' on the food. This had been considered the work of the devil; when such bloodstains appeared on the consecrated bread there were anti-Jewish pogroms. In 1819 the polenta of a peasant at the village of Legnano, near Padua, was affected in this way and it soon spread through the entire village; V. Sette discovered that the cause of the discolouration was due to a micro-organism, which has since been named *Bacillus prodigiosus*. The pigment which it produces, prodigiosin, has now been chemically explained.

It was another Italian, A. Bassi, who discovered, in 1835, that the silkworm disease, muscardine, was due to a fungus. For the study of parasitic diseases of human beings it was of great importance that a Corsican student in 1834 finally demonstrated in J. Alibert's clinic in Paris that mites were the cause of the itch. Hitherto the itch had been attributed to krasis, that is, to an irregularly proportioned mixture of the liquids in the body. When Napoleon suffered from stomach trouble after the Egyptian campaign he was ordered to wear the shirt of a man suffering from the itch because his complaint was attributed to an itch that had been too quickly healed. The intention was to provoke an acute itch and so draw out the internal complaint from which he was suffering. In 1839 L. Schoenlein discovered, at Zurich, that favus, another skin disease hitherto attribute to krasis and considered hereditary, was due to a fungus. The Hungarian, David Gruby, who became famous in Paris, identified fungi which cause skin diseases, and discovered, and named, trypanosome, a blood parasite of the frog, the first known member of the group which includes the agent of African sleeping sickness.

All these discoveries were empirical and unconnected. The unifying idea was lacking for a simple reason. There was very little knowledge of infections. In the sixteenth century Hieronymus Fracastorius, whose pastoral dialogue in Latin verse permanently associated the name of the imaginary shepherd 'Syphilis' with the disease he accurately described for the first time, had tried to work out a theory of contagion. For long afterwards, however, the epidemiologists were still preoccupied with airy miasmas which were breathed out or radiated from marshes, the earth, and all sorts of dead or living things. Moral or theological prejudices also played their part. Joannes Almenar, a contemporary of Fracastorius, declared in his *Libellus de Morbo Gallico* (*i.e.*, syphilis) that normally the disease could only be contracted by direct touch, but that in the case of priests and monks it might be due to poisoned air. Later, in the nineteenth century, the German Catholic thinker, Joseph Görres, spoke of the miasmas of even purely spiritual sin.

It was only near the middle of the last century that J. Henle, of Goettingen, drew conclusions from what had been discovered about parasitic diseases. It was he who associated the

ideas 'contagium' and 'parasitism' on the hypothesis that the specific parasite constituted the infectious matter, a living organism which multiplied in the body, provoked the disease and led to further infections. This being the case, the task to be accomplished was the discovery of the infectious matters of the individual infectious diseases. First of all specific diseases must be identified so that their specific causes could be identified. Bacteriological discoveries presupposed, therefore, anatomical and clinical descriptions of diseases, which began with Thomas Sydenham's classification of symptoms in the seventeenth century and was carried on by the great clinical physicians of France at the time of the Revolution. Different diseases had first to be recognised as 'specifically contagious' before the microbe-hunt could be started. Rudolf Virchow introduced the classification 'infectious disease' in 1854. The identification of individual infectious diseases developed gradually, hand in hand with bacteriological research.

Ideas were still very vague when Pasteur intervened in bacteriology. He started from his formulation of Henle's principle: '*Tout virus est un microbe.*' At the time there was more talk of 'bacteria' in a general way than of particular bacteria. It was usually held that they were very variable in character and could be spontaneously generated. Pasteur proved the specific character of particular microbes and disproved the idea that bacteria (and, therefore, parasitic diseases) could be produced except from their own kind. Here, as so often in the early history of bacteriology, we find science dealing with a religious belief—in this case with the idea of an act of creation. It is difficult for us to understand the passion with which this question was debated. Even Goethe believed in spontaneous generation; he was certain that infusoria, lice and various insects were generated from various, usually disgusting, materials. It was Pasteur's famous experiments (to which we also owe the sterilisation of milk) which finally destroyed the idea of spontaneous generation. Pasteur's most obstinate opponent, apart from his fellow-countryman, F. A. Pouchet, was the Professor of Pathology at University College, London, H. C. Bastian. In July, 1877, Pasteur wrote to Bastian:

Do you know why I attach so much importance to combating

you? Because you represent a medical doctrine which would be disastrous for the future development of the science of healing, the doctrine of the self-generation of diseases.

Pasteur was convinced and proved that microbes are not self-generated, and he argued that it was therefore possible for man to wipe out infectious diseases.

Pasteur completed the foundation of bacteriology. He (supported above all by Charles Chamberland) and Robert Koch are the founders of bacteriological method. It was Pasteur who attempted systematic immunisation with the help of dead and weakened microbes (and viruses). Pasteur's collaborators and pupils of the Pasteur Institute carried out the pioneer work on the defence mechanism of the cells and liquids of the body. E. Metchnikoff (Nobel Prize, 1908) and J. Bordet (Nobel Prize, 1919), the founder of the Brussels Pasteur Institute, must be mentioned in this connection. Pasteur's name is inseparably linked with the victorious advance of bacteriology in theory and practice throughout the world. The first Pasteur Institute was founded in St. Petersburg two years before that in Paris. It was a memorial to Pasteur's success in saving sixteen peasants from near Smolensk who had been bitten by a mad wolf. In a short time Pasteur Institutes were founded in the Near and Far East, in Australia and in America. These institutes do not, however, belong to the great Pasteur Institute in Paris, though some, as in Athens and Teheran, are closely associated with it. Only the Pasteur Institutes in France and the French colonies are linked with the Paris Institute under the Pasteur Institute foundation, which is maintained, without any State subsidies (or, therefore, intervention), from its property, including large estates that have been presented to it, and from the income drawn from the sale of sera and vaccines.

The original single building of the Institute in Paris has grown into a whole complex of buildings for specialised branches of research. The present Director of the Pasteur Institute, Louis Martin, like the Vice-Director, G. Ramon, is maintaining the tradition of diphtheria research established by his predecessor, the late Dr. Roux. The first branch institute was established as early as 1891 by A. Calmette in Saigon (Indo-China). Dr. A. Yersin set up the second

institute in Indo-China at Nhatrang in Annam, and to these were added institutes at Dalat and Hué in Annam, at Hanoi in Tonkin, at Pnompenh in Cambodja, and Vintiane in Laos. All of these institutes have performed conspicuous services in the Far East. In the Tunis Pasteur Institute, founded in 1893, Charles Nicolle (Nobel Prize, 1928) carried out his famous work on spotted fever. The pioneering malaria research of A. Laveran (Nobel Prize, 1907) was linked with the Pasteur Institute of Algiers. An admirably equipped Pasteur Institute at Dakar in French West Africa serves research into and the fight against yellow fever and a variety of African diseases of man and beast.

There are further institutes in Bamako (Niger), Kindia (Guinea), which includes a station for experiments on anthropoid apes, Brazzaville on the Congo, Antananarivo in Madagascar, and Casablanca in Morocco. In France itself there are institutes at Strasbourg and Lille, where Professor A. Calmette worked for many years.

The Paris central Institute has often sent out important missions to combat infectious diseases in different parts of the world. Pasteur sent out his nephew, Dr. A. Loir, to Australia at the request of the New South Wales Government. In his pleasant and informative memoirs recently published (*À l'Ombre de Pasteur*, Le Mouvement Sanitaire, Paris), Dr. Loir describes how at Pasteur's suggestion they tried to deal with the rabbit plague by ' bacterial warfare.' It proved impossible to apply this method in Australia because the up-country farmers preferred to earn the premiums for killing rabbits. Elsewhere it turned out that though the rabbits could easily be exterminated over a small area by the method proposed, it was impossible to spread infection through the whole country, so that the relief from the pest only lasted a short time.

Pasteur's favourite pupil, Louis Thuillier, died on a mission to investigate the cholera outbreak in Alexandria. Yersin's mission to Hongkong led, in 1893, to the identification of the plague bacillus. The Pasteur Institute also sent out missions in connection with typhus, yellow fever, malaria, sleeping sickness and tuberculosis. In countries troubled by venomous beasts the Pasteur Institute has introduced Calmette's method of serum treatment. Amongst the

many eminent foreign bacteriologists who have passed through the Institute was W. M. Haffkine, who was born in Odessa and ultimately founded the institute which bears his name in Bombay. The Pasteur Institute has for fifty years played a leading part in the battle which has exterminated some diseases and so reduced the power of some others that they no longer frighten humanity. Hygiene on a bacteriological basis, specific methods of inoculation, the destruction of disease-transmitters, the identification and destruction of sources of infection, bacteriological diagnosis and therapeutics have produced such wonders as can be expected from the works of man.

But no trees grow high enough to reach the sky. The theoretical presuppositions of the Henle-Pasteur doctrine of infection have been shaken. In 1892 the Russian, D. Iwanowski, established that the juice of tobacco plants suffering from mosaic disease retained its infectious character after it had been passed through a filter which eliminated bacteria. This observation did not at first attract attention. In 1898 F. Loeffler and P. Frosch proved that the virus of foot-and-mouth disease was also of a filter-passing character. Many more than a hundred diseases of man, beast or plant are now known to be caused by invisible and filter-passing viruses. Amongst these are smallpox and rabies. It was at first supposed that the filter-passing viruses were simply exceedingly small micro-organisms. Their invisibility was attributed to the limitations of microscopic technique. But attempts to estimate in realistic terms the size of various filter-passing viruses raised difficulties in principle. It was shown that the virus of foot-and-mouth disease could only be ten millionths of a millimetre in diameter, whereas the staphylococcus, for example, is one thousandth of a millimetre in diameter. Already, in 1923, Professor R. Doerr of Basel suggested that infectious agents of this size could not be organisms. There were other arguments against Pasteur's thesis '*Tout virus est un microbe.*' It is possible, for instance, to produce the agents of herpes (fever blisters) and of Rous's poultry sarcoma by simple physical or chemical manipulations in living bodies. A chain of infections can thus be set up of which the first link is not an infection. In other words, there are diseases of an infectious character which are self-

generated. The American, M. W. Stanley, succeeded in 1935 in obtaining the virus of the mosaic disease in a crystallised form, thereby proving that it was a uniform chemical substance. It is not yet known how the chemical infections arise.

But even in dealing with long identified and indubitable bacteria, bacteriology is faced with many riddles. The coming and going of epidemics is still a dark mystery. Natural catastrophes like the world epidemic of influenza which killed 20,000,000 men in 1918–1919 are sufficient to forbid any human vanity. The hope that the discovery of a microbe implies sooner or later the end of the disease it causes has no foundation. The leprosy bacillus has been identified since 1871, but leprosy infection is still a problem. A number of doctors have implanted in their bodies organic matter taken from lepers and containing many bacilli, but without any effect. In Europe, *e.g.*, in Germany, lepers are rarely isolated. In Paris 200 persons suffering from leprosy are treated as out-patients and are of no danger to the public. In the struggle against tuberculosis the identification of the bacillus was of historic, but is, so far, of little practical, importance. In the last half-century a practical victory has been won over this disease without a specific cure and not because the bacillus has been known for sixty-seven years. Roentgen has saved more consumptives by making possible an early diagnosis with X-rays than Koch, the discoverer of the bacillus. The real victor, because the most important factor in fighting disease, is social progress. For only a few infectious diseases can a specific cure or defence be provided. For all others the essential is to create circumstances which are unfavourable to the enemy, *i.e.*, to prevent the microbe from getting the upper hand as the agent of infection. Which factors, taken separately, are the most important for this purpose is still unknown. There can be no simple book-keeping of the forces of life and death. But bacteriology, even if the early hopes of the science have not been entirely fulfilled, has, none the less, by creating modern hygiene, shown that even where no specific remedy is available the hope of defeating disease is unexpectedly great. This hope is Pasteur's most important bequest to posterity.

E. F. PODACH.

POEMS

IPHIGENIA IN YARMOUTH

i.

Silvery grey smoothing the blue glass dome
Of heaven whereto the chimney-stack
Yellow and brown, parti-coloured,
Prods broadly ; spiders with whirling crooked legs,
Men in cradles swing.

ii.

The long-limbed, striding, glistening Greeks,
Bright lucent spirits,
Pass flame-like through the dazzled air
Speaking Euripidean melody :
While distantly there lumber
Red and golden carts on painted wooden wheels
Drawn by slow oxen.

iii.

Along the quay
Curves of smooth droning motors,
Coaches and buses rise and fall and fade
And deftly pass in dainty files
With the warm misty shipping, through the sky
Fading, fading.

iv.

The trees wither ; the little houses
Collapsing together like packs of midget cards,
Stacked in rows
Line after line :

Into the little parlour where the barber,
Micauber-bald, and woebegone, and queer,
Tells queerer lies : or pauses with the comb
To speak of failures and of bankruptcies :
Queer truths.

v.

In crooked lane,
Like a boat's prow tacking against the breeze,
The steel-grey light descends :
Odd children linger, or flurry in battered groups,
Thrusting and plodding :
I raise my head to the sun : dull port-wine red.

vi.

Windows flicker irregularly.
Lanthorns on bicycles sneak round corners strange.
Children shout through the startled air.
Red herrings crisp and salt :
Purple and gold and fire-bright bloom
Under sudden light.
The children are filling the universe like a wind :
They call ! march ! sing !
Arm-in-arm and running in masses, they whirl :
Galloping, howling, dancing,
'Good King Wenceslas' or else 'No-well,'
Ecstatic, mad, like a charivari of babes
In some celestial nimbus,
Riotous ;
Sweeping round like flaming leaves,
Blown in autumnal glooms.

vii.

Oh ! Clear and dreaming days,
Oh, world of ancient stories (unreal, more than real),
Where mind of man found everywhere its truth,
Like berries on a bush :
Slow music : incantation like the chant Gregorian . . .
To die for Hellas,

Fain, amid the paltry treacheries
Of Aulis,
Because the Greeks were not as foreigners:
Oh! Saintly, stately maid!

viii.

Darkness at last.
Darkness abroad, abroad and everywhere.
The chimney-stack still stands,
Stark.

WHIST DRIVE

WIND slices the air with icy blade.
The jazz-band clash of chairs
Rhythmically recurs.

Sour smell of doors. Curtains
Frame the uncoloured field
Where they gather.
The jazz-band clash of chairs
Rhythmically recurs.

Goggling long-necked monsters wriggle out
Flat fish-like masks,
O'er green baize squares
Cards splash,
Tentacles protrude, withdraw.
The jazz-band clash of chairs
Rhythmically recurs.

This is their real life ; here
The old (amorphous snakes or red-green fiends)
Over wide and tawny wildernesses,
Dripping with blood of prehistoric slain,
Creep.
The jazz-band clash of chairs
Rhythmically recurs.

The young, half-timorous, hunted,
Feeling the danger there,
Emptily assuming
A mock ferocious
Bleating stare,
Long to shape themselves anew
And lose those last-year's-Christmas-cards,
Their souls.
The jazz-band clash of chairs
Rhythmically recurs.

Wind slices the air with icy blade.

BENJAMIN GILBERT BROOKS.

BOOK REVIEWS

Collected Poems, by Robert Graves (Cassell & Co. Ltd., 10*s.* 6*d.* net).

Collected Poems, by Laura Riding (Cassell & Co. Ltd., 15*s.* net).

The reviewing of these two books together is pure coincidence; they came together. This must be said because it has been customary to assume that the work of these two serious poets has, in a mysterious way, become the emanation of one personality, or that one is now simply the shadow of the other. (We must admit that Miss Riding and Mr. Graves have rather fostered the legend by their habit of writing letters to newspapers and reviews, jointly signed.) It is not so. Two individualities emerge, distinct and eloquent. We have known, and loved, the poetry of Mr. Graves for many years, and are sad to find missing from his collection a certain number of poems like 'The Feather Bed.' But since it is the poet's need to repudiate them—'To evoke posterity Is to weep on your own grave'—(not wholly, we note, for like a stern but secretly sentimental father he finds space to bring parts of them home again in his Foreword !), we must, for the time being, accept the need: posterity will, after all, have the last word in the matter. This book shows his evolution towards a strange but characteristic ripeness. There has always been in him the dryness, savagery, fantasy, and individualised knowledge of the scholar in revolt against the Schools; and in his later poems he seems almost all cactus with the sort of perverse, prickly, but clear-cut quality of a cactus set in desert-places. His command of the technique of traditional English poetry, modified to suit his own experiencing and his perhaps over-subtle purposes, is admirable. We think we see in his later work a maturity, the full statement that is the total image of the man, and in this an

immense will to dedication. He has always had this tendency to dedicate himself to a theory or a dream or a person, and this gives to his subject-matter something of a struggle towards what does not wholly belong to him. There is some barrenness in the feeling of the work that may repel the reader who asks of poetry a rounder, fuller, and warmer life; but undoubtedly it is a positive poetic virtue in work of this nature. We feel certain that poems like 'The Climate of Thought,' with its beautiful inevitable ending

> The sun, simple like a country neighbour;
> The moon, grand, not fanciful with clouds.

'The Terraced Valley,' 'Interruption,' 'To Evoke Posterity,' 'The Challenge' and others, are important to English literature; as we are certain that, though not much acknowledged amongst the younger generation of poets, he has been a potent influence on many of them. It is a pity that by the general reader he is now known only as a novelist, biographer and autobiographer.

Miss Riding's work baffles us. She realises very well that it may be so, and in her Foreword discusses the right approach to poetry and to her own poetry in particular. She discusses, too, the nature of what obscurity may mean. Since her work is so obscure to *us* let us also take up that discussion. It seems as if obscurity in poetry arises for diverse reasons. The poet may have attempted to communicate accurately his word-experiencing of complicated, difficult thought and feeling; or there may be unfamiliarity with a new idiom or untraditional technique; or the poet may have evaded at some level of his being the true meaning of his experiences either because he fears the effects of knowing such meaning upon himself as a social human being or because he fears the revelation of its essential triviality. Of course, there is a faked obscurity, arising from the wish to be treated as deeper than, as different from, the 'common herd.' Miss Riding seems to assume that 'true' obscurity can be dissipated for the reader if he approaches poetry in the right way; but 'the right way' involves an education in experience that only time and application can bring—and poetry is certainly no whole-time job for him. Miss Riding, in fact, asks far too much; she seems to lack patience. We have

approached her poetry, we believe, in 'the right way'; we have known it for a long time; we have imposed upon ourselves the 'tremendous compulsion that overcomes a tremendous inertia'; and yet we must confess it has yielded us extremely little, the language has had no 'bite' for us and its truth precious little meaning, and we have emerged from our activity with little added to our experience—although of her section 'Poems Continual,' where the heart seems to talk more freely, we have had a trifle more profit than usual. We would suggest (with some diffidence to so highly self-conscious a poet) that Miss Riding, knowing too well how, for the poet, experience is, ideally considered, a function of poetry, has tended to take her experiencing and her complete power to transmute it, too much for granted. A poet must lose his world frequently for him to gain it, even deny poetry at times, repudiate the deepest laws whereby he lives, be anarchist, if you will, to his own knowledge of where his treasure lies, or he runs the risk of assuming that he is *there* all the time, who can be there indeed, by reason of his mortal nature, only part of the time; and so loses the power to revivify and recreate his ever-dying, ever self-criticising, faculties. We venture the paradox that for the poet above all it is the 'impurities' that are a necessity; for his audience those 'impurities' are only necessary so that they may match the imperfect nature through which the 'purity' can be reached. Miss Riding says in her 'To the Reader': 'I am going to give you poems written for all the reasons of poetry—poems which are also a record of how, by gradual integration of the reasons of poetry, existence in poetry becomes more real than existence in time—more real because more good, more good because more true.' This seems to us a large claim to make: to be 'saved' once and for all, and all the time, through the imperfect and so mortal medium of language, and 'saved' in all worlds at once. Can we be blamed for wondering what mighty evasion can lead to such mighty pride? Is it this that has led her to so private a world that, for one reader at least, the keys are almost all lost, as if she no longer gives anything away even when she wants to? Her images (sometimes superficially like those in Blake's 'Prophetic Books') tumble and telescope into each other, till the poetic logic is lost in the bewildered disarray:

> . . . a panic of stained steps
> Along pale streets conspiring backwards
> Into remembered days like bedrooms
> Slow with oversleeping, timeless.

There is reiteration, repetition, and the almost endless stammer of argument towards and away from herself, till it seems as if we are in a world of madness without the fearful lucidity of image that sometimes goes with madness. Perhaps, in time, we may come to see the light. Hitherto it has not been vouchsafed to us.

L. AARONSON.

The Duino Elegies, by Rainer Maria Rilke. The German text, with an English translation, introduction and commentary by J. B. Leishman and Stephen Spender (The Hogarth Press, 7*s*. 6*d*.)

To understand Rainer Maria Rilke's last great works—the *Duino Elegies* and the *Sonnets to Orpheus*—it is necessary to have some knowledge of his life and work to which they are inseparably related. He himself considered the *Elegies* the consummation of his work and of his development as a human being. The barren period that preceded their birth was an agony in which all the emotional and intellectual intensity of which he was capable fused to produce some of the greatest poetry in the German language and the highest expression of a metaphysical vision of our time.

Rilke's thought is always highly individual; although in his conception of death and of God, he follows in the literary tradition of Novalis and the seventeenth-century Catholic mystic, Angelus Silesius. There is a tendency to attach labels to the various periods of his work—romantic, pantheistic, æsthetic, mystical. . . . But this would be to disregard the unswerving unity of purpose that characterises all that he accomplished and his own belief that he was the instrument of some unseen power. Living in an age which gave more importance to engineering than to religious thought, he soon realised his need for the solitude that would enable him to feel the lightest contact with the invisible and for the stillness in which he would hear the first stirrings of that 'inner certainty' that is the voice of the Angel of the Elegies. The principal achievement of Rilke's spiritual life

is that he was able to bring himself into harmony with that outside world which had been to him for so long a source of suffering and of conflict. This can be seen so clearly in his prose work—*Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge*—where, indeed, most of the material that later formed the *Elegies* is to be found. This conflict, which was for the most part a struggle for inner freedom, he appears to have solved in accepting the visible as a natural background.

Translation is an ungrateful task—frequently the object of hostile criticism both from those ignorant of the work and those too well acquainted with it. There are translations, like Rilke's own rendering of Valéry's *Cimetière Marin*, that add to our understanding and appreciation of the original; but in dealing with the *Elegies*, Rilke's subtle choice of words and the plastic character of the language must prove a severe handicap. Therefore any such attempt must be the result of the enthusiastic wish that their significance and beauty should be made accessible to those ignorant of the German tongue. It is surely such enthusiasm that has led Mr. J. B. Leishman and Mr. Stephen Spender to publish this new version at a popular price, following the one that appeared several years ago in limited edition by Miss Sackville West and Mr. Edward Sackville West.

The metre chosen by Rilke for the *Elegies* is perfectly adapted to the language in which he wrote, and this present translation differs from its predecessor by adhering as closely as possible to the original form—a form which is often unmanageable in English and imposes great limitations. The poetic language employed by the Sackville West's is, despite occasional mistranslations, very helpful toward a deeper understanding of the original. This is not always the case with Mr. Leishman and Mr. Spender. From the publisher's reference to the 'affinities' between the latter and Rilke, this young poet's admirers will expect much, and it is likely that they will be disappointed. If there is often something pedestrian and flat in this version, it is probably the result of a too literal translation—such as *teilnahmslosen Teich* into 'unfeeling ponds'—but there are whole lines where the original meaning has been missed or obscured by an unfortunate choice of words. In the Second Elegy, the passage beginning 'Frühe Geglückte, ihr Verwöhnten der

Schöpfung' rendered by 'Early successes, Creations pampered darlings . . .' is an example. Mr. Leishman's work on Rilke is well known and his love and understanding of the poet obvious, so, apart from the useful Introduction and commentary, it is strange that this new version should prove so unsatisfying. Nevertheless, English admirers of Rilke's *Elegies* will be grateful for this new attempt to bring them nearer to one of the most difficult masterpieces of modern poetry.

ELIZABETH SCOTT-MONTAGU.

SOME RECENT FICTION

The Patriot, by Pearl Buck (Methuen, 8*s*. 6*d*.)
Adventures of a Young Man, by John Dos Passos (Constable, 8*s*. 6*d*.)
Judas, by Eric Linklater (Cape, 6*s*.)
All This and Heaven Too, by Rachel Field (Collins, 8*s*. 6*d*.)
Three Marriages, by E. M. Delafield (Macmillan, 7*s*. 6*d*.)
Goodmorning, Midnight, by Jean Rhys (Constable, 7*s*. 6*d*.)
The Man Below, by H. T. Hopkinson (Hogarth Press, 7*s*. 6*d*.)
Harlequin House, by Margery Sharp (Collins, 7*s*. 6*d*.)
No Stone Unturned, by Patrick Carleton (Rich & Cowan, 7*s*. 6*d*.)

My cross-section from the last quarter's fiction falls rather neatly into strata. Three of these novels are about or around Communism in one form or another; two are purely domestic; two are studies in psycho-pathology; of the remaining pair, one is extravaganza and the other is classed by its publishers—I don't know why—as 'satire.' As I have found the Communist group the most interesting, let us take these first.

It is not very difficult to pick out the prize-winner. When you can combine intimate knowledge of an intriguing and exotic field, the sympathy to interpret it, and the skill to set the product down absorbingly, first-class work can hardly fail to result. So it is with Pearl Buck's *The Patriot*. In essence this is a variant on themes already frequently handled; the rich young would-be-revolutionary saved *malgré lui* from the consequences of his folly by the common-sense intervention of his powerful relatives; a marriage between conflicting

races who eventually come to war and the resultant hideous clash of loyalties—the country of my adoption or the country of my birth? It is the setting which is new. The hero is a Chinese, but the bigger—and more keenly interesting—half of the book is laid in Japan whither young I-wan was whisked off by his father after his early Communist escapades and where he married and lived in great happiness till the war called him home. To me this story threw an entirely new light on the Japanese; I think I have read most of the stock fictional presentations of that country, but never, until now, one which raised any desire to visit it or which convinced me that the Japanese were really charming. I cannot, in summary, describe the brilliance and attractiveness of Pearl Buck's picture. The dilemma in which poor I-wan found himself—my alien wife and family or my country which their people have attacked?—has rarely been as movingly presented. That the Japanese scenes 'steal the show' is due to no lack of interest in their Chinese counterparts which—almost *ex hypothesi* in this case—are done with complete and confident accomplishment; indeed, it is one of the book's major virtues that it displays no partisan spirit, conscious or unconscious. There are a hundred revealing little touches; the stultifying fatalistic depression of the downtrodden workers I-wan was out to help; the contacts of young China with Germany; White Russian chauffeurs driving rich Chinese; the young American flying for Chiang Kai-shek; the Japanese Buddhist who was prepared to take his own life rather than the lives of others; the well-to-do Japanese bride receiving instruction in the *ars amoris* from 'some good old retired geisha girl'; the ashes of dead Japanese soldiers coming home from China in little wooden boxes received by relatives who 'had been taught to smile when those they loved died in battle; but down their faces their tears streamed.' As a story the book is moving and unforgettable; as illumination of two of the world's most fascinating and elusive peoples it is beyond price. It is one of the most interesting books I have ever read.

Mr. Dos Passos' Communism is of a different brand; it is American, less savage than the Chinese in some ways, more so in others. Like I-wan, the Patriot, Glenn Spotswood was an 'idealist'; unlike I-wan, he seemed unable to realise

what he wanted and settle down to getting it. If we cannot feel with Glenn as warmly as with I-wan, it is his creator's own fault; Glenn has been made an ineffective rolling-stone sort of fellow who seems always to be running away; and while the Chinese and Japanese technicalities serve always to illuminate, the technicalities of the American Labour struggle tend sometimes to obscure. A summary of these *Adventures of a Young Man* would not be a review; one has to ask—are they better or worse narrated, less or more interesting, than the similar adventures of countless other young men from David Copperfield to the New Machiavelli? I think they suffer from a certain one-sidedness; naturally Glenn's lines lay largely amongst toughs, but I am old-fashioned enough to believe that a Young Man's Adventures should include at least one nice Young Woman, and Glenn's women—mostly married—are neurotic, *outré*, and possessed by that proneness to promiscuity which in the end raises incredulous eyebrows. It goes without saying that the writing is strong, swift and unflinching; the book reaches its height in a description of a strike among the Appalachian miners; here it is acutely moving and rises to a rugged magnificence. Where so much is new and unexpected, it is a little disappointing to find Glenn meeting the conventional fate of the fiction Communist of these days—death in the Spanish War. Glenn's dilemma was very much that of I-wan; but whereas I-wan chose at least logically—one cannot venture the word 'rightly'—Glenn could never understand that if one is an 'idealist' it is the principle (in his case the Party) and not the individual that must command the ultimate loyalty and the ultimate surrender. Mr. Dos Passos has a habit of leaving out hyphens which produces some odd-looking words—'hoteyed,' 'tickettaker,' 'oilleases,' 'gunthugs'; and I could wish that his people could have found some method of entering and leaving a motor vehicle other than 'piling' in or out of it.

The third of my stories which centre round Communism deals with one of its very earliest manifestations—that which took place in Judæa at the beginning of our era. And here again we find our hero, Judas Iscariot, torn by the very same alternatives—principle or individual—that later beset I-wan and Glenn Spotswood. Again there is the same incapacity

on the part of the downtrodden to do anything practical to help themselves, the same fatal tendency to muddle the issues, to mistake the particular end for the general. One plebian enthusiast regards Jesus as a means for getting rid of the Romans; another, for getting rid of the rich. Mr. Linklater's study of Judas is stimulating; here, among the closer associates of Jesus, was the one man in a superior social position; how did he feel about it? Mr. Linklater tells us credibly and sympathetically, building up a pathetic figure distracted between enthusiasm and caution. He tackles—but does not solve—the old question that has puzzled so many of us; what exactly did Judas betray? Surely the police and the authorities were capable of following Jesus's unconcealed movements and could have got him when they wanted him, Judas or no Judas. The kiss of betrayal is converted into a piece of exhibitionism on the part of Judas, and while this again is credible it does little to elucidate the rather loose-ended Gospel story. If modern analogy and parallel—'Crisis' talk, 'protective custody,' 'people are beginning to realise that war solves nothing'—are carried perhaps too far, they do serve to consolidate the picture. *If* folk were like that in Jerusalem at the time, the picture is a brilliant one; and Mr. Linklater at least persuades us that they may have been.

The *cause célèbre* of last century's newspapers rarely works up into satisfactory fiction; and Miss Rachel Field's biography of her 'Great-Aunt Henrietta' marks no exception. In a very long book the actual *cause* (the murder of the Duchess de Praslin and the subsequent suicide of the Duc) bulks really very small—and rightly, for it was a very uninteresting case, apart from political considerations, and would cut no ice at all as a 'detective.' And apart from the *cause*, can Great-Aunt Henrietta's life-story fill six hundred pages? Doubtfully. I am not saying she was not a charming woman whether as governess in France, as school-ma'am in America or finally, as wife; the portrait presented is meticulous, sincere, coherent and attractive. The publishers claim *All This and Heaven Too* to be a novel 'in the grand tradition of story-telling'; so far as a distressed heroine, the trappings of nobility and conscientious period-reproduction go, this is probably true; my complaint is that there is so little story. The fact is that

while truth may be stranger than fiction, fiction makes better fiction than truth. Miss Field has tied her hands by the necessity of closely following Great-Aunt Henrietta's actual career; with the result that, as Great-Aunt Henrietta would doubtless have admitted, there are long periods of little event which in the reading develop into *longueurs*. The whole of Part II, for example, is a working-up to her marriage with Henry M. Field—which was obviously coming long ago. Part III, with its account of contemporary American country ways, begins in lively fashion but tails off into *fricassée* history —the Atlantic cable, Abraham Lincoln, Père Hyacinthe, the Paris Exposition. In real life there is no denouement to such a story except death; and so it is here. Thus a book of solid worth and high cumulative effect becomes one more proof, if proof were required, that straight fact into straight fiction will not go.

It must be one of Miss E. M. Delafield's problems as a serious novel-writer to induce her readers to forget the Provincial Lady and As Others Hear Us. In *Three Marriages* she succeeds very well; but am I right in suspecting that she has herself felt the strain a little, that she is deliberately writing a little bleakly to keep the Provincial Lady in abeyance? The three marriages are in no way connected with each other—they are three short separate novels; of each of them it could perhaps be said that it is either too long or too short. This is especially true of the first, which includes the tremendous setting of the Indian Mutiny and the tragedy of Cawnpore; at times the history of Rose Barlow's marriage is almost too curtly treated so that sections of it read like a scenario; Miss Delafield, in contradistinction to Miss Field, seems to have too much story for her space. The other two 'long-shorts'—in 1897 and 1937 respectively—are less congested and I personally prefer them, in spite of the vividness of the Mutiny description. But is it not a flaw that in *each* of the three stories the marriage (or in the 1897 case the engagement) is loveless and real love is presently met? Or is this deliberate—variations on a recurring motif? Miss Delafield cannot write other than delightfully; but as an admirer, I do not place this work in the very high class of *Nothing is Safe*.

From the Communist and the Domestic we come now

to the psycho-pathological. Strangely enough, Jean Rhys's *Goodmorning, Midnight* is the easiest book to read of all my list. Told in the first person and the present tense, it recounts the experiences of a middle-aged and rather lost woman reviving old memories on a trip to Paris. From a legacy she has 'two pound ten every Tuesday and a room off Gray's Inn Road'; echo of Kipling's Eurasian opium-smoker, 'I draw my sixty rupees fresh and fresh every month.' Not the only echo either, for the story is told—and most skilfully—through an opiate haze of drinks, drugs, disillusionment, frustration and failure; macabre is perhaps the word for it. The narrator's mind runs off at each allusion; everything suggests something else; the reader's mind zigzags with it. Paris, gigolos, Russians, the narrator herself—all are seen through a distorting medium more like mist than glass. There is a truly terrible little sketch of a mulatto Martiniquaise from which I extract a phrase that gives a key-note to the book: 'I had an extraordinary sensation as if I were looking down into a pit.' So had I; and so the book is for those who relish extraordinary sensations. Yes, 'macabre' is the word.

Mr. Hopkinson begins his study of a coward—*The Man Below*—with the question, 'Whatever made them call him Sinbad?' It is never answered and as 'they' were very ordinary parents, I can't believe 'they' ever did. This is not immaterial, for it adds a touch of recurrent unreality to a character who becomes, to me, progressively unconvincing. We all know nowadays that the constitutional coward is a subject for compassion not derision; but he can never be a very attractive personality, and, like Mr. Macdonnell's celebrated Cad, one gets too much of him in a full-length novel. Mr. Hopkinson, who shirks no implication of his subject, has an imagination so penetrating that at times one feels he must be writing of a case actually observed; but isolated instances of clearsightedness are of less importance in a study of this sort than logical and coherent development of character. I could not believe in the development of Sinbad; in the final episode (finely told) where he navigates a crazy tub through a storm from the Mersey to Ireland, Sinbad has changed entirely and in a way in which, it seemed to me, he could *not* have changed; and a mistaken final chapter of explanation did nothing to convince me. He

was an unpleasant fellow, and, what is worse, he was a rather incredible fellow; as a result one tires of this detailed story of his career in spite of its arresting moments of clairvoyance.

Harlequin House is admittedly an extravaganza and a frolic, and I am sorry for it. Not that it is not amusing, readable in the extreme, delightfully contrived; but because Miss Margery Sharp has shown such genius for the exposition of the charming fool that I do not like to see her daubing her figures with the chalk and scarlet of the clown. Over-extravagance begets incredibility and the incredibly sweet is not lovable but silly, and the incredibly foolish is merely a bore. As an admirer, I would like her to curb this tendency, which began in *The Nutmeg Tree* and is carried here to far greater lengths; simply because I believe her to be one of the few living fiction writers who are adept in the fiction writer's most difficult task—the portrayal of credible nice ordinary people. It is grudging of me to say this for I enjoyed *Harlequin House* most heartily; but I wish she would turn back to people who are not *too* nice to be believable and events which are not *so* diverting as to be simply daft. I will not go into the detail of the present story, which is quite—and, of course, intentionally—absurd; I will only say that it is handled with an exemplary technical skill worthy of something nearer reality. When a writer can play so charmingly upon Tin Trumpets, I feel rather cheated when she fobs me off with the Crazy Gang.

Mr. Patrick Carleton's last novel—*Under the Hog*—was historical and very good historical at that; his publishers call *No Stone Unturned* 'satirical,' but Mr. Carleton himself, with more justice, refers to it as 'comedy.' It is, in fact, rather a mixture—perhaps a mixture-as-before. It concerns the doings and sayings—too many sayings—of a group of people staying at the Hotel Magnificent at Stagton Spa; one of them is a visiting American; another a lady novelist; a third—I'm afraid I guessed which from the start—has recently murdered and dismembered a young woman. Mr. Carleton is interested in boxing and in archæology, and is inclined to force these interests upon his readers; he has a neat gift for description, but he tends both to over-write and to over-draw. Wife-dodging short-drinkers, match-making mothers and tomboy grandames must be rather exceptionally well

done these days if they are to amuse; and hotel chit-chat does not read so entertainingly as it may sound. Still, it is a pleasant readable story, so far as it goes. But 'Whatever made them call it "satirical"?' as Mr. Hopkinson might have said.

One point about this collection of stories which has just struck me as odd—not one of them contains any material mention of European politics. For this relief——.

HILTON BROWN.

European Jungle, by F. Yeats-Brown (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10*s*. 6*d*.).

It is the fashion for journalists to air their views of the European situation, and so long as the situation continues to confuse and alarm, the public can be assured of a regular supply of readable and hurriedly composed books by observers who claim to have studied it on the spot and to have seen all there is to see and, what is more, to have seen it whole.

In this respect, Major Yeats-Brown is neither better nor worse informed than the authors of a dozen recent books that set out to tell the truth. He has travelled widely in Europe; has had a word with Mussolini and General Franco and a Balkan king or two; has visited a large number of girls' schools; has chatted freely with peasants and waiters; and, his Grand Tour completed, has found justification and confirmation for his hopes and fears for the future of European civilisation. ('One of the waiters, who had been compelled to serve the Reds [in a Malaga hotel] told me that women of the town sat drinking with the officers night after night.') In all other respects Major Yeats-Brown differs from other recent writers on the same subject—not excepting those former correspondents of *The Times* (the only English newspaper he respects) who have published reports on the European jungle—in that he surveys the situation through the spectacles of fascism. He is as sincerely convinced as Hitler ever was that Bolshevism (*alias* Russian communism) is an unholy menace to the world's peace and prosperity. Such a conviction, when sincerely held, is entitled to respect.

The fact that many intelligent people will certainly find it difficult, not to say distasteful, to do so is a compelling reason why his book should be read, if at all, carefully and with as little prejudice as possible. Despite its jaunty, self-complacent tone and lack of style, it is an easy book to read, and even the long, recurring lists of 'red' intrigues and atrocities should not be skipped by anyone who is seriously inclined to understand Major Yeats-Brown's political faith.

This, in my view, would be a more rewarding occupation if one could clear one's mind of the perhaps unjustifiable suspicion that Major Yeats-Brown is partial in his choice of evidence to back his opinions; if he were less prone to jibing and fleering at those who do not hold his views; if he were sometimes a little less confident of the absolute rightness of his facts, let alone his interpretation of them; and if he were occasionally to qualify, if not to doubt, some of the stories—particularly the atrocity stories—he retails. Since it is clear, I think, that he is, as I have said, perfectly sincere, it is impossible to account for many of the statements he makes except on the grounds of naïveté, carelessness or ignorance. It may help the prospective reader, perhaps, to assess the merits of Major Yeats-Brown's survey if he ponders on the following extracts from it:

I dislike Communism because I dislike any sort of internationalism.

We shall have no peace as long as the Commintern exists.

Two Communist murderers, Sacco and Vanzetti, were hung amidst protests from sympathisers throughout the world.

Can people (the Russian) who cannot remember to pull plugs, build up a great industrial nation?

Hitler had no intention of entering Austria until Schuschnigg foisted his fake plebiscite upon the people.

With regard to unemployment, the Nazis have a proud record. Would we could emulate it.

I declare my honest conviction that there is more real Christianity in Germany to-day than there ever was under the Weimar Republic.

I think it is fair to say that the Jews are an unbalanced people.

The Slovaks were united in asking the Germans to help them.

There is no reason why there should not be a German Corridor across the Polish Corridor.

One must suppose that the British Foreign Office was acting

under orders to please the Left-Wing supporters of the Government when it asked for the help of the U.S.S.R.

The dictatorship countries are right and the democracies are wrong in their respective economic theories.

After Communism and Pacificism I would put Internationalism as the most dangerous idea current in Great Britain.

And so on. 'You may think me prejudiced,' Major Yeats-Brown writes. The remark is addressed to the reader and the reader must judge whether 'prejudiced' is the *mot juste*.

JOHN HAYWARD.

Humbug Hall, by Hilton Brown (Bles, 7*s*. 6*d*.).

Modestly, but not quite accurately, Mr. Hilton Brown has described his new novel as 'an entertainment with graver moments.' Very diverting it is, to be sure, when the heroine Sylvia, making a new start in life after the loss of her brilliant father, arrives at Humbug Hall, the large country home of a crazy and irresponsible family, to take up a position as secretary to Mrs. Portia Tweed, an earnest pacifist worker; and very grim it becomes when she accompanies her employer to Rome and Vienna during the September crisis and falls in love with a fine young Austrian Jew who is contemplating suicide as the only escape from Nazi persecution. There is entertainment here in rich measure and much moving matter too. But the book could be called, more correctly, an indictment with gayer moments. It is an odd mixture, ingeniously compounded of essentially incongruous elements; and the narrative passes from minor tragedy to exquisite comedy, thence to high tragedy, and back again to comedy, with a rapidity and unexpectedness that are perhaps a little disconcerting. Indeed, one is sometimes inclined to distrust the deftness with which it is done. In the total effect, however, the author achieves his purpose triumphantly. For in the whole manner of the book, and especially in the contrast it emphasises between the egotistical inanities of Humbug Hall and the corporate fanaticism of the Fascists and Nazis, there is a stinging irony which gives to the work a full and final unity of mood.

Humbug Hall and its inhabitants typify nothing of permanent significance in English life, but they are a brilliant caricature of certain tendencies existing to-day within a limited range in the social scale. All the members of this family of poseurs and mountebanks are drawn with wit, insight, and a sure command of their individual idioms of thought and expression: the metallic Portia, imperious and faintly pathetic, solemnly organising her Concord Crusade 'to stop the nonsense of war' and flying to Vienna in a last-minute attempt to prevent the rape of Czechoslovakia; Pelham, her husband, soft and silky, languishing romantically with the memory of a lost love, but a rat of a man, amorous, mean and dishonest; Rule, their son, stupidly opinionated, trying to be a tough Christian and to write starkly of the unemployed; Quashy, their daughter, modernity's last feminine shriek, brainless and hard-boiled, shrill and gushing, and made to the latest Jermyn Street model. But, good as these pungent portraits are, the pictures of Rome and Vienna at the height of the crisis are by far the best feature of the book. They are done with extraordinary strength and vividness, and they leave a new and terrifying realisation of the peril which then hung, and still hangs, over all Europe.

Mr. Hilton Brown's literary method is boldly impressionistic. He writes lightly, with ease and assurance, coolly, ironically, and with a sustained gusto. He has the genuine novelist's magic; and, with several excellent books already to his credit, he has now added a new one which should bring him high place in popular favour.

COLIN STILL.

The Economic Basis of Class Conflict and other Essays in Political Economy, by Lionel Robbins (Macmillan & Co., London, 1939, 277 pp., 6*s*.).

[The proposal of any new law or regulation of commerce which comes from this order ought always to be listened to with great precaution, and ought never to be adopted until after having been long and carefully examined, not only with the most scrupulous but with the most suspicious attention. It comes from an order of men, whose interest is never exactly the same with that of the public, who have generally an interest to deceive and even to

oppress the public, and who accordingly have, upon many occasions, both deceived and oppressed it.—ADAM SMITH.]

This is not a systematic treatise but a collection of essays, most of which, however, revolve around a common theme, namely, the conflict between group interests and the social interest. Professor Robbins rapidly disposes of the popular version of the class conflict by showing that more powerful interests cut across class interests both in the national and the international sphere. He is, therefore, more concerned with the conflict of interests between any single industry or occupation and the rest of the community, between agriculturists and consumers, between any form of artificial monopoly and the citizenry at large, between white and coloured labour, or between the have and have-not nations, than he is with the class struggle in the Marxian sense.

The basis of such conflicts is easy to diagnose. In an exchange economy it is in the interests of any single group of producers that their own product should be as scarce as possible and the products of all other producers as abundant as possible. The social interest is in all-round abundance. Thus it is in the interests of British doctors that refugee doctors should be prohibited from practising in this country, and that, simultaneously with their petitions to the Home Office to that effect, their wives should be applying for permits for foreign domestic labour. Despite the public announcements of the Minister of Health that the teeth of the country are rotten it is in the interest of British dentists that as few refugee dentists as possible should be placed on the register. Despite the grinding poverty of the native populations of our colonies, it is in the interests of the Lancashire cotton industry that cheaper Japanese cotton products should be excluded from those colonies. It is in the interests of white labour in South Africa that coloured labour should be prevented from entering skilled occupations. It is in the interests of East Prussian landlords that cheaper overseas grain should be excluded from German territory. It is in the interests of men workers that prejudice, custom, and legislation should exclude women from certain occupations. It is in the interests of the railway industry that an unemployed man should be left to decay on the dole rather than that he should be put at the wheel of a lorry. The whole case for restrictionism,

monopoly, protection, quotas and controls can be summed up in the old toast of the farmers, quoted by Professor Robbins, 'A bloody war and a wet harvest!'

Professor Robbins, standing in the great tradition of liberal economic, deals forcefully and cogently with the various manifestations of restrictionism as they afflict our time. If logic, clarity and simplicity, to say nothing of generosity, could prevail on these issues, Professor Robbins' book should be thrust upon our politicians; but these qualities are at a heavy discount in contemporary government. The difficulty is not so much with the 'insidious and crafty animals' of the species, since they are often defeated by their own machinations. Thus our erstwhile Imperial Preference school, the Brummagem gang of political souteneurs who want to live on the immoral earnings of the Empire, are now desperately wooing the Balkans. The real difficulty is with the sentimental school of protectionists and restrictionists who grow red in the face and neck at the thought of Danish bacon entering the British stomach, who really believe that foreigners take unfair advantage of their nearer proximity to the equator to dump ripe vegetables in this country before the home farmer has gathered his crops, who in a world of staggering poverty portentously proclaim at party banquets that cheap goods make a cheap people, and who think they are enunciating an intelligent policy when they declare that the consumer has had his innings and that it is time the producer had his turn. Doubtless when manna fell upon the Israelites in the wilderness a local deputation waited upon Moses with a demand that this dumping should cease, and doubtless this was one of the occasions when Moses lost his temper, struck the deputation over the head, and water gushed forth.

G. L. SCHWARTZ.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING

I

It was noon, and very hot, and at the British Museum readers were drifting out of the reading room into the portico. I sat down on the top step of the flight leading up to the entrance and leaned against a column. Two studious-looking young men with horn-rimmed glasses and shabby clothes came out and sat down near me on the step below. One of them opened his attaché case and took out an untidy parcel of sandwiches. One could see that the parcel had already been opened.

'Blame the I.R.A. for this untidiness,' he said apologetically to his companion. 'I had to open it this morning when my bag was inspected as I came into the reading-room this morning. I think it's a bit thick that we must have this nuisance merely because some young Irishmen are making fools of themselves.'

'How right you are,' the other young man answered. 'Anyway it seems to me that we, men of our age I mean, have got to put up with a lot because other people are brainless fools.'

'Yes,' the other one said, '*they* made a mess of everything after the War, and *we* are the ones to be conscripted. Mind you, I don't mind being called up; I want to get my whack at Hitler and the rest of them, but I resent the way in which we are simply being used to make up for their mistakes.'

The other youth was thoughtful for a moment. Then he said:

'And have you ever added up the age of the men in the Government who run this show? Most of them are old enough to be our grandfathers. And many of them are not only the same generation, but the same individuals who muddled up the War and the Peace. Why won't they give the younger men a chance? They make men retire at sixty,

don't they, in the Civil Service, but Cabinet Ministers seem to think they can go on for ever.'

He was quite breathless after this long outburst.

'That's why I think it's a shame that they don't give Eden a chance,' the other answered. 'I don't know whether he is as good as some people seem to think, or not, but at least he is closer to us, and he must have a post-War point of view.'

His companion nodded.

'And have you heard,' he went on, 'how some of the old people discuss what they will do after the next war? How they will divide up Germany and all the rest of it? Mind you, I think Germany should be divided and squashed once and for all. I quite agree with that, but if *we* fight the next war, we should have something to say about the next peace.'

The other young man did not answer. He had apparently discussed this often, and was tired of the subject. He had finished his sandwich, and sat, his elbows on his knees and his chin in his palms.

'Well, I'll be called up, or at least called up to register next week,' he said, ending this theoretical discussion.

Two bright young women, Americans with rather penetrating voices, were coming up the steps. They sat down near the young men and took cigarettes from shiny hand-bags. They were not a bit shy, the kind of young women who take possession of any place they happen to be in, even the public steps of the British Museum.

'What makes me so mad,' one of them said very audibly, 'is the way these people simply take it for granted that we will come into their war. Haven't they ever heard of isolationists?'

The other grinned.

'Yes,' she said, 'I suppose we shall probably be forced into their war, as you call it, and forced to help them out of the mess, just as we did in the last European row. But I agree that it's too bad to let the simple people in England take too much for granted. I suppose it's all part of propaganda. Yesterday I heard some people in a bus saying: "Hitler hasn't a chance. What with France, Russia *and* the United States as our allies. . . ." How do they know

we think England worth fighting for after the way they behaved to Czechoslovakia in September ?'

These political outbursts were beginning to tire me. I thought of a friend of mine who has put up a typewritten notice in her dining-room. It says: 'The name Hitler is not to be mentioned here. It is bad for the digestion. Forget him while you have your meal.'

I got up and moved along the steps to where some intelligent-looking, rather grimy office boys were sitting. One of these boys made a remark which made me realise that they, too, whom I had thought far removed from politics, had not escaped. They, too, had been caught in this oppressive uncertainty in which we are all living.

The boy said: 'My dad has promised to take us all to Brighton for the August Bank Holiday—if there is no war.'

A workman in overalls was coming up the steps. His cigarette and his leisurely walk made me realise that he was coming to sit in the sun for his lunch hour. He overheard the boy's last remark.

'Now then, now then,' he said, not unkindly, to the lad. 'Don't you be joining the appeasers, my lad, none of that here.'

The boy looked up, puzzled. He could not think what wishing there would not be a war and an August Bank Holiday in Brighton had to do with appeasements.

'That's nothing to do with it,' he said. 'Appeasement—that's got to do with Chamberlain, I know, my brother told me so.'

The workman's face was serious when he answered:

'There, there, no offence meant,' he said. 'But I hope you are right and that politics won't put the brakes on your holiday in Brighton.'

I found this workman's realism somewhat depressing, and I decided to go home. I was still thinking of what he had said when I got into the 19 bus. A general conversation was going on in the front part of the bus. A healthy-looking blonde young woman, who was uttering words in Swedish, held out a piece of paper on which an address had been written. She wanted to know where to get out, and she spoke not a word of English. The conductor had apparently given up this difficult problem. He was rubbing his ear.

A tall, broad-shouldered plumber's mate with the tools of his trade slung over his shoulder in a bag had taken charge of the situation. When we reached the Gray's Inn Road he took the girl kindly by the elbow and propelled her to the end of the bus. He pointed across the road to the Police Station, saying in words she did not understand that the police would tell her how to find the street she wanted. She smiled and left the bus.

'I suppose that's one of these refugees,' said the conductor. 'We have a lot of them on this line.'

'Yes,' said the plumber's mate, 'and I suppose we must give them a hand.' He hesitated for a moment, and then added: 'Only thing is, they mustn't take our jobs away from us.'

There was a moment's sympathetic silence. Then, in his bright cockney voice, the conductor spoke.

'Well, mate,' he said, looking at the plumber's heavy tools. 'She's not going to take yours, anyway.'

Everyone laughed, but, at the next stop a German, speaking very loudly, got into the bus, and the other passengers were serious again.

One can't get away from the subject of the Germans now, I was thinking, one way or another.

MARGARET GOLDSMITH.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING

II

One Saturday night as my friend and I stood by the bus-stop at the local Broadway, while the beery breath of pubs was waning on the midnight air and the revellers of outer London were homeward bound, I heard a hearty voice behind me shout, 'Strewth! Look at 'im! Ain't 'e curly!' I have the sort of hair which is known as a 'mop'; it waves rather, especially in a breeze. The owner of the voice faced me, a genuine, old-style English navvy, in corduroys, tough, grey waistcoat and jacket, black, knotted scarf and cap and in jolly harmony with himself and the world. 'Oy, 'ow d'ya do it, myte?' He addressed my friend and nodded my way, 'Ain't 'e curly? Lumme!' then he actually took one of my fluttering locks in his fingers. 'Cor! Don' it stan' up!' he said, amazed. 'Wot's yer secret, myte?'

I felt the warmth of geniality in his fingers and envied him the height of happiness he had attained so cheaply on a few pints. I could not feel offence. 'It growed!' I said.

He staggered closer and became excitedly confidential. ''Ere! D'ya know wot my ole muvver used t' si t' me? "D'ya want t' be curly, kid?" she used t' si! "D'ya want t' be curly, Tom? Then eat a lot o' fat bacon an' walk in a 'igh wind!" Well, I used t' go an' 'ave a good blow-aht on bacon-fat an' walk abaht wen it blowed a buster, but it never done me no good. Me 'air alwis growed as flat as a pancake! 'Ere! D'ya remember the Jerries in the Wa-er? Eh? Remember the ole Jerries, wiv their close crops, 'ow we used t' round 'em up an' they cried, "Kamerad! Kamerad!" an' their 'ats fell off their 'eads an' their was their bloomin' nuts a-stickin' up wivout 'ardly any 'air on 'em!' He chuckled, 'Lumme, they was a pickcher! But there was some good blokes among 'em! Real pals they was! Many's a time I

shared me last Woodbine wiv 'em! But they 'ain't the sime nah! 'Itler's spoiled 'em. 'Ere! D'ya know wot I'd do wiv 'Itler?'

'What?' I asked.

'I'd shave 'is moustache off of 'im! I'd 'ave a law passed to 'ave it took right off. Strite, I would!'

'Why?' I said.

'Wy?' he exclaimed, 'because it's that wot's doin' all the 'arm! It flummoxes them Germans an' makes 'em do wot they're a doin' of. Wenever they fixes their eyes on that little bit o' brush they ain't responsible for their acts an' they'd do anythink 'e tells 'em to. They're flummoxed! It bamboozles 'em every time!'

'But how can you prove it?' I asked. He stared at me.

'Blimy!' he said, 'ain't ya never seen 'im on the films? Wy does 'e never let 'is moustache grow bigger nor wot 'e does? Wy, because 'e wants to fix their eyes on it an' make 'em forget theirselves, see! 'Ere! Remember ole Charlie Chaplin, wiv 'is flat feet an' 'is little bit o' brush? Cor, 'e was a proper knockaht! Me an' me ole woman used t' fair bust wiv laffin' at 'im! Wy was 'e the gritest comic on the pickchers? Wy, cos 'e kept 'is moustache the sime size all the time. If 'e'd let it grow 'e'd 'ave spoiled 'is act, see? Well, it's the sime wiv 'Itler. You watch 'im! You'll never see that bloomin' moustache of 'is gettin' no smaller nor no bigger!'

'Perhaps you're right,' I said. 'Maybe he hypnotises them.'

''Ypnatises 'em!' he cried. 'Blimy! 'E paralyses 'em! 'Ere! know wot them Jerries should do wiv 'Itler? They should start laffin' at 'im an' 'is little bit o' brush. Laugh like 'ell, they should, sime as we used t' laugh at ole Charlie! That would soon cook 'is blinkin' goose!'

EDWARD GAITENS.

WORLD OPINION

A Press Summary

The continued efforts to complete a European system of defensive alliances, chiefly the Anglo-Russian pact negotiations, have been the main topic of this month's international discussion. Some aspects have been more in the foreground than others, and, of late, a particularly heated argument has arisen over the question of the Soviet demand for a British (or Franco-British) guarantee for the neutral Baltic States.

Germany

The remarks addressed to Great Britain are generally sharper in tone, and it is characteristic that the persons of the British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary are no longer spared. Personal attacks against men like Mr. Churchill, Mr. Eden, and Mr. Duff Cooper have, in fact, been less conspicuous than those directed against Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax.

Deutscher Dienst (May 20th) provides a typical example. (*Deutscher Dienst* speaks with authority on behalf of the German Government.) It says: 'The remarks of the British Prime Minister show that he is obviously trying to justify his policy to his own people. . . . But in reality he seems to be trying to patch together some of the china which British policy has smashed during recent months. He is psychologically wrong because the old British arrogance, still apparent in the assumption of the right to act as the moral guardian for other people, is again displayed. . . . Chamberlain spoke about States which fell victim to German ambitions. Not even a man like Benes had to fear anything from German ambitions had he not regarded his country solely as an anti-German bastion in the service of foreign Powers. . . . If British policy with its guarantee proposals has lured certain

States into this so-called "peace front" this is anything but a stabilising factor, and in reality is the encirclement policy which Mr. Chamberlain tries to deny, but which, nevertheless, he pursues. . . .'

Voelkischer Beobachter (May 20th) contains an article by Dr. Goebbels, in which he says: 'They (the British) hate Germany because Germany is in their way. . . . What would they do if Germany had not armed to the teeth? They would annihilate whole peoples and continents if they could. But they cannot do it any more because Germany has upset their plans.'

As to German comments on the negotiations between Great Britain and the Soviet Government three points can be noted: (1) Attacks against Britain because she is prepared to deal with Bolshevik Russia; (2) a conspicuous absence of all direct attacks against Soviet Russia; and (3) repeated threats addressed to the smaller countries of Eastern Europe not to allow themselves to be misused by 'British imperialism.'

Lokal Anzeiger (May 24th) referring to the 'dictates by the Soviet Government,' says: 'The British ship of state has been badly steered; this time it is stranded on dry land and needs the assistance of foreign nations. . . . The countries which tried so hard to loosen themselves from the ties of the sanctions clause at Geneva are now becoming the unwilling satellites of the Triple Entente.'

Westdeutscher Beobachter (May 26th) says: 'Stalin's speech of March 10th shows the reluctance on Russia's part to be drawn into the encirclement of Germany. Accordingly, it is Britain and France which have taken the lead in this policy. They, and not Russia, are responsible for the German–Italian alliance, and Germany remains free to respect the territory of the Soviet Union. The German space stops short at the Russian frontier. It is with Poland, and not with Russia, that the Reich has to dispute. The Soviet State can be affected only if as a result of the Anglo-French pressure it undertakes obligations which stand in the way of revision. . . .'

National Zeitung (Essen) (May 23rd), refers to the German-Italian military alliance, saying that: 'The new alliance is a threat to no one because it makes no claim on any but the most vital and inviolable rights. But it will become a threat,

reinforced with the most powerful arms of the world, to all those who tend to belittle those rights and to all those who want to take up battle against the will to live of the two nations.'

There was little, if any, authoritative comment in the German Press on M. Molotoff's speech of May 31st. However, the question of the Baltic and the Northern States' neutrality has obviously aroused Germany's fear.

Voelkischer Beobachter (June 1st) writes: 'While British diplomacy is feverishly busy to subject to the interests of British imperialism nations which in no way belong to Britain's living space, and to sow hostility between these nations and Germany, the Leader of the National Socialist Reich continues his task of stabilising Europe's peace. . . . That this work in the interest of peace has been successful also in the countries of the North . . . is proved by the German-Danish non-aggression pact. . . . The two other Northern countries, Norway and Sweden, to whom the Führer offered a non-aggression pact have declined to accept it for the reason that there was obviously no need for such formal assurances between themselves and the German Reich. . . .'

The declarations by the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary on June 8th, both disclaiming any intention on the part of the British Government to encircle Germany, had a very bad reception in the German Press.

Voelkischer Beobachter (June 9th) commented in a leading article: 'Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax have changed their policy because of Germany's peaceful diplomatic successes in the Baltic countries which have given them a painful shock. . . . Germany has proved her respect for the freedom and sovereignty of small nations by her agreements with Denmark, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, and Yugoslavia. . . . Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax are trying to induce the Baltic States to abandon their neutrality. . . .'

Hamburger Fremdenblatt (June 13th) replies to the second statement by the British Foreign Secretary by saying: 'For Germany there is one criterion of British good will. It is, for example, the strict reparation of colonial robbery without reservation, and strict recognition of the fact that there is a living space of the German Reich in Central and South-

eastern Europe. For that, among other things, is what is meant by the German public when it asks that deeds should be substituted for the endless diplomatic declarations and newspaper articles.'

Lokal Anzeiger (June 13th) states laconically: 'London's peace apostles unmask themselves. The Ministers' speeches were only deceptions and attempts to swindle the German people. . . .'

Voelkischer Beobachter (June 13th) replies to Lord Halifax with the words: 'We know of a simpler way for re-establishing a true and lasting peace. That is the renunciation by Britain of her interference into the affairs of others, the appeasing instead of stirring up of Germany's neighbours, and the return of German colonies. . . .'

Italy

If compared with previous months the Italian Press has been rather quiet and its comments more cautious. Italy's claims for territorial revision are stated in a less aggressive tone. In view of the aggressiveness shown by the German Press, Italian comments on Mr. Chamberlain's and Lord Halifax's speeches appeared to be more friendly than usual.

Giornale d'Italia (May 23rd) contains a leading article which deals with the problems of European 'revision.' It says: 'In Europe this revision is especially interesting for Italy and Germany on the one side and for France and Britain on the other. . . . The problem of vital spaces has been raised officially. The moment for its solution has come. . . .'

Resto del Carlino (May 23rd), an important Fascist party organ, expresses the same thought: 'The time of reckoning is near. Signor Mussolini will not say another word to encourage a just peace for everyone, as France and Britain can apparently not appreciate it. But the transfer of power is near. The future is ours.'

M. Molotoff's speech aroused more comment in Italy than it did in Germany.

Popolo di Roma (June 1st) writes in a leading article entitled 'Brutal Soviet Frankness Upsets Democratic Illusions': 'The British newspaper reader has had a shower of cold water. He has been told that Molotoff would announce the definite lining up of Russia on the side of the demo-

plutocracies. Instead the Commissar's speech sounds above all a note of reproof and reserve. London is forced more than ever to put a good face on a bad situation. . . . John Bull may have received a worse kick than from the Soviet, but Molotoff was kicking the naked body.'

Giornale d'Italia (June 1st) contains a comment by Signor Gayda: 'Confronted with the united block of the two Axis Powers, the other block laboriously constructed by the encirclement policy of the two imperialist democracies reveals its organic insufficiency and entangled conflicts. Whatever the results of this rush to embrace the Soviet Republic may be—its significance is obvious. The preparation of the three-power alliance is cheapened by long and dubious bargaining. This is not the spirit to give birth to true and solid armed pacts.'

Anti-French comments have been less prominent than before, though the 'revisionist spirit' is kept awake, as comments such as the following will show.

Relazioni Internazionali (June 3rd), a highly authoritative weekly, contains the following passage: 'Either France will sit down at the table of justice or justice itself will get to work through the Rome-Berlin Axis. Do they really believe in France that the Italian people will be content with a free port or a statute? Those who believe that do not know Mussolini's people. For the Italians vital spaces are the prerequisite of expansion, and that means to live and work in territories which belong to Italy. M. Daladier can conclude all the systems of alliances and guarantees that he wants, the Rome-Berlin Axis will break them. . . .'

France

No more convincing proof could be found of the great mental changes that have recently taken place in France than the following collection of French Press quotations. The most striking feature is the virtual unanimity of all sections of the French Press on the desirability of an early conclusion of the Anglo-Russian pact. Indeed, there is a distinct nervousness caused by the fact that these negotiations have not yet been concluded. It is this nervousness which must account for the highly critical tone with which the French Press commented on Mr. Chamberlain's and Lord Halifax's speeches.

Paris Soir (May 23rd) published in prominent place an interview given by M. Bonnet. It contains this passage: 'France is already linked to the Soviet Union by a mutual assistance pact, and the new agreement will mark a consolidation of her system of security and will be a precious trump for the maintenance of peace.'

Aube (May 17th) contained an important leading article by its editor. It is all the more important because in the past *Aube* has expressed the views of Right-Wing Catholics and anti-Communists. It says: 'Russia is certainly a state, but it is also an ideological pole; but while we are hostile to its ideology and firmly reject it, we gladly accept Russia's alliance against the common danger. For what is the real object of the talks with Russia?: we must avert the danger of war. . . . This danger is to-day embodied in the Axis Powers, the only war menace in the world. Stalin has not conquered Vienna. Stalin has not marched into Prague. Stalin did not invade Albania on Good Friday. And to prevent a new aggression which would certainly lead to a general conflagration we must, in advance, be certain of Russia's help. . . .'

Journal des Débats (June 1st) writes: '. . . The question of the Baltic States is rather more delicate, especially if these states do not wish to be the object of a guarantee, for in that case any automatic action on their behalf would provoke some obvious difficulties. But this question should not, in our view, delay an agreement indefinitely, provided, of course, there are no mental reservations on the Russian side. . . .'

While M. Molotoff's words aroused some natural apprehensions they did not create undue pessimism.

Ordre (June 1st) points out: 'In M. Molotoff's speech the following affirmation should be particularly emphasised: "In the fight against aggression we must hold the first rank." In comparison with this capital statement all the rest is of secondary importance. In a general conflict the U.S.S.R. will be on the side of those who resist aggression. . . .'

Petit Parisien (June 1st) says: 'The divergencies are not as great as he (M. Molotoff) made out, if each party shows a spirit of good will and does not lose sight of the essential aim, which is to raise an invincible rampart against aggression.'

Le Populaire (June 6th) strongly supports the Soviet demand for guarantees for the Baltic States. It says: 'The trouble is that the Halifax plan (*i.e.*, the British proposals) does not cover every possible case. One may even say without exaggeration that it leaves outside its provisions the case which the Russians consider the most dangerous one, and perhaps the most probable. The Halifax plan would function even without a previous guarantee for the Baltic States, that is in case of resistance to aggression and a call for help. But who can be sure that any one of the Baltic States—Latvia for example—would resist and call for help? Can we even be sure that the military occupation of such a state would take the form of aggression properly so called?'

Le Temps (June 8th) contains the following passages on this subject, which are the more important in view of the paper's record in recent months: 'If in spite of the non-aggression pacts between Germany, Latvia, and Estonia the Baltic states were invaded, the Soviet Union would be free to decide whether her vital interests are endangered and whether common action is called for. Every such agreement involves risks of this kind, but one reaches a point when one has to take such risks if, as a result, the general system of security is to be genuinely strengthened. It is obviously this consideration which determined the British Government to take such a decisive step.'

Soviet Union

Only two officially inspired articles appeared in the Soviet Press during the four weeks here under survey. Both dealt with the crucial point in the Anglo-Russian negotiations: the guarantee for the Baltic States.

Pravda (June 7th) contains an important leading article dealing with 'the minimum conditions necessary for organising a defensive peace front.' It goes on to say: 'A guarantee of the Baltic States is of vital importance to the Soviet Union, and the chief obstacles to bringing the negotiations to a successful end are connected with this guarantee, without which Soviet frontiers cannot be secured. An attack by Germany through the Baltic States would be more dangerous than an attack through Poland or Rumania. There is no room now for neutral States without the possibility of

adequately defending their neutrality. . . . Britain must persuade them (*i.e.*, the Baltic States) to make the necessary decision.'

Pravda (June 13th) continues the argument by saying: 'If Czechoslovakia with a population and an army twice the size of those of the combined Baltic States could not, standing alone, resist aggression, how can we suppose that the three small Baltic countries do not need aid from other Powers. Even such a politician as Mr. Churchill has been obliged to recognise the prime importance of the problem for England and France. . . .' In a direct attack against the declarations made by the Estonian and Finnish Foreign Ministers on neutrality of their countries the paper says: 'We are confronted with a misunderstanding or a badly concealed desire to blow up the defence front of the peaceful Powers against aggression.'

Lack of space forbids to quote here extensively from one of a series of articles which appeared in the American *Saturday Evening Post* (April 15th, 22nd, 29th) by the former Red Army General W. G. Krivitsky, in which he deals with the possibility of a German-Russian alliance and, particularly, with Stalin's previous efforts to come to an understanding with the Reich. General Krivitsky was formerly Chief of the Soviet Military Intelligence in Western Europe, and consequently his articles are of quite an exceptional interest.

THE BALTIC STATES

Briva Zeme (June 7th), the official organ of the Latvian Government, contains a leading article on the German-Latvian non-aggression agreement. It says: 'Latvia repeats her desire to remain neutral, to join no ideological group. But she certainly does not want to create difficulties for any other Power or to hinder in any way the conclusion of alliances by others. The present pact cannot legitimately offend any other country. It is merely an instrument for augmenting the Baltic States' security. It must dispel the rumours that Germany is hostile to Latvia, as there is no reason to assume that the German undertakings are not sincere. It was concluded freely on the basis of equality for the purpose of establishing mutual friendly relations.'

The Baltic Times (June 1st) of Estonia publishes an inter-

view given by the Estonian Foreign Minister, M. [illegible], in which he says : 'Estonia remains faithful to the principle of neutrality and in any case of danger would only accept the assistance of a great Power which had respected its neutrality. If, on the other hand, without our request a great Power desired to assume the rôle of our defender either as representing a collective system or to defend its own vital interests in the Baltic, such a system would be considered as an aggression against which the Baltic States are prepared to fight with all their forces.'

Paevalette (June 2nd), a leading Estonian newspaper, writes : 'The Baltic States cannot agree to a guarantee . . . and as they are neutral countries no arrangement can be acceptable to them that would infringe their neutrality.'

Arbetarbladet (June 7th), the Finnish Social Democrat paper, which often expresses official views on foreign affairs, says : 'Finland must of course seek to disperse Soviet Russian distrust. . . . On the other hand, it is clear that our neutrality cannot depend on other States. Neutrality involves independence towards the rival Power blocks . . . and so long as the situation makes true collective security impossible neutrality must be the necessary substitute. . . . Because of that our armaments policy can neither be dictated by Berlin or Moscow nor by London and Paris. If one stands on neutral ground one must also be prepared to protect one's neutrality with all possible means. . . . If one is not prepared to do so one has no policy at all.'

Poland

Recent changes in the Polish attitude towards a possible Triple Alliance (including Soviet Russia) may be gauged by the following quotation from a leading Polish paper.

Express Poranny (June 2nd) says : 'With France we have a long-standing alliance, with Britain a firm agreement for mutual assistance, and with Soviet Russia a pact of non-aggression. As every country has a right to conclude as many defensive pacts as it pleases, we have no reason to protest against France or Britain concluding alliances with the Soviet Union. If Poland had affairs to settle with Soviet Russia they would surely be settled by direct negotiations.'

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NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

No. DCCL—AUGUST 1939

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION

THE general reception accorded by the Axis Powers to recent British and French declarations of policy—quite apart from the way in which these declarations have individually been interpreted in Berlin and Rome—leaves one in no doubt of the deliberate intention of the Axis Powers to shut their eyes to all evidences of a conciliatory spirit, of a will to peace and to the peaceful solution of outstanding problems, on the part of the Democracies.

No matter how we may choose to view the aims and tactics of the Totalitarian States, it is clear that Germany's refusal to acknowledge that the policy of the Western Powers offers, in any sense, a positive contribution towards the peaceful solution of pressing problems is a deliberately adopted attitude, and one which now becomes an important factor in the international situation.

Nor can we regard this wilful misinterpretation as merely 'accidental' or as the outcome of 'understandable bitterness.' On the contrary, it must be seen as a stage in a well-designed and carefully thought-out policy. We may well dispute whether it is for this or that set of reasons that the Axis Powers have decided to deny all sincerity of peaceful purpose to the Democracies, to condemn every British and French utterance as hypocritical. But that the

Axis Powers have their good reasons for taking up the position they do cannot be questioned.

If we assume that the Dictators are aiming, not at a general war, but at a second 'Munich,' at a further political and territorial victory gained without material sacrifice, then again it must be admitted that the present attitude of the Axis Powers—the charge of hypocrisy that they hurl abroad and the cry of encirclement that they raise at home—is simply one move in a well-planned series which will end, to use the expression current in Berlin, 'in the Western Powers once more buying an instalment of peace by offering concessions to the Fuehrer.' Until the second 'Bloodless War' (or 'White War' as the Germans call it) has been won, the struggle must continue in the field of diplomacy, propaganda and political manœuvre, and even be intensified.

But the plan may fail. It may be impossible to drive the Western Powers into a second 'Munich.' German demands for further territorial (and strategic) concessions, asked for in the name of 'racial self-determination,' the principle of 'Lebensraum' or some other even more recondite 'principle,' may this time be refused by the Democracies. The policy of the Axis is then clear. The efforts to build up a Peace Front against aggression in Europe must be branded as encirclement and incitement. Responsibility for an ensuing armed conflict must be made to lie with the Peace Front.

The Dictator States, whose law of existence is one of complete a-morality, display a cynical diligence in thus seeking to lay moral and political responsibility for the decision 'peace or war' upon their opponents. The tactic is by no means a new one. The propaganda machine wielded by Herr Hitler and Dr. Goebbels has used it before, and successfully. The measures that followed the Reichstag fire, the horrors of the concentration camps, the bloody Purge of June 30th, the conquest of Austria and of Czecho-slovakia, found their excuse in the 'guilt' of the victims. And similarly, with the Italian assaults upon Abyssinia and Albania, the totalitarian propagandists eagerly sought to teach world opinion that the blame lay, not with the aggressors, but with those against whom the aggression was committed. Thus each successive stage of a policy of rape

and conquest was made palatable and acceptable to the outside world.

This technique, however, so far rewarded with fair success, becomes more hazardous with each repetition. A greater and greater effort of propaganda is called for, and to-day the effectiveness of the device may be questioned.

The German summing up of the international situation is, in broad outline, deducible from what has been written above; and the German policy may be expressed shortly in the following formula: isolate and establish the 'guilt' of the prospective victim by every method of propaganda, and then secure the fruits of aggression without sacrifice.

In practice the formulation we have given covers all those aspects of totalitarian policy which have enabled Germany and Italy in the course of the last few years—under the watchwords Peace, Justice, Equality of Status and National Honour—to attempt the destruction of the European system and achieve the partial measure of success that has attended their efforts. In spite of all attempts at moral camouflage, the unchanging goal of National Socialist policy remains clearly visible: the domination of the world by Germany. (It is of course true that some Italians still cherish the illusion of a Germano-Italian condominium.)

The real direction of German policy is easily seen, not only in the recurrent periods of international crisis, but also in the relatively quiet 'pauses' that mark the preparations for the next advance. The German leadership has its face consciously set towards the goal of world domination, which it fanatically and single-mindedly pursues, and its momentary choice between watchful truce, retreat and advance is determined exclusively by the conditions of the immediate present as they relate to the achievement of this grandiose aim.

The German propaganda machine, it is true, speaks with another voice. Nevertheless, it is no desire to see 'a juster distribution of the world's raw material resources,' no aim of regaining control over former colonial possessions, nor any honest intention of co-operating with others in finding peaceful solutions to questions now in dispute, that moves the mighty engine of German policy. These, together with reiterated offers of 'peace' and passionate demands for 'justice' and 'equality,' are the materials of a propaganda

designed to mask the real objectives of the Nazi leaders: the destruction of the existing European system, the humiliation of Germany's enemies, and the establishment of German domination throughout the world.

For centuries Germany has, according to her propagandists, been tricked out of her inheritance. History's mistakes are now to be corrected, and by the supreme Leader who incarnates the German Race. The fulfilment of this great task has always been present to the mind of the Fuehrer, and now, when he has convinced himself that the shadow of early death lies over him, his mission has become more intensely a part of him than ever before. To this high purpose he was born. To it he was dedicated by the All-Highest.

But to this sense of being the chosen instrument of Providence, a new and disturbing feature has lately been added. Hitler to-day is no longer content with being 'merely' a political figure, even a political genius. On his triumphal return from Prague he was hailed as the Conqueror. That any other than himself should wear the laurels awarded for a German victory is becoming unthinkable. Hitler himself aspires to be, not Leader only, but War Lord.

In the opinion of many of his generals this new ambition may lead, in time of war, to dangerous results; for the political leaders who surround Hitler, who eagerly support him in his desire to assume supreme command of the military forces, and who believe implicitly in his extraordinary gifts, are likely to carry more weight in determining the conduct of military affairs than are the professional soldiers.

It is hardly necessary to underline the significance of this new twist in Hitler's psychological development at a moment when Europe is more nearly faced than at any other time in the last twenty years with the fateful decision between peace and war. And there are factors present in the situation which will tend to sway Hitler's decision in favour of the bolder and more direct course, whether it lead to a general outbreak or no. Not only is Hitler constitutionally a man of action, but he recognises that the law of motion of National Socialism is one of 'go on or go under.' The Fascist Powers are beset with economic difficulties, and the temptation to gamble on the chance of solving internal problems, insoluble in time of peace, by plunging into war has to be reckoned with. And

lastly, due weight must be given to Hitler's conviction that the Democracies are decadent, spent forces, and incapable of resistance in spite of all their efforts at rearmament.

There are many and excellent reasons why the German Leader might be led to select Roumania as his next theatre of action. By so doing he would be striking at the weakest link in the chain: geographically the blow would carry him into the region of the Roumanian oilfields; and, moreover, a 'clarification of the position' in Roumania would immeasurably weaken the whole collective system of defence against aggression and radically alter the situation in Europe to the advantage of Germany.

On the other hand, while the destruction of Czechoslovakia brought Germany certain immediate economic and military gains and immensely strengthened the strategic position of the Reich, it has as well other and, from Germany's point of view, less favourable results. The fruit that German propaganda had made rotten-ripe was shaken down in September and gathered in March. But the storm also shook other fruit that, unripe, stayed shaken on the branch. One result of the Czechoslovakian conquest has been to warn and frighten the Balkan countries and to check Germany's methodical economic penetration of the south-eastern peninsula. But this whole area, whose wealth is in its foodstuffs and raw materials, whose economy is complementary to Germany's own, is vitally necessary to the Reich if German supremacy in military potential over England and France is to be maintained for any length of time.

At present we are in the aftermath of Munich. The German plan for the 'bloodless' conquest of south-eastern Europe is momentarily checked.

Perhaps this very circumstance will impel the Fuehrer to strike a second blow. A successful *coup de force*, by effecting another transformation of the political status of the Balkan countries, might assure that measure of German control over the foodstuffs and raw material resources of south-eastern Europe which is essential if the final struggle against the Democracies is to be brought to a victorious conclusion.

At the same time there seem to be good reasons why delivery of the next blow may be postponed to the spring of 1940. In taking her next step forward, Germany runs the

great risk of provoking a general conflict. But by next spring she will be most favourably placed to undertake the decisive 'short war' from which her military experts expect so much. Her military strength and striking power will be at its highest point, so the experts declare. There will have been every opportunity to correct defects in the system of fortifications and the system itself will have been completed. The army command will also have had time to complete the training of adequate officer reserves. Apart from these technical considerations, and of more decisive importance than any of them, will be the effect on Hitler's 'will to action' of the development of the international Peace Alliance, and also the impact of all those other and incalculable influences on the judgment of the Chancellor that go to make up what is commonly described as Hitler's 'mood.'

The political structure of National Socialist Germany is such that Hitler retains free choice in the matter of policy. He can, if he so desires, restrict himself to a line of action that will not immediately and necessarily plunge Europe into war. The decision is not dictated by the internal structure of the Reich: rather by the ideology of the present rulers of the Reich, by their lust for conquest and their desire to dominate the world. German policy is moved by an ideology which finds its expression in the will to destruction, in the belief that war is imminent, in the hope that war is approaching, and in a fanatical determination to secure advance positions of overwhelming superiority against the day of reckoning.

It is within this framework of ideas that Hitler analyses the position and decides what lightning stroke will best serve to paralyse the will to resistance of his enemies.

The above analysis can be applied usefully to the particular example of Danzig, for Germany's proposed 'solution' of the Danzig problem is symptomatic of the general policy and tactical approach favoured by National Socialism. The German plan to 'liberate' Danzig from within is undoubtedly based on a conviction that the city's 'return to the Reich'—announced perhaps by a proclamation of the Senate and supported by the presence of 100,000 German 'volunteers'—would, because of the *fait accompli* presented, destroy the value of previously given pledges and paralyse the action of

guarantor Powers by confronting them with an entirely new situation. The plan, as the Nazis see it, would have the better chance of success as the issue would be limited to Danzig 'only.' No demands touching the Polish Corridor or Upper Silesia would be raised. For the time being, and at this stage of the game, the Free City alone would be the prize. Only after this first instalment had been secured, only after the expected period of international tension had again subsided into uneasy quiet, only after necessary technical preparations had been carried through in Danzig itself to render further Polish resistance to Germany hopeless, would the next step be taken.

It is precisely this feature of National Socialist policy and strategy that makes it almost impossible to contemplate negotiations with Germany concerning the return of Danzig. In the course of negotiations Germany would doubtless offer guarantees and make promises. But if the guarantees are to be meaningless and the promises made are to be broken as soon as Danzig has been gained, then Poland and the Western Powers would not merely find themselves once more 'betrayed'—that in itself means little—but Poland would have surrendered the strategic positions necessary for self-defence against new encroachments, and Britain and France, were they to be threatened, would also find themselves even worse placed than they are to-day.

The German demand for the surrender of Danzig is unmistakably the first shot in the battle for the complete subjection of Poland, and that in its turn the first engagement in a new campaign that aims at even greater prizes.

Danzig is already a National Socialist city, and the well-worn cry of 'racial self-determination' here carries little conviction. But the decisive instance that proves the absolute hollowness of racial ideology as an element in the political thought of the Third Reich must be sought in the Southern Tirol, in the agreement for the resettlement or, better expressed, for the forcible expulsion of a German population from their historical *Lebensraum*.

The official explanation given by the German and Italian authorities for this brutal act of modern 'racial policy' is obviously untrue. It is quite impossible to suppose that any military measures decided on by the Axis could be

endangered by the continued presence in the Southern Tirol of the German population of that Italian province, a population which up to now has been loyal to at least one of the partners in the Axis. In reality, the expulsion of the German peasantry from South Tirol is a political concession offered by Hitler to his Italian collaborator. For Adolf Hitler the Austrian, who as a schoolboy must have learnt something of the stubborn love of the *Sudtiroler* for his native soil, the decision cannot have been easy. That Hitler took this step, breaking with professedly 'sacred' and 'unchangeable' principles, argues that matters of great importance, necessitating the closest possible collaboration of the Axis partners, were at stake. It cannot be denied that Hitler on this occasion has gone a long way to meet Mussolini—and we may safely prophesy that Mussolini will sooner or later find himself called upon to pay a price, and a high price, for the goodwill Hitler is now showing him. It is likely that the Duce will be required to support German claims, not only on Danzig and Poland, but also in south-eastern Europe, a region where, at the present moment, a clash of interest between the Axis partners still exists below the surface.

The expulsion of the South Tirolean Germans is a brutal move in the game of *Realpolitik*. A German people, living for centuries in a homeland that they have made their own by their daily toil, in whose defence they have sacrificed themselves generation by generation, are being uprooted and driven out. The Nazis may seek to explain this policy away as 'merely' a comradely gesture to Italy, an act of loyal friendship from one Great Power to another. In truth it is a shameless and naked act of power politics, flouting every principle upon which, if the Nazis are to be credited, the national existence of the Third Reich has been built.

Arrogant demands, continued threats, and the military preparations still feverishly being pushed forward indicate that the Axis Powers have even now not understood the real significance of the Peace Front that has been brought into existence to block the accomplishment of the imperial programme of the Reich. If the extent and determination of the resistance that is being prepared were fully realised in Berlin and Rome, the imperialist plans of the Axis Powers would, at the least, have suffered revision. But these plans,

that look to the disruption of the European order, have not been revised. On the contrary, it seems more and more clearly apparent that two great power systems are crystallising out in Europe, and that sooner or later they are bound to meet in head-on conflict, as only one of the two is prepared to seek an understanding with the other in terms of the existing order.

True enough, there seems to be evidence for believing that some slight appreciation of the realities of the situation is seeping into Berlin. The achievement of the German programme will entail running 'rather greater risks.' The difficulties to be overcome have 'slightly increased.' But Berlin's reaction to this new situation has simply been to carry her technical preparations still further, to wage the 'war of nerves' more intensely, and to develop the technique of the political 'hold-up' to even higher artistic levels: anything rather than abandon, or even modify, the imperialist designs to which she stands committed. Nothing that has been said or done in the totalitarian countries during the last few months could in any way justify us in believing that the rulers of those countries intend to retreat from the policy that they have already initiated. Far from showing any disposition to consider the possibility of peaceful settlements, arrived at on the basis of safeguarding all the interests concerned, the Axis Powers have concentrated every effort on the accumulation of an overwhelming military superiority with which to finish 'once and for all' with their opponents.

From all this it follows that the task of building up a Peace Alliance strong enough to guarantee Europe against further aggression has become more necessary and more urgent than ever before. In this hour it becomes, not merely foolish, but criminally insane, to stay our hand any longer from this work. No matter how blandishing the voice of the propagandist, we can no longer afford the luxury of self-deception. We must bring ourselves to realise that no policy of concessions granted under threat will ever satisfy the Axis Powers and bring them back as peaceful members into the European community. The policy of surrender has already brought us to the margin, if not beyond the margin, of our safety. The situation demands that a halt should be called to the policy of retreat, and that the Peace Front should be so

extended and devised as to strengthen and consolidate all those positions that still remain in the hands of the allied countries.

Every defensive position should be utilised. But the concentration of all the forces of resistance has been made more difficult than need have been the case by the attitude adopted by Russia. The political line followed by the Russian negotiators during the most recent stages of the Moscow conversations has had the effect of making a difficult problem more difficult, nor can we expect that the atmosphere of mistrust will be completely dissipated even if the negotiations lead at long last to the conclusion of an agreement. Although the whole position would naturally be much improved if an agreement were to be reached, a certain fear would nevertheless persist—and, in view of the attitude taken up by the Russians during the negotiations, justifiably so—concerning the true extent of Russia's participation in the work of the Peace Front. In the course of the negotiations Russia has been first and foremost concerned with her own safety, and less with the contributions she herself is prepared to add to the common stock. This, coupled with her attempt to gain, through the system of guarantees, a basis for political intervention in the affairs of her neighbour States, has increased the distrust of Russian policy in Eastern Europe even beyond its normal level. For these reasons the Russian sector of the Peace Front, if it comes to be formed, is still likely to be the weakest link in the chain. Nevertheless, the Western Powers have not failed to make the most strenuous efforts to secure the adhesion of the U.S.S.R. Far-reaching concessions have been made to the Russian point of view. Every device of diplomacy has been used to remove the difficulties that exist between Russia and the border States.

That these efforts have been made is proof of the fact that the construction of a solid front of resistance to aggression is now being undertaken with genuine determination. But although we may recognise the immense importance of securing Russia's collaboration in the Peace Front, and although it would be wrong to underestimate the great strength which Russia is in a position to lend along the East European section of that Front, it would be equally incorrect to imagine that the Soviet Union's acceptance or rejection of

the rôle offered her in the Peace Alliance would inevitably decide the success or failure of that great enterprise. Such a view cannot be maintained, either from a political or military standpoint. The Peace Alliance as it now stands, built firmly upon the Anglo-French *entente* flanked by Poland and Turkey, has proved itself a powerful and structurally sound political combination, capable of maintaining itself either with or without the Soviet Union. The Alliance, in other words, could hardly be jeopardised by Russia's abstention, though Russia, if she can bring herself to accept those necessary conditions which all collaboration with others entails, can materially strengthen the Alliance.

But although Russia's importance as a reservoir of supplies, and as a contingently available military force, is undeniable, concessions to the Russians must nevertheless stop short at the point where the satisfaction of further Soviet demands would endanger the internal solidarity of the Alliance. And some of the more recent Russian proposals—for example, those that contemplate the giving of guarantees to cover 'indirect aggression'—seem very nearly to approach this limit.

Russia's status within the Peace Front, even should an Anglo-Soviet Pact be forthcoming, and notwithstanding the importance of the contribution that Russia can make, cannot be more than that of a collaborator. She can certainly not expect to be the dominating factor in the Alliance.

The collective organisation of the defence of Poland, the conclusion of the Franco-Turkish Pact, and certain changes discernible in Hungary and Yugoslavia, all go to prove that, while the attitude adopted by Russia may seriously have increased the difficulty of the task, yet the consolidation of the Peace Front in Eastern Europe and the Balkans can be, and has been, proceeded with—in spite of all the obstacles that lay, or were placed, in the path.

The extraordinary pressure brought to bear on Yugoslavia during recent months by the Axis Powers seems so far to have been unsuccessful in producing the results anticipated. There are even indications that this strange mixture of blarney and blackmail is defeating its own purpose, that it is having a vehement reaction on the Yugoslav people and turning them bitterly against Germany and Italy, and that

its repercussions in the Yugoslav Cabinet have led to the political isolation of the pro-Axis Foreign Minister. On the other hand, Yugoslavia is geographically exposed and strategically weak. Nor is the army well equipped. Both the Cabinet and the Council of Regents are therefore compelled to pick their way with extreme caution; but a notable change has taken place in the country's mood. The fatalistic attitude of acceptance—' what must be, must be '—is beginning to give way to a determination that Yugoslavia alone shall dispose of her own destiny.

This change from the passive to the active mood is obviously unthinkable except in the context of the new coalition for collective defence that is being forged under the leadership of Great Britain and France.

A movement of resistance to the influence of the Reich is also making its appearance in Hungary, where the ruling class is slowly beginning to realise the danger of the situation which its own past policies have produced. The anti-German movement in Hungary is certainly in part to be ascribed to the brutal tactlessness with which German National Socialism exploits its present advantageous situation in the country, and to the bullying tactics which Germany uses to extend its influence. But the rapid growth of anti-German feeling in a country so small, so weak and so desperately open to attack is inconceivable apart from the organisation, in the shape of the Peace Front, of a movement of resistance against aggression of international dimensions.

It is difficult to form any precise opinion at this present moment as to the exact stage of development reached by these movements; and it is difficult now, and will remain so for some time, to assess their value. The progress of the Anglo-Polish discussions and the signature of the Franco-Turkish Treaty, on the other hand, represent very impressive gains. With regard to the former, it can be said that many technical and economic problems of considerable difficulty have been successfully solved, and that everything is proceeding according to schedule. The Franco-Turkish Agreement once more underlines the constructive character of the Front that is being gradually built up and extended. A strategic point, of vital importance to both of the Western Powers, and of great importance also in any evaluation of the international situa-

tion as a whole, has been safeguarded. The reaction which followed in Berlin and Rome emphasises the significance of this tripartite agreement. An infuriated Italy suddenly remembered the existence of the League of Nations and launched an extremely lame protest. Since the failure of von Papen to prevent the Anglo-Turkish Pact from being negotiated, the Germans devoted all their efforts to an attempt to block its successor, arguing that without a Franco-Turkish Agreement to complete it, the Anglo-Turkish Pact would largely lose its value. Von Papen, returning discredited to Berlin from his special mission to Angora, confessed that he had met with 'utter failure.' His masters were at least no more successful.

German and Italian disappointment at Turkey's definite adherence to the Peace Front is quite understandable, for it has transformed the entire situation in south-eastern Europe. Berlin and Rome realise that an attack on the Eastern Mediterranean will now demand preparation on a quite different and larger scale than before. The 'great push' down the south-eastern peninsula is also likely to meet with much greater resistance than could have been thought possible by the leaders of the Reich two years ago.

The Western Powers and the States associated with them are determined, as the above pages show, to resist aggression, and adequately to organise that resistance. The Totalitarian States do not yet seem to have fully grasped all that the presence of this new spirit in Europe implies. For it is certain that the Western Powers, should their endeavours to maintain peace fail, are prepared to make every sacrifice that may be required to win the war that they have struggled to the last minute to avoid. If the insane illusions of the Dictators persist, and their fanatical 'seeking of power after power' leads Europe into war, they will break upon the calm resolution of the peoples of the democratic countries. In France, after a long period of instability, the whole nation has gone to work with iron determination to repair and fortify national defences. France's aeroplane production—some months ago the output was so small as to give rise to serious anxiety—is now already in quantity and quality well up to the standard required by a great nation resolved to protect its frontiers and fulfil its obligations. Expert opinion

reports favourably on the improvements that the hard work of the past few months have brought in the French army and navy. From every quarter of the French Empire have come expressions of loyalty to the Republic, messages to say that the mother country's need will find the colonies ready and willing to assist to the utmost of their resources.

Without much faith in the possibility of avoiding an armed conflict, the peoples of Great Britain and France support every attempt that their Governments may make—short of new concessions—to maintain the peace. If all attempts fail, then resistance will be preferred to any further granting of 'concessions.' The spirit of resistance has grown in France and Britain. In other parts of Europe, though the Totalitarian Powers may choose to disregard its growth, it is also spreading. That certain individuals here and there, in this country and in that, frightened of the bogey of social change, have become traitors to their country, does not justify the Nazi lie—half-lie and half-wilful self-deception—that the people as a whole are 'afraid to fight' and incapable of defending either themselves or their allies.

The Axis Powers generally, and the German Nazi leaders in particular, cannot be persuaded that a simple enumeration of military 'quantities'—so much on 'our' side and so much on 'theirs'—fails to give a complete picture of the international position. All attempts to make them realise that their own record of treachery and double-dealing has at last provoked a mighty 'No!' from the peoples of Europe have been in vain. The organisation of a system of alliances designed to block the way to further imperialist adventures has merely caused the Axis Powers to redouble their preparations—to modify their tactics but not their aims. And Hitler and his close advisers wait expectantly to hear that the Anglo-Russian conversations have broken down, wait hoping that events in the Far East may even more seriously distract Britain's attention, wait for Franco to lead the new Spain into the Axis fold. As they wait they can listen to the young Nazi leaders clamouring for the fight to begin. Soon, they say, this year's harvest will be gathered, and after the harvest comes the testing time.

M. WOLF.

THE CRISIS OF CAPITALISM

For almost six years now we have been living in a state between war and peace. Several times we have been very near the outbreak of hostilities. The armaments race between the Central European Powers and the Democracies has reached such a degree that not only the armies and navies but also industry and finance have had to be mobilised. In some countries the latter are now on a footing which is nearer war than peace. In March the outbreak of war was avoided by a narrow margin only, and it is quite possible that we shall have to go through the same kind of trouble very soon. We all hope that the danger of war will be averted again, but nobody seems to know what steps should be taken if we manage to live through another crisis.

It has been suggested that an international conference should then be called. If this can successfully be done, the world will be saved from disaster. Unfortunately everybody who has been watching the political game during the last few years finds it hard to believe that a conference would be of much practical use, were it only for the fact that people in Central Europe do not seem to believe in conferences at all.

The armaments race has long ago degenerated into something which has been described as an economic war. If that definition is correct, then this war has been a rather one-sided affair. In this field the Democracies had all the power and the Dictators all the pluck. As a result we are facing an unprecedented situation.

It is not easy to understand how this could have happened, but there are some facts which made the present situation almost unavoidable. Some of them are explained by the very nature of Democracy which is based on freedom and on capitalism and which does not know preventive wars. Other circumstances, however, are merely personal. Some of our leading politicians have little practical experience in

economic matters, a field which they seem to be inclined to leave to the specialist. Unfortunately it is just as true that many economically trained people know very little about politics. Even in the newspaper world the City editor is a very different person from the man who writes the political leaders.

Business is difficult anyhow, and the industrialist finds it quite complicated enough to keep his plants running in this period of general upheaval. If he takes the trouble to talk about politics to some influential personality, his aim will generally be to point out that his job should not be made harder than it already is. The banker will be inclined to be even more outspoken in that respect. His interests are likely to be international, and if he is in any way interested in the Stock Exchange, his principal idea will be that confidence should be restored and not shaken afresh by State intervention in the economic field.

If all this is true for the handling of purely political questions, how much more does it apply to the conclusion of trade agreements. The very able officials who have been entrusted with such negotiations by democratic governments are to be admired, but also most heartily to be pitied. They had to safeguard capitalistic interests and in most cases simply to forget about politics. Individual interests have undoubtedly been protected, but on the whole it seems as if capitalism might finally sacrifice itself by such methods. And this is what we are out to prove.

Chance talks of politicians with business men may not greatly influence the trend of politics, but things become more serious when we investigate the position of the average financial or economic adviser. In many cases his diagnosis may prove to be correct, but it is exceptional that his advice should be completely adopted. Furthermore, there are groups of advisers or semi-official personalities in the economic world who are playing their own hand. A famous example of that kind of calamity is the part taken by the Banque de France in 1924 during Poincaré's fight for the franc. Undoubtedly the management of the Bank was guided by the best of intentions, in spite of which their judgment was so wrong that responsible personalities had to be removed one by one before Poincaré could win.

Never has it been as difficult as it is now to judge even the near future. To maintain a friendly attitude towards the Central Powers may, after all, prove to have been a sensible programme. But in no case can it be right that the politicians and the economists should work in opposite directions. Some six months ago the politicians believed in the possibility of coming to friendly terms with the Central Powers. Up to the present moment many economists seem to maintain this hope. In the meantime, however, the politicians have had to change their creed, and so we have now a case of economic appeasement *versus* defensive military alliances.

Before we proceed, let us try to investigate the economic and financial position in Central Europe. From the very beginning the Fascist Powers have been trying to reach 'Autarchy,' and this attempt was at first largely justified by circumstances. Great things have been achieved in that direction, especially by Germany, with which country Great Britain is more closely concerned at present. It is well known that the German system of self-sufficiency is chiefly based on cheap labour, long working hours and a completely controlled economy in a rigidly closed economic room.

There is undoubtedly a scarcity of certain foodstuffs and raw materials needed for the consumption of the civilian population in the Fascist countries, but it can now safely be stated that this is exclusively caused by excessive purchases of materials for armaments and by accumulation of enormous stocks which would enable the countries to live even through a long war. This is a fundamental factor which most of the well-wishing capitalists seem to overlook, though it is quite obvious.

To this another secondary fact has to be added. In Fascist States the Government does not even want to supply the public with all the goods which are badly needed because this would create enormous markets with rising prices. The Government's policy is rather to offer some other articles which can easily be produced and can be sold at low prices but which are not popular with the public. This artificially diverts the purchasing power, maintains the general dissatisfaction on a safe level where it does not grow too strong and where, on the other hand, the much-needed revolutionary

feeling is maintained, and, most of all, it helps to keep down the general level of prices.

It must be admitted that this system is only partly voluntary. To some extent it is the consequence of clearing agreements to which the trade with foreign countries had to be subjected. This system generally leads to buying the wrong goods in the wrong places. On the other hand, it has tremendous advantages for countries like Germany and Italy. It is part of the general creed of international capitalism that trade barriers must be removed if trade is to recover. Unfortunately this applies to the capitalistic world only. The very contrary is true in respect of the countries ruled by State-capitalism. For them trade barriers can never be high enough if their trade is to prosper.

Many people feel that there is much truth in the claims of countries like Germany and Italy for a kind of general redistribution of wealth, a programme which may be described as 'socialism between nations.' The redistribution of basic materials would certainly be an excellent thing to achieve if it could be done by peaceful methods. It can be considered as the most desirable final aim. But it should not be mistaken for a road to victory in this terrific struggle of ours.

We reach the crux of the problem when we compare some of the economic and financial measures taken by the Central Powers with the reactions they have produced in the democratic States. It is well known that some Central European governments decided on an attitude of almost complete bankruptcy towards their creditors and continued to pay interest only on a small portion of their debts. Two examples are highly significant for the spirit in which this was handled. When German finance began to break down, an international syndicate of bankers stepped in and took the amazing risk of lending $100,000,000. After long years of waiting, this amount is being repaid in tiny fractions on the basis of about 25 per cent. of the original gold value. The rest may be considered as lost for all practical purposes. A Swedish group granted a credit at the same time. It has been treated almost worse.

Some people seem to believe that the creditors have been so patient because Germany was such an enormous debtor that international capitalism could not face the fact of an

open German bankruptcy. This is, however, not true any longer. There was a time when the German foreign debt was supposed to reach the enormous amount of 24,000,000,000 Reichsmarks, a figure which was probably exaggerated by the Germans themselves. At the present moment well under 20 per cent. of the above amount is likely to be outstanding. A small portion of the difference has been repaid, whilst all the rest has been made to disappear by the most intricate and elaborate methods of bankruptcy. These facts were accepted by the creditor nations without as much as a serious protest and certainly without any kind of retaliatory measures. Later on important sums of foreign exchange were seized by Germany when she started annexing neighbouring countries. All these amounts were freely used for military and for propaganda purposes and no creditor made his voice heard.

All the many disadvantages of clearing agreements were accepted by international commerce and finance, but the advantages were left to the Central Powers. Countries like Lithuania or Hungary find themselves in almost complete economic dependence upon Germany, and this leads quickly to political pressure. The case of Rumania is hardly better. Bulgarian imports from Germany rose from 26 to 60 per cent. and exports even from 26 to 75 per cent. of the total foreign trade since the advent of the Nazi régime. We find a further example if we consider the relations between France and Yugoslavia. In that part of the Balkans France used to be the leading influence for generations. During the last few years Germany has not only monopolised most of Yugoslavia's foreign trade with the help of clearing agreements, but after the seizure of Austria and Czechoslovakia even the financial interests of Germany were able to outgrow the French ones, and now political predominance seems to follow. In the democratic countries the authorities concerned have been watching such developments with dismay, but hardly any effective measures were taken to prevent them.

The skilful handling of clearing agreements as a weapon for conquering foreign markets has been most powerfully backed by a general system of State subventions. Never has there been a dumping on such a scale. With the exceptions of a few special products every article leaving, for instance, Germany is subventioned to the extent of from 25

to 50 per cent. The balance only is paid by the foreign customers. Italy has similar methods. In Germany dumping is superficially camouflaged and there is some pretence that industry itself pays subventions to industry. It can easily be proved, however, that in fact a special tax is levied by the Government in order to cover at least part of the expenses caused by subventioning exports. In spite of this, so far only the United States has managed to expose this subterfuge and to proceed against dumping. Germany and Italy, on the other hand, have a most efficient system for keeping foreign goods away, as every import requires a special Government licence.

Another feature is the treatment of foreign investments by the Central countries. Every foreign individual or corporation residing, for example, in Germany is treated like a German subject. But if the German authorities see fit to establish the fact that the management of a British corporation is as much as influenced by interests residing in Germany, it is considered as being completely subject not only to German currency regulations but also to German taxation. Things shaped even more clearly after the Italians had made themselves at home in Abyssinia and Albania, whilst the Germans took over Austria and Czechoslovakia. In all these cases the unique methods of Fascism saw to it that full economic control was handed over to the new masters whilst foreign interests were submitted to measures which depreciated them to a great extent. Heavy losses have resulted, for instance, in Austria for this reason.

After so many important facts have been mentioned, tourism seems to be a rather negligible item. It must be kept in mind, however, that the Central Powers almost completely stop their own people from travelling abroad, whilst they use all the blandishments of advertising in order to induce travellers from the contemptible democratic countries to pay them a visit.

We come to the rather amazing conclusion that all this has raised a certain measure of bad feeling; but, on the whole, to cut a long story short, the capitalistic world still seems to be so fascinated by proceedings which are new and which it has not quite understood yet that it generally forgets to retaliate.

There have, of course, been some counter-measures, but they have fallen very short of the minimum one could have expected even if there had been no fierce political struggle going on at the same time. The United States of America is, for instance, introducing a 25 per cent. duty on German goods, which practically stops dumping. This can, however, hardly be considered as part of a consistent policy as it does not prevent the United States of America from providing Japan with an important part of the armaments she buys abroad. The cash for these purchases is mostly raised by Japanese exports of goods to the British Empire, whose interests Japan is fighting in the East. On the other hand, Japan, after two years of war against China, refuses to declare this war in order to remain within the provisions of American Neutrality legislation.

Whilst America stops German goods from being imported, England makes a certain show of goodwill towards Germany in this field. In a general way, the idea of 'business as usual' seems to prevail in this country. The feeling that one should not drive the Germans to despair also influences that attitude. These kind people seem to forget that up to now the Central Powers are winning the armaments race and that they can only achieve this as long as plenty of imported raw materials are at their disposal for this specific purpose.

On the whole the French and English industries take very much the same lines. There are friendly exchanges of views with German industrialists and from time to time some kind of agreement is concluded, sometimes even at a period when the armies of the nations in question are being mobilised. Strangely enough, only Communism seems to be able to cope with Fascist State-capitalism. The Soviets completely stopped their exports of important raw materials to Germany ever since the Austrian crisis, leaving the 'benefit' to others.

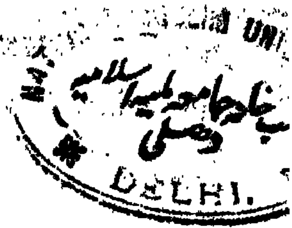
This short and incomplete survey of the past shows pretty clearly how the future may be handled. It is hardly advisable to suggest here in detail any steps to be taken, but it should not be difficult to reach definite conclusions if only co-operation could be established between politicians and economists in each democratic country, and above all between the capitalistic nations themselves. Without co-operation hardly anything can be achieved.

Whenever co-operation is mentioned, one generally hears that it would mean nothing but sanctions in a new form and that sanctions have failed previously. This last fact is indeed true. Sanctions are as dead as the old system of collective security as represented by the League. On the other hand, it now becomes increasingly clear that a new system of international security is built up, based on defensive military alliances and on military guarantees. Unfortunately this new system is bound to fail too if defensive co-operation is not extended in time to the economic sphere. And there is no time to be lost!

If international capitalism obstructs the road to such co-operation it might easily dig its own grave. In Socialist textbooks capitalism is reproached with committing the crime of driving governments into war in order to make a profitable business out of the struggle. Nothing could be more wrong. Especially under present conditions nobody has to fear a modern war more than the capitalist. But the old reproach may be easily replaced by a new one which sounds almost worse. It may be said that capitalism is shirking most of the issues which are part of the present situation and that it still tries to make the best of a fight which has become a question of life or death for the nations involved, even if an armed conflict can be avoided.

It would of course be unfair to put all the blame on capitalism. Important political mistakes have been committed. But, unfortunately, the capitalistic attitude during recent years has made it easier for the potential enemies of capitalism to continue the armaments race and to win it so far. If no fundamental change takes place, these enemies may possibly remain victorious. Should such a calamity ever arise capitalism would have to regret bitterly its present indifference towards the necessity of economic defensive co-operation.

VIATOR.



THE SIGNIFICANCE OF TIENTSIN

JAPAN, as Germany's confederate, is running a negligible risk and playing for an enormous stake. Germany cannot go much further without finding herself at war, and that condition only favours Japanese projects. The Anti-Comintern Pact has provided a shield that enables Japan to act with impunity. We are informed that Japan is arranging the terms that she desires to enforce, and, having agreed on these, will discuss the Tientsin question with the British representatives. Meanwhile, a civilised attitude towards the inhabitants of the British Concession will not be resumed until the British representatives agree to the Japanese requirements forming the basis of the discussion. In this, as in a large number of other matters, the Japanese attitude is defined by spokesmen, and the British authorities take such comfort as can be extracted from the fact that the spokesmen's statements are not formal communications delivered by or to an ambassador. The advantage in this, however, lies wholly with the Japanese, as it leaves them the option of withdrawing from this position by saying that the pronouncements were not authorised. What it amounts to, in point of fact, is that the British Concession at Tientsin is being treated, at the time of writing, exactly as though it were a captured caravan: it is being held to ransom.

The most significant development of the past few weeks has been the working up of anti-British feeling both in China and in Japan, but it is significant rather for its extent and violence than for its novelty. Indeed, the use of agitation as a diplomatic weapon is not at all unfamiliar in Japan. On one occasion Mr. W. J. Bryan hurried over to California to persuade local legislators not to proceed with their anti-Japanese bills, for it had been represented to him that they were causing such an agitation in Japan that the people were almost out of hand—when actually there had been hardly

any agitation at all. During the Great War there were several waves of anti-British agitation, the two most notable being to secure a secret agreement regarding Shantung and to secure a revision in Japan's favour of the British restriction of imports. Nor do the anti-British agitations fostered by the Japanese in China lack precedent. In 1926 a dispute between the Hong-Kong authorities and the Kuomintang group then ruling *de facto* in Canton led to an anti-British boycott. At this time, owing to the patient and liberal policy of Baron Shidehara, the Japanese Foreign Minister, towards China, Japan was almost popular in that country. To improve the shining hour the Japanese sedulously propagated an entirely baseless rumour that the British-American Tobacco Co. and the Chartered Bank were sharing the issue of a big loan to the Northern generals. This gave a great fillip to the boycott and the Japanese pocketed big profits as a result. A certain naivety characterises the Japanese attitude towards agitations. Those in Japan are always declared to be the entirely spontaneous and irrepressible ebullitions of public opinion—though at a hint they disappear like magic. In China no anti-Japanese agitation is ever spontaneous. Japanese diplomatists used to blame malign foreign influences until the Kuomintang became dominant, since when every boycott has been directly inspired by the Chinese Government and every Manchurian bandit paid by it! A boycott or agitation in China against any other Power, however, especially against Britain, is always purely spontaneous.

It has been necessary to cite these earlier instances in order to make the position in regard to the present agitations quite clear, for they are a matter of somewhat alarming news in the Press, while the earlier agitations are probably understood by few who have not made a special study of Far Eastern affairs. In this present month (July) we hear of how the foreign journalists in Tokyo asked the Japanese Foreign Office spokesman for his explanation of the Press campaign and the public demonstrations against Britain. He explained that they were ebullitions of public feeling meant to encourage the Japanese authorities in their negotiations with Britain. Asked whether the anti-British agitations in the occupied areas in China had no Japanese inspiration,

he said that such a question was insulting, though he and his hearers knew perfectly well that the agitations were the creation of Japanese propaganda and Japanese agents. It is not that the British are as much loved in China as the Japanese are hated. The Chinese have no great reason to love any foreigners. But a number of them have entered the Japanese service, and these could easily be instructed to spread the idea abroad among the ignorant that the British rather than the Japanese were their enemies, and that if they could only get rid of the British a happy and secure life under Japanese protection awaited them.

The agitations in Tokyo were under the strictest control, and it would indeed be an awkward matter to explain a failure to give adequate protection to the Embassy; but the 'spontaneous' indignation of the Chinese in Tientsin created a situation of real danger. If they could be egged on to attack the British Concession and some were killed in the ensuing conflict, the indignation of the Japanese at such brutal British behaviour would be enormous; and to what lengths the instigators were prepared to go is indicated by the fact that some of the propaganda matter recommended a return to the methods of 1900—the Boxer Rebellion. The one drawback to so extreme a policy is that in such an event as chaos in the Concession the Japanese could not object to a British force going in to protect it, for to object would be tantamount to co-operation with the mob they had set on.

The British policy of 'endeavouring to confine the Tientsin negotiations to local issues' is a confession that it is one of surrender. As little is to be surrendered as possible, of course, but nevertheless ransom is to be paid for the people on the British Concession. The thought is not a comfortable one, but for the time being it may be represented, no doubt, as only anticipating what must, in any case, be the ultimate fate of foreign concessions in China, as signified by the surrender of the British Concession at Hankow in 1927. The rest of the present sacrifice that Tokyo will ask for will be at the expense of the Chinese—the surrender of the Chinese silver and the acceptance of the new currency provided by the Japanese, and the handing over for punishment of the Chinese alleged by the Japanese to be concerned in the murder of one of their puppets. The

question whether this last would be less shameful than would be the handing over of four Englishmen in a similar way and for a similar fate if unsupported charges were brought against them must be left to the reader's private judgment. It will not be beyond the ingenuity of diplomatic diction to confer a semblance of dignity on such a settlement.

There has been some inspired demand in Japan that this opportunity be taken to effect a settlement of the whole China question in so far as the Western Powers are concerned. Had the consolidation of China under the Kuomintang proceeded for a few years undisturbed instead of being so rudely interrupted on July 7th, 1937, extraterritoriality and concessions would have disappeared automatically. Japanese official spokesmen represent the Japanese demand for the abolition of foreign privileges as being a move in this direction, but, unfortunately for that presentation of the case, the Concessions, in the present abnormal circumstances, are regarded by the Chinese Government as an advantage, and it is only the Japanese and their puppets who think that peace and security are now so assured that an expedient adopted when these were uncertain is no longer required but must be abolished with the aid of electrified barbed wire, bayonets, mob law and siege.

Perhaps in support of their argument the Japanese may point out that the Government of Manchukuo some time ago proclaimed the abolition of extraterritorial privileges and that nobody has protested, least of all Japan, who is most interested. The Powers, except the one or two who have formally recognised Manchukuo (or perhaps it would be more correct to say 'the Powers' without exception), regard Manchukuo as an area under Japanese occupation, which is enough to account for their failure to reply to the notification. For Japan herself Manchukuo is one vast concession, with extraterritoriality prevailing over the whole area. The pretence of having a Cabinet has been abolished, so that the Manchurian Ministers have no occasion to meet one another, but are the ornamental heads of Government departments with Japanese executive 'advisers.'

It is to a similar condition that Japan desires to reduce China—entirely in the long run, but for the present piecemeal. No doubt she is sincere enough in believing that a China

thoroughly well organised by Japan would be better than one subject to internecine struggle; but she has chosen to ignore the fact that the large majority of the Chinese have no wish for the blessings of Japanese organisation; and Japan had become so anxious to apply her cure that all the evidences that China's body politic was recovering health without it only made her the more determined to act before the remedy was too obviously superfluous. A few years ago the people of North China, weary of the futile struggles of 'war lords,' might have tolerated the new independence with resignation if not with relief; but Japan's methods of conferring the blessings of peace on Manchukuo, and of subsequently preparing North China for similar emancipation, did much to unify the allegiance of all intramural China to the Kuomintang Government.

In setting up 'Reformed Governments' in the areas over which they claim military occupation, the Japanese have been singularly unfortunate. Extremely few respectable men have participated, and most of them have been old men seeking the nearest refuge. The majority of those co-operating with Japan are relics of the corruption which reigned before the rise of General Chiang Kai-shek. So few would enlist under their banner that their most prominent 'Chinese reformer' is a Formosan Japanese subject of such reputation that few even of the 'puppets' will have any dealings with him. Nor have the Japanese militarists been able to make up their minds whether to have one or two Governments north of the Yangtse. Mr. Wang Ching-wei, one of the older revolutionaries and a member of the Kuomintang Government at Chungking, deserted his post and tried to lead a peace movement. His defection demonstrated the solidarity of the Chinese allegiance to its national Government, and Wang Ching-wei, discredited, has put himself in the hands of the Japanese. Since old General Wu Pei-fu, once the hope of the Powers in North China, definitely refused to head a Northern puppet Government, there have been rumours of Wang Ching-wei becoming head of a combined Government, but they have come to nothing. Wang is not the man he was in 1910, when he tried to blow up the Regent with half a hundredweight of dynamite, but his desire for peace has not yet made him the slavish agent which the Japanese want.

But there are some other considerations regarding the Tientsin problem: even if the Japanese do not consider it politic to press their advantage to the utmost but make a 'local settlement,' that settlement will be a very weighty precedent for further action against Shanghai, Amoy, and all the treaty ports. In coming to a local settlement the Japanese are very unlikely to give any specific undertaking regarding the immunity of other Concessions from similar attentions; and, if the international situation continues to provide Japan with opportunity, she will endeavour to destroy all influence and all trade but her own. It must not be forgotten that the Japanese aim is self-sufficiency. This was openly proclaimed by the army leaders at the time of the taking of Manchuria. That they actually believed that the Japanese Empire with Manchuria added would form a complete economic unit seems almost impossible, even in the enthusiasm of a great occasion. One of the earliest discoveries made was that it did not, and there was immediately talk of the necessity of adding five provinces of North China, with a sort of proviso that they might have to continue the process until the desired result was attained. China has shown no appreciation of the advantages of becoming part of a self-contained economic *bloc*; and though for a considerable time now Japan has been able to deprive her of her own needs in coal, iron, and other resources, she still has to import many war needs—of which America and the British Empire supply nearly all. This, however, the Japanese might say, is only a jibe, for they have not yet had time to develop China's resources, and when they have made a Japanese peace in Eastern Asia Japan may have no war needs.

But Japan will never say that. Hers is essentially a war economy—an economy that can continue to exist only by conquest, and must split from within when conquest ceases. Can the world wait for anything so ruinous? Two years ago Japan would hardly have taken the course of action she is now pursuing at Tientsin; but two years of failure are making her desperate. The ineptitude of a war which occupies without conquering drives her to extremer measures. Her plans for squeezing out foreign trade were elaborately complete; but in order to save the situation she feels now that she must thrust it out.

We must not forget that to the Japanese themselves their ambitions do not seem to be simply the madness of those whom their gods will destroy, but rather an orderly evolution. 'We have destroyed Russia's power in the East; in our war against Germany' (the usual phrase for what we call the Great War) 'we destroyed Germany's power in the East and in the Pacific; now we have to push out Britain.' Nor do their formulæ for the conquest of China seem to them so hypocritical as they seem to us. They have always spoken of 'saving Manchuria from Russia,' and were naively astonished at China's ingratitude when they hectored ten times worse than the Russians; when they demanded Tsingtao from Germany in 1914 it was 'for restoration to China.' Already Japanese newspapers talk of restoring Hong Kong to China. It is all done for China's sake. As for the still wider ambitions, Marquis Okuma in 1910 spoke of India waiting for Japan to liberate her millions from British oppression; in 1933 General Araki repeated the phrase and added thereto that 'the whites must be driven back west of Suez so that Asia may be freed.'

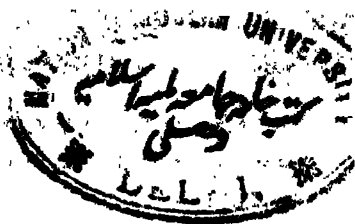
Some of this, no doubt, may be philosophically regarded as what the late Mr. Kipling called 'such boasting as the gentiles use, and lesser breeds without the Law,' but it was taken sufficiently seriously for the Singapore base to be strengthened—a proceeding which aroused passionate outbursts in Japan as being 'against the spirit of the Washington treaties,' whose letter Japan now denies, as being obsolete; and, judging by the news of conscription in Hong Kong, the prospect of Japan attempting to restore the island to China appears, at close range, to be more substantial than a dream.

No longer is there any plea for *Lebensraum*. During the present conflict Ministers have expressed satisfaction that Japan is self-supporting in foodstuffs; and, as we have lately seen, Japan is feeding England more cheaply than the Empire can; and before he relinquished office Prince Konoe said that Japan's strength was such that no Power could interfere with her operations. This is evidently the attitude of mind in which Mr. Arita, the Japanese Foreign Minister, proposes to the British Ambassador that Japan's conception of the position shall be taken as the basis for discussion regarding Tientsin. That has been, since the revolution, Japan's

diplomatic attitude towards China—it is now the line taken towards Britain.

Things may happen rapidly before this can appear in print, but it is more likely that they will drag on. The omens are not good. Britain has economic powers which she could enforce against Japan with great effect: but there is the argument of caution—that to exercise them would put the fat in the fire, and, circumstances in Europe being what they are, would make a present to Japan of what she undoubtedly wants but is still willing to negotiate for. Apart, however, from where our interests lie and from how much we are prepared to risk in their defence, there is this question: Japan is demanding that Britain should become her partner in a felony. Is Britain prepared to agree?

A. MORGAN YOUNG.



FOR AND AGAINST BALKAN UNITY

The crisis of 1939 finds the Balkan countries strangely prepared, for although they are not now the immediate storm-centre, none of their statesmen, or their formers of public opinion, can forget how precarious their security may become as the weeks wear on. The strangeness of their prevailing frame of mind, as they anxiously await the trend of events, is in the new feeling of sympathy, of common hopes and fears, even of common purpose, by which it is marked. Perhaps for the first time in its remembered history the Balkan Peninsula is facing the future with the sense, present if not everywhere acknowledged, of unity. There is abroad in Sofia as well as in the capitals of the Balkan Entente a realisation that although war may yet divide them, and as hopelessly as it did in 1914, still it will be to their joint and several loss. In 1914 there existed no sense of comradeship comparable with this. Even to-day, when every argument from those of crass nationalism to those of sober political economy rubs in over and over again the common interest of the Balkans, that sense of comradeship will hardly be strong enough to prevent the taking of opposite sides if war were to break out between the Axis and the Peace Front. But it is a notable sign of the times that it should exist at all: given a period of peace stretching over the next few years, its further growth is virtually certain. Looking into the future, the rare idealists who already see beyond their own frontiers can catch a glimpse of an unsung Europe in which the Balkan countries, strong with the health and energy of peasant peoples, will count as leaders in the congress of nations. But that is far ahead: for the moment they are content to explore this new-found feeling of common purpose, and to work, those few who believe in its future, for its further development. It is not so much that the peoples of the Balkans are united as that, to an increasing extent, they would like to be.

Upon the development of this feeling of common purpose will depend their fate if war should break out in Northern Europe. For the most fundamental conclusion to be drawn from a study of the political circumstances in which they stand is that the neutrality of the Balkans is a possible policy only in so far as those countries are united. In a most immediate sense they are strong enough to remain neutral only if they remain together; divided, they will fall into one camp or the other as surely as unshielded fruit in a wind-swept orchard.

With the worst of the crisis still threatening it may be worthwhile to consider in turn the factors which make for and against Balkan unity, because only then will it be possible to assess the chances which Rumania, Greece, Jugoslavia and Bulgaria (though not, of course, Turkey, which is our ally) may count upon in the maintaining of their neutrality.

The first, and the most important, factor on the side of unity is this new sense of common purpose which, a little here and there, has begun to appear in all the countries of the south-east, best expressed in the old slogan of the Balkan Entente, 'The Balkans for the Balkan peoples.' In some eyes its very newness renders it suspect. It is true that scarcely a year has passed since the Balkan Entente agreed with Bulgaria to abolish the military clauses of the Treaty of Neuilly and thus give satisfaction to one of Sofia's dearest wishes, the recognition of Bulgaria's legal right to rearm. It is true that Turkey's tentative efforts last month at mediation over Bulgaria's claim to the Dobruja have failed. It is true that jealousy, suspicion and ill-will are almost as easy to find, if you are interested in finding them, as they always were. In spite of everything a new sense of comradeship does exist as it has never existed before; there will be reason to remember this when the testing-time comes.

The next most favourable factor is the unifying effect of German and Italian economic pressure. The Balkans have a common grievance against Germany's (and to a lesser extent Italy's) trading methods. Upon each of them Germany has played the same financial tricks, worked the same dodges over clearing arrangements, exchange rates, long-term credits, and the rest of Dr. Schacht's stock-in-trade (furbished up nowadays with a few financial wisecracks from Herr Funk).

Their political chiefs may not be on very cordial speaking terms, but MM. Constantinescu and Bojiloff, respectively Rumanian and Bulgarian Ministers of Finance, know only too well the urgent need for a common front, at least in the commercial field. They and their Turkish, Greek and Jugoslav colleagues do not require to be told that the exercise of their offices independently of Germany's direct control rests simply and solely on their success in finding markets in free-exchange countries. And free-exchange countries are only to be found within, or in sympathy with, the Peace Front. It is permissible to guess that when M. Bojiloff was in Berlin last month he had the special, though private, good wishes of his Balkan colleagues. And allied to this economic pressure is a corresponding political pressure. Even Bulgarian nationalist newspapers like *Zora* are beginning to wonder whether it is altogether to the good that Reichsminister Frick should say in Sofia that Germany expected Bulgaria to fight once more on her side, or that Reichsminister Frank, also in Sofia, should make such common cause as to proclaim that 'the Germans have the greatest sympathy for the Bulgarians: they know well that the sufferings of the Bulgarian people are also their own.' The cat was out of the bag, in fact; and anyone who might still be blind could regain his sight by pondering the fate of Albania, and speculating on that which might be in wait for Jugoslavia.

Opposed to these positive factors are others which are harshly negative. It is no exaggeration to say that their importance will be precisely what the Axis Powers, and Germany incalculably more than Italy, care to make of them. By a wise policy the negative factors can be dissolved and made to disappear, just as by an aggressive policy they can be made, at the most extreme, something not far from the occasion of war. If wisely applied German economic co-operation can in the same way be of the highest value to the Balkans; or it can, at the other extreme, be used as an instrument of coercion.

In brief it may be said that Balkan stability depends upon two overriding conditions, a refusal on Bulgaria's part to go to war in settlement of territorial claims on Rumania and Greece, and, secondly, the maintenance of Jugoslavia's independence of action. In the absence of either of thees

conditions it would be extremely difficult to maintain the political self-determination of the Balkans as a whole. It is, in fact, from Jugoslavia that the danger may eventually come. For in any European war Germany would be anxious to receive from Rumania large supplies of oil and grain; those supplies could be delivered only if Rumania stayed neutral, and one of Germany's most urgent tasks, therefore, would be to try to barter Rumania's commercial goodwill against a promise that Hungary and Bulgaria would be restrained from attacking Rumania. For this plan Germany already has sufficient control of Hungary. But a decisive control of Bulgaria can be had only by securing a passage through northern Jugoslavia, or at least through the Danube valley. And if Jugoslavia falls to the Axis, or more accurately if Serbia falls, since Slovenia-Croatia-Dalmatia is in any case next to impossible to defend, then the way is opened not only to Sofia, but also to Salonica. Balkan unity becomes the wildest pipe-dream. It is one of the paradoxes of Balkan politics that Bulgaria is likely to remain a good neutral so long as Jugoslavia stays independent of the Axis, but that from the moment that Belgrade loses freedom of action (and the Serbs may be expected to defend their freedom dearly), the very moment indeed which any neutral observer would count as the signal for the formation of a united Balkan league, Sofia seems likely to swing over into the Axis camp. Much, then, depends on what the Axis plans for Jugoslavia: if the German-Italian military alliance is anything to go by, resolving, as it is said to have done, the two Powers' years-old conflict of interests in Slovenia-Croatia-Dalmatia, then the future does not look very bright. The least that can be said is that neither the Serbs, nor the Croats, nor the Slovenes, will easily surrender their independence.

A footnote on Bulgarian public opinion is necessary here. In spite of the popular disappointment at the complete neglect of Bulgarian territorial claims after Munich, and the natural tendency to criticise the Western Powers on that account, there are signs that the Government is finding it possible to rely on public opinion to support a more moderate policy than hitherto it has been ready to accept. The visit of M. Kiosseivanoff, the Bulgarian Prime Minister, to Berlin was not made the occasion of popular acclamation in Sofia,

but was rather endured with watchful anxiety. A small but significant event of a few months ago happily illustrates this trend of thought. The Bulgarian ex-Servicemen's Association found that one of the interior walls of their new meeting hall in Sofia was bare of pictures: the crowned heads of Bulgaria were already hung elsewhere in the hall, and so it became a matter of requesting someone for a gift. The whole of Europe lay open to them. Their request, however, went to the British Minister in Sofia, and thence to Buckingham Palace. Signed portraits of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth now hang on that wall.

Nor do the arguments based on the slickness of Germany's trading methods all tend one way. Industrialists and commercial distributors may have good grounds to lament their gullibility in the past and take care they will not be deceived again; the peasants who form the backbone and most of the sinews of the Balkan countries see another side to the story. For them German penetration has been one of rising prices and rising subsidies, with their Governments obliged (but what do the peasants, even the landowners, care !) to stand the racket. The peasant, indeed, has good reason to think well of Germany; he receives through her good prices for his produce, and in return he suffers little from high import prices, for his needs are few, and seldom perceives the latent threat that German markets may disappear if his Government does not conform to Germany's wishes. There are a considerable number of Rumanians who see only advantage to themselves in the commercial treaty signed with Germany some months ago. Until this spring, when the British Government decided to make credits available to Rumania and Greece (Turkey must be considered apart, for her commercial policy has differed a good deal from that of her neighbours), business men and Government officials, especially those concerned with agriculture, were more and more inclined to acquiesce in the German view. At that time, in fact, there was no alternative open to them, and therefore little sense in disagreeing. One of the best features of the British credits is the heartening effect which they are having : Balkan Governments are coming to believe in their own salvation.

Can the Balkan countries obtain that really united front

without which they can scarcely avoid being drawn into a European war if one breaks out? On the short view, the answer must be a regretful negative. The psychological difficulties are too great to be overcome without long and unhurried preparation. *Partially, of course, that united front* already exists. M. Gafencu's recent visits to Ankara and Athens showed how closely Rumania, Turkey and Greece were in common accord; and although the report of a military arrangement between the three countries was probably unfounded, or at least exaggerated, it is something that the report should have seemed sufficiently possible for the Rumanian Foreign Office to take the trouble to deny it.

'Experience has shown,' said M. Gafencu when he was at Ankara, 'that whenever Balkan States have been united in a common front only those who have stayed outside the union and have turned against it have suffered. . . . Bulgaria's entry into the Entente with reservations or to the prejudice of other members is impossible. It must be with a view to the common good, to the removal of dangers which threaten peace, or for the service of our common cause.' Although this high moral tone is unlikely to strike remorse among Bulgarians, it is significant that the rebuff to their hopes on the Dobruja has been taken very discreetly in Sofia, and that the door to a settlement is not thought to have been finally closed. The course of the next few months should show how effectively this close agreement between Rumania, Turkey and Greece will serve to convince the Axis Powers against south-eastern adventures.

BASIL DAVIDSON.

RUSSIA'S AIR STRENGTH

What is Russia's real air strength? Various estimates have been given, and they differ very greatly. Ideological bias has often coloured the picture presented. There has been a good deal of 'wishful thinking' upon the subject. The tendency has been to give an audience the figures which it wants. There has been little objectivity in the study of the question. The writer thinks it well, therefore, to say at once that he has no political or other axe to grind and that his sole purpose is to state the facts. This is never a very popular thing to do, but it is a necessary thing, nevertheless.

The statistics are both unsatisfactory in themselves and difficult to reconcile. They have to be collected here and there; there is no official fount of information. The *data* given in the League of Nations Year-book on Armaments are valueless. The estimates given by unofficial writers display too often an imperfect acquaintance with the principles of the organisation of air forces. They mix up total and first-line strengths; they sometimes misuse the term 'first-line strength'; and they are inclined at times to relate production to strength in a way which is totally unwarranted.

Any air force is made up of three broad classes of machines. There are the machines on the establishment of the operational squadrons, that is, first-line aircraft. There are the reserves of these squadrons, that is, again, operational machines but not held on the unit establishments as machines in use. There are, finally, the training machines, which are not operational; though school machines did go up to engage raiding airships in the Great War. Other classes, such as experimental, might be included, but the three referred to are the large classes and the rest may be ignored. They comprise, under a different order of categorisation, the functional classes of fighters, bombers, reconnaissance machines, seaplanes and flying boats, troop transport, etc. Each of these categories is

divisible into first-line, reserve, and, at times, training aircraft.

When one finds enormous numbers of aircraft credited to a particular State one is inclined to suspect that something more than first-line strength is being included. This seems certainly to be the explanation of some of the estimates given in a recent book, *The Military Strength of the Powers*, by 'Max Werner' (English Translation, 1939). It is, as a whole, a panegyric of Russia's might on land and in the air. It quotes a number of German, French and British authorities in support of the argument, but the figures quoted are themselves challengeable. The *Wehrmacht*, a German military organ, is given as the authority for a Russian air force of 'between 15,000 and 17,000 machines' in 1937, and in support the Czech paper *Venkov* is quoted as estimating that 16,000 machines would be the strength in 1938. One can only surmise that reserves are included, possibly training machines as well. One suspects that Colonel Von Bülow's estimate of 8,000 to 10,000 first-line Russian aircraft in 1937 also includes reserves. Max Werner's own estimate that Russia could 'put approximately 12,000 machines into the air' is, from its form, quite possibly intended to cover reserve machines, since these could be 'put into the air' if pilots were available to fly them. The enquiry whether the first-line aircraft (proper) would then have any replacements would, no doubt, be ignored as an embarrassing question.

A much more modest estimate is given by M. Pierre Cot, who was Minister for Air in the French Government of the Popular Front and would not be disposed to minimise Russia's strength. In his book, *L'Armée de l'Air* (1939), he gives figures of the comparative strengths of the chief Powers at the time of the Munich agreement, and in an article in the *Sunday Times* of April 9th, 1939, figures, presumably later, for Russia alone. Taken together, they show that, in his view, Russia's first-line strength would be now about 4,500–5,000 aircraft; of these, about a quarter would have to be retained in the Far East, to keep Japan quiet, and at least 3,500 would be available in the West.

A considerably lower estimate was given by another ex-Minister for Air, M. Laurent Eynac, in *L'Air* for July, 1938. He credited Russia with 3,000 first-line machines only.

The same figure is suggested by Mr. Eric Sargent and Paymaster Lieut.-Commander Talbot-Booth in their compilation, *Air Forces of the World* (1939). It was the figure, too, in 1935, according to P. Malevsky-Malevitch (*The Soviet Union Today*, New York, 1936), but there has undoubtedly been an increase in Russia's air strength since then. The last authority adds that, in addition to the 3,000 machines, 800 older 'planes were held by the association known as the Osoaviakhim.

A recently published French book, *L'Aviation Soviétique* issued by the periodical *Les Ailes* of Paris, credits Russia with a total of 4,200–4,500 first-line machines. They include, it is stated, 1,200–1,500 pursuit 'planes, 1,500 reconnaissance, 800 attack, 400 light, and 300 heavy bombers. Similar figures, with a trivial divergence in the first two items, have been given in a well-known "news letter' recently circulated. The information is neither piping-hot nor exclusive.

The estimate given by Herr F. A. Fischer von Poturzyn in his book, *Luftmacht: Gegenwart und Zukunft im Urteil des Auslandes* (1938), is very slightly higher, but he admits the difficulty of arriving at any exact figures. He says:

> Particulars of the Soviet air arm are uncommonly vague. When, in 1936 the Franco-Russian military pact was enjoying its honeymoon the French technical Press was full of appreciations of the Russian air re-armament. It could be inferred that the object of the admiration was very diversely estimated. Some spoke of a first-line strength at that time, 1936, of 4,600 first-line machines and 1,400 second line, others of 8,000 to 10,000 machines; while foreign publications of the year 1937 in regard to first-line air strengths displayed more caution, showing Russia to have 4,600 first-line machines. These were divisible into the three classes of offensive, defensive and communication aircraft. To them there would have to be added, in accordance with the usual international reckoning, the reserve machines. Is the present *total* strength of the Russian air arm to be taken as 10,000 or 5,000 machines?

Von Poturzyn's own estimate is 4,600 first-line machines (at the end of 1937), which would rise to 7,000 in 1940. One would expect it now (mid-1939) to be nearing 6,000, since new machines are coming constantly from the factories; but it does not follow that the first-line strength is being very largely increased by that flow. The new machines may be

used as replacements for obsolete or obsolescent machines which, being on squadron establishment, already counted as first-line. In the Royal Air Force, for instance, Gladiators are being replaced by Hurricanes or Spitfires, but as the Gladiators were included in the first-line figures, the output so absorbed does not result in an increase of the figure of first-line strength, though it does, of course, mean a betterment in quality.

On the whole one would probably not be far wrong if one computed Russia's first-line strength at something between 4,000 and 5,000 machines. This is slightly more, in all probability, than Germany's first-line strength, but German performance is likely to be superior to Russian. Commander R. Fletcher, M.P., made a pretty good shot when, in a 'Penguin Special,' he estimated Russia's strength, including reserve as well as first-line, at 6,200 to 6,500 aircraft; the reserve would be 50 per cent. of the first-line, more or less. In an article in the *Sunday Times* of June 4th, 1939, General Ladislas Sikorski, former Prime Minister and War Minister of Poland, spoke of Russia's having 'over 5,000 'planes in active service and as many in the rear'; but a reserve of 100 per cent. is improbable.

What of the quality of the Russian aircraft? It seems to be mixed, on the whole. Max Werner quotes many eulogies of the performance of the Russian machines in Spain, but it is notable that the references are to the years 1936 and 1937. In those years the Russian fighters in Spain do appear to have been better than those employed by the Nationalists, but the balance of advantage seems to have shifted in 1938. At all events, the Russian fighter then most commonly used, the 'Rata'—a short, bullet-shaped low-wing monoplane with a Wright-Cyclone engine—heads the published list of aircraft brought down by the Nationalists. It was probably outclassed by the newer Messerschmitt and Heinkel fighters, both of which have a very high performance.

There is nothing unusual in such a change of fortune. It is, in fact, in the nature of things. The machine which has the upper hand at a given date is always likely to be surpassed, in speed, manœuvrability and quality in general, by a machine which was in production at the time of the former's heyday. Date of re-equipment is of vital importance in military

aviation. The secret of success is to catch your enemy at the crucial moment when your own type or types are at the peak and his are at or nearing the due time for re-equipment.

Britain is second to none in the quality of her aircraft mainly because she has the best liquid-cooled engine in the world. Engines have always been a weakness in Russia. A. W. Just, in his *Militärmacht Sowjetunion* (1935), criticised Russian engines as being too heavy. The criticism is still true to-day. There are in the Russian air force, says *L'Aviation Soviétique*, a large number of 'machines of old type, heavy and slow, without great military value.' The building of foreign engines under licence in Russia has not, as yet, entirely remedied this particular defect. The Wright Cyclone is manufactured at factory No. 19 at Perm, the Hispano-Suiza at No. 26 at Rybinsk, the Gnome-Rhône at No. 29 at Zaparoje in the Ukraine. The total production of engines in 1938 was probably between 8,000 and 9,000, according to *L'Aviation Soviétique*.

The number of aircraft factories in Russia has been greatly increased in the last few years ; the rapid development accounts, indeed, says Von Poturzyn, for the doubts entertained abroad in regard to the technical quality of Red air force *matériel*. 'The number of aircraft factories increased in the last eight years from 18 to 54, and then to 74, of which 28 produce aircraft, 14 aero-engines and 32 accessories.' According to *L'Aviation Soviétique*, however, the number of airframe factories is sixteen, twelve being in European Russia and four in Eastern Siberia, while others are under construction. The most famous is No. 22 at Fili, near Moscow, which can turn out six twin-engine and two four-engine bombers a day. No. 18 at Varoneje will be nearly as large. No. 21 at Gorki can produce four to six single-seater fighters (I–16) a day, and No. 1 at Moscow, five two-seater reconnaissance machines. The Russian factories have the great advantage of being practically all beyond an enemy's radius of air action.

'The Soviet aircraft industry is, at present, the most powerful in the world, in regard to the potential represented by its factories, its material, and the importance of its effectives,' says *L'Aviation Soviétique*, which adds, however, that the quality of the workmen is mediocre. The number of

employees is given by Max Werner as 200,000 to 250,000. The higher figure is roughly twice the number employed in the British industry. In October, 1918, about 350,000 persons, including 126,000 women and boys, were employed in our aircraft industry, but we were then producing three or four times as many airframes and engines each month as we are at present.

For personnel to man a great air fleet there should be no lack of numbers, at least, in Russia. In December, 1936, says Max Werner, the Soviet Union decided to train 150,000 war pilots: an almost incredible aim, if correctly stated. (Our own flying *personnel* in 1918 was not much in excess of 20,000.) 'The Red Army,' he states, 'reckon to wage air warfare with between 12,000 and 15,000 machines, and for every active pilot, etc., there would be five trained reserves.' This provision would not account for 150,000 pilots, but even then would be a stupendous one. In any event, the supply of *personnel* should give no cause for anxiety, although the education of a high proportion of the Russian officers leaves something to be desired. In 1937, says Von Poturzyn, some 10,000 pilots were trained in Russia and 'a want of pilots seems therefore to be excluded.'

In one respect the Russian air force is in a position of unrivalled pre-eminence, namely, in the number of trained parachutists which it employs. Max Werner gives the number as 70,000; Von Poturzyn states that the programme provides for an ultimate number of 100,000. In the manœuvres of 1936 some 3,000 men were dropped by parachute in 'enemy' ground, with light and heavy machine-guns, ammunition and rations. Tactics of this kind are favoured in the Russian army, whose rôle is conceived as the supporting of the disaffected proletariat in the country invaded and as serving as a rallying point for internal rebellion against the bourgeois authorities of the locality. For the same reason, as Erich Wollenberg points out in *The Red Army* (English Translation, 1938), the dropping of tanks from aeroplanes has been practised on manœuvres, the intention being to provide in this way the nucleus round which, as it moved swiftly forward, civil revolt would grow. At one time it was suggested that armoured cars which would be converted into aeroplanes by a few turns of a handle, and re-converted

at need, might serve the same purpose. The idea, naturally, came to nothing.

The Russian air force is neither of such colossal dimensions nor of such pre-eminent quality as some of its admirers would have us believe. Max Werner's 'ten thousand ton bomb salvo' may safely be dismissed as a phantasy. It would be a grave mistake, at the same time, to belittle the value of Russia's air arm. It is a formidable weapon of war. Von Poturzyn, who is wholly unlikely to be prejudiced in its favour, has expressed the opinion that so far as air power is a matter of a productive industry and an inexhaustible reserve of man-power, Russian air power is the strongest in Europe. Allied with Britain and France, Russia can play in Europe a part which should cause even the most megalomaniac of dictators to pause. It has been made a matter of complaint against the Allies of 1914–1918 that they failed to bring home the realities of war to the German people. There will be no cause for complaint on that score in the next war, in which air power will make its influence felt to a degree unapproached in the last.

J. M. Spaight.

PHOTOGRAPHY IS NOT AN ART

THE other day a friend of mine asked me to meet his son, who was very keen on showing me some of his photographs which were mostly taken in Switzerland. Shots of trees, heavy with snow, footsteps in snow, or a child struggling along on skis are, of course, thrilling objects for a boy of eighteen, but have nothing to do with art whatsoever.

When the father remarked that he was moved by at least twenty photographs which he saw recently at the 'London Salon' and *not* by one picture at a painting exhibition, I came to the conclusion that he must consider photography as an art, and therefore I asked him:

Photographer: Do you think photography is an art?

Painter: I do.

Photographer: I don't.

Painter: Why don't you?

Photographer: Because it does not move me.

Painter: Will you first explain to me what you mean by art?

Photographer: I can't express myself very well, but I think art must come from an inspiration and must therefore happen from within.

Painter: And photography happens from without?

Photographer: Exactly.

Painter: Perhaps you can't judge objectively enough because you look at it from the selling point of view only.

Photographer: That is how it should be. A sensible photographer should never go beyond taking pictures. This means he should not start making them look like paintings, otherwise he can't even be considered a good photographer. If some people are moved by a landscape photograph it is because they are revisualising a landscape which they have actually seen. But if the scene has not been personally 'experienced,' how can one possibly be moved by

it? It can only be looked upon as a record and solely for this purpose should the photograph be taken.

Painter: You don't seem to believe that photography expresses anything at all?

Photographer: Photography expresses the exact registration of reality and a precise reproduction of nature, and comes therefore nearest to surrealism, which believes in the reality as a basis of real art and is much more suited to photography than to painting. Photography is not without an artistic element, but anything that the eye and lens are not capable of taking in lies beyond its possibilities and belongs to the creative imagination of the painter.

And yet another friend of mine with whom I also discussed this subject told me that he was so much moved by the photograph of a landscape which he had never seen that he was going to have the picture framed. When he revealed this to me, my estimation of him went down considerably. A few days later I met him again, and I was told that he had become a bit doubtful about framing the photograph after the conversation we had had together.

Even one hundred years ago, when photography had just been invented, questions arose as to whether photography should be considered an art. Baudelaire mentions it in his *Curiosités Esthétiques* in the chapter on 'Le Public Moderne et la Photographie':

Puisque la photographie nous donne toutes les garanties désirables d'exactitude (ils croient cela, les insensés!), l'art, c'èst la photographie.

Comme l'industrie photographique était le refuge de tous les peintres manqués, trop mal doués ou trop paresseux pour achever leur études, cet universel engouement portait non-seulement le caractère de l'aveuglement et de l'imbécillité, mais avait aussi la couleur d'une vengeance. Qu'une si stupide conspiration, dans laquelle on trouve, comme dans toutes les autres, les méchants et les dupes, puisse réussir d'une manière absolue, je ne le crois pas, ou du moins je ne veux pas le croire; mais je suis convaincu que les progrès mal appliqués de la photographie ont beaucoup contribué, comme d'ailleurs tous les progrès purement matériels, à l'appauvrissement du génie artistique français, déjà si rare. La Fatuité moderne aura beau rugir, éructer tous les borborygmes de

sa ronde personalité, vomir tous les sophismes indigestes dont une philosophie récente l'a bourée à gueule-que-veux-tu, cela tombe sous les sens que l'industrie, faisant irruption dans l'art, en devient la plus mortelle ennemie, et que la confusion des fonctions empêche qu'aucune soit bien remplie. La poésie et le progrès sont deux ambitieux qui se haïssent d'une haine instinctive, et, quand its se recontrent dans le même chemin, il faut que l'un des deux serve l'autre. S'il est permis à la photographie de suppléer l'art dans quelques-unes de ses fonctions, elle l'aura bientôt supplanté ou corrompu tout à fait, grâce à l'alliance naturelle qu'elle trouvera dans la sottise de la multitude. Il faut donc qu'elle rentre dans son véritable devoir, qui est d'être la servante des sciences et des arts, mais la très-humble servante, comme l'imprimerie et la sténographie, qui n'ont ni créé ni suppléé la littérature. Qu'elle enrichisse rapidement l'album du voyageur et rende à ses yeux la précision qui manquerait à sa mémoire, qu'elle orne la bibliothèque du naturaliste, exagère les animaux microscopiques, fortifie même de quelques renseignements les hypothèses de l'astronome; qu'elle soit le secrétaire et le gardenote de quiconque a besoin dans sa profession d'une absolue exactitude matérielle, jusque-là-rien de mieux.

The French chemist, Joseph L. Gay-Lussac, remarked very wisely that 'the palette of the photographic painter is not very rich in colours and only composed of Black and White. If photography leaves the carefully drawn lines of representing its means of expression and rises above itself into the world of the painter, then it becomes untrue, and one is justified in saying that photography has nothing to do with art.'

The fundamental difference between photography and painting is this:

Before the technical function begins, the photographer has to make up his mind about the choice of his 'motif,' the composition of the picture and how the light is going to be arranged. He does not depend on chance but in the preparations towards the technical process only can he display his artistic sense, whereas the painter starts while he is at work. Anybody who is endowed with these characteristics is quite capable of making a good photographer. Of course it takes some time to acquire a good technique. This can easily be achieved just as one can learn how to type. If one goes deeper into the matter and asks: 'What is the reason for

doing photography?' one comes to the conclusion that there are many of them. If one would ask a painter why he paints, he could not give you any reason except that paint he must!

Many people are photographers in order to make a living. Some specialise in taking pictures of animals because they are desperately fond of them. Some women take photographs in order to help their husbands, who may be commercial artists. Only people who are interested in birds would take the trouble of getting up early to watch them for hours and even then the result is not always satisfactory.

I am a photographer. Before I started photography I studied music. At one time I took photographs of musicians only. After that I switched over to advertising because it pays better. Here I smiled at my painter friend, who had already remarked that I looked at it too much from the selling point of view. He now got up to show me some of his own work. I recognised one picture in particular because recently I had made him some photographic enlargements and here was the same subject skilfully used for his canvas. To my mind his painting was nothing but a coloured photograph.

Up to now photography has always followed in the footsteps of painting. What phases painting has gone through, photography has faithfully adopted as her own. In this connection I would like to mention the name of David Octavius Hill, a Scotsman, who lived at the beginning of the last century. His name is forgotten as a painter, his paintings have disappeared, but his photographic work will be remembered for all times. He did wonderful things with his camera. Perhaps because of its inefficiency he was able to give his photographs a greater artistic value than any other photographer has ever achieved after him. He has brought out such subtleties in composition, expression and general detail that one can almost say photography must have given him just as much pain as painting. His pictures could easily be taken for paintings. Of course in the early stages of photography one had to make allowance for this error. One was too much puzzled by the new discovery. Nowadays there is no excuse for not knowing where to place photography; the whole process is a modern scientific invention.

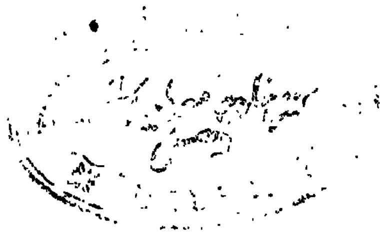
There is one purely photographic process I would like to mention, a thrilling thing called 'Solarisation.' I don't know who was the discoverer of it. It is a process which might have happened accidentally. Man-Ray was one of the first who made others interested in it. I have done it myself. It needs great skill. One can spoil many plates before one can claim any results. What happens is this.

A person, say, is photographed, for which purpose a plate is used. It must be a plate because it can be controlled much better than a film. The background, too, is of great importance. It must be completely black. The exposure has to be just right and that is where the difficulty comes in. You shut yourself into your darkroom and begin to develop in complete darkness. After some time you switch on a dim red light, and now the strangest thing takes place. A dark line slowly creeps up amidst a fog which is spreading over the whole plate like a London mist. This controlled fogging of a negative, which exhibits a positive and negative image at the same time, is the main characteristic of pseudo-solarisation. The positive part of the negative occurs through reversing the shadows of the subject and therefore the black background will finally change into a light colour. True solarisation happens very rarely. The effect of this peculiar process is a very striking one. The whole subject seems to be suspended in the air. Solarisation is most suitable for advertising. I wish it were used more for this purpose. There is nothing moving about solarised pictures, though it is an exciting experiment.

To be a photographer can be thrilling at times, though it never thrills me from within. It is out of a spiritual poverty that photography claims so much to be an art. Unless it serves a purpose only it will not survive. One could object that a real work of art is not always moving either. That is true. To give you an example I am only thinking of the Venus de Milo at the Louvre. Out of fun I asked the keeper who was guarding her: '*Comment vous-aimez la Venus?*' '*Je l'ai vu pendant dix ans!*' he exclaimed furiously. To him she is certainly not a work of art, but I dare say that even he was impressed by her beauty when he saw her for the first time.

To come back to photography: I have the highest respect for it when it is put in the service of science and consequently mankind. Its possibilities are then inexhaustible. It penetrates everywhere. Hardly anything is sacred to the X-ray. One day it may interfere with our dreams. It may preserve countries. It may destroy them. I am sure Hitler is sometimes dreaming of landscapes on which he has some future designs. They may easily be identified by X-ray and statesmen need not meet in order to find out 'what is in one another's minds.'

URSULA HARTLEBEN.



FORD MADOX (HUEFFER) FORD; OBIT

There passed from us this June a very gallant combatant for those things of the mind and of letters which have been in our time too little prized. There passed a man who took in his time more punishment of one sort and another than I have seen meted to anyone else. For the ten years before I got to England there would seem to have been no one but Ford who held that French clarity and simplicity in the writing of English verse and prose were of immense importance as in contrast to the use of a stilted traditional dialect, a 'language of verse' unused in the actual talk of the people, even of 'the best people,' for the expression of reality and emotion.

In 1908 London was full of 'gargoyles,' of poets, that is, with high reputation, most of whose work has gone since into the discard. At that time, and in the few years preceding, there appeared without notice various fasciculæ which one can still, surprisingly, read, and they were not designed for mouthing, for the 'rolling out' of 'ohs.' They weren't what people were looking for as the prolongation of Victoria's glory. They weren't, that is, 'intense' in the then sense of the word.

The justification or programme of such writing was finally (about 1913) set down in one of the best essays (preface) that Ford ever wrote.

It advocated the prose value of verse-writing, and it, along with his verse, had more in it for my generation than all the retchings (most worthily) after 'quantity' (*i.e.*, quantitative metric) of the late Laureate Robert Bridges or the useful, but monotonous, in their day unduly neglected, as more recently unduly touted, metrical labours of G. Manley Hopkins.

I have put it down as personal debt to my forerunners that I have had five, and only five, useful criticisms of my

writing in my lifetime, one from Yeats, one from Bridges, one from Thomas Hardy, a recent one from a Roman Archbishop and one from Ford, and that last the most vital, or at any rate on par with Hardy's.

That Ford was almost an *halluciné* few of his intimates can doubt. He felt until it paralysed his efficient action, he saw quite distinctly the Venus immortal crossing the tram tracks. He inveighed against Yeats' lack of emotion as, for him, proved by Yeats' so great competence in making literary use of emotion.

And he felt the errors of contemporary style to the point of rolling (physically, and if you look at it as mere superficial snob, ridiculously) on the floor of his temporary quarters in Giessen when my third volume displayed me trapped, fly-papered, gummed and strapped down in a jejune provincial effort to learn, *mehercule*, the stilted language that then passed for 'good English' in the arthritic milieu that held control of the respected British critical circles, Newbolt, the backwash of Lionel Johnson, Fred Manning, the Quarterlies and the rest of 'em.

And that roll saved me at least two years, perhaps more. It sent me back to my own proper effort, namely, toward using the living tongue (with younger men after me), though none of us has found a more natural language than Ford did.

This is a dimension of poetry. It is, magari, an Homeric dimension, for of Homer there are at least two dimensions apart from the surge and thunder. Apart from narrative sense and the main constructive, there is this to be said of Homer, that never can you read half a page without finding melodic invention, still fresh, and that you can hear the actual voices, as of the old men speaking in the course of the phrases.

It is for this latter quality that Ford's poetry is of high importance, both in itself and for its effect on all the best subsequent work of his time. Let no young snob forget this.

I propose to bury him in the order of merits as I think he himself understood them, first for an actual example in the writing of poetry; secondly, for those same merits more fully shown in his prose, and thirdly, for the critical acumen which was implicit in his finding these merits.

As to his prose, you can apply to it a good deal that he

wrote in praise of Hudson (rightly) and of Conrad, I think with a bias toward generosity that in parts defeats its critical applicability. It lay so natural on the page that one didn't notice it. I read an historical novel at sea in 1906 without noting the name of the author. A scene at Henry VIIIth's court stayed depicted in my memory and I found years later that Ford had written it.

I wanted for private purposes to make a note on a point raised in Ancient Lights; I thought it would go on the back of an envelope, and found to my young surprise that I couldn't make the note in fewer words than those on Ford's actual page. That set me thinking, *mehercule*. I did not in those days care about prose. If 'prose' meant anything to me, it meant Tacitus (as seen by McKail), a damned dangerous model for a young man in those days or these days in England, though I don't regret it; one never knows enough about anything. Start with Tacitus and be cured by Flaubert *viâ* Ford, or start with Ford or Maupassant and be girt up by Tacitus, after fifty it is *kif kif*, all one. But a man is a pig not to be grateful to both sides.

Until the arrival of such 'uncomfortables' as Wyndham Lewis, the distressful D. H. Lawrence, D. Goldring, G. Cannan, etc., I think Ford had no one to play with. The elder generation loathed him, or at any rate such cross-section of it as I encountered. He disturbed 'em, he took Dagon by the beard, publicly. And he founded the greatest Little Review or pre-Little Review of our time. From 1908 to 1910 he gathered into one fasciculus the work of Hardy, H. James, Hudson, Conrad, C. Graham, Anatole France, the the great old-stagers, the most competent of that wholly unpleasant decade, Bennett, Wells, and, I think, even Galsworthy.

And he got all the first-rate and high second-raters of my own decade, W. Lewis, D. H. Lawrence (made by Ford, dug out of a board school in Croydon), Cannan, Walpole, etc. (Eliot was not yet on the scene).

The inner story of that review and the treatment of Ford by its obtainers is a blot on London's history that time will not remove, though, of course, it will become invisible in the perspective of years.

As critic he was perhaps wrecked by his wholly unpolitic

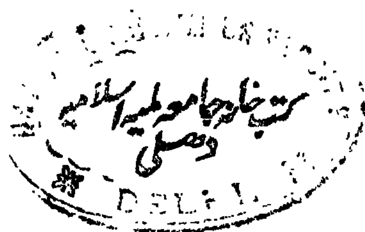
generosity. In fact, if he merits an epithet above all others, it would be 'The Unpolitic.' Despite all his own interests, despite all the hard-boiled and half-baked vanities of all the various lots of us, he kept on discovering merit with monotonous regularity.

His own best prose was probably lost, as isolated chapters in unachieved and too-quickly-issued novels. He persisted in discovering capacities in similar crannies. In one weekly after another he found and indicated the capacities of Mary, Jenny, Willard, Jemimah, Horatio, etc., despite the fact that they all of 'em loathed each other, and could by no stretch of imagination be erected into a compact troop of Fordites supporting each other and moving on the citadels of publication.

And that career I saw him drag through three countries. He took up the fight for free letters in Paris, he took it up again in New York, where I saw him a fortnight before his death, still talking of meritorious novels, still pitching the tale of unknown men who had written the *histoire morale contemporaine* truthfully and without trumpets, told this or that phase of America as seen from the farm or the boiler-works, as he had before wanted young England to see young England from London, from Sussex.

And of all the durable pages he wrote (for despite the fluff, despite the apparently aimless meander of many of 'em, he did write durable pages) there is nothing that more registers the fact of our day than the two portraits in the, alas, never-finished *Women and Men* (Three Mountains Press, 1923), Meary Walker and 'T.'

EZRA POUND.



BROADCAST MUSIC

The technical advance in tone reproduction during the past three or four years has been such that the microphone demands the serious attention of the music-lover. In the first stages, where microphonic reproduction began to be acceptable, the greatest satisfaction was derived from recitals, problems of solo voices or instruments being naturally easier for the engineers to deal with; when the technique became sufficiently advanced for transmission of orchestras, the chief fault, apart from the impossibility of capturing the upper and lower string harmonics, lay in a lack of tonal body, especially in the basses. What followed may have represented a step forward from the technical point of view, but, for us, at any rate, was insupportable musically—it was the period when engineers discovered how to do justice to the basses of an orchestra; there was not a set that did not boom forth triumphantly its rumbling double basses and rolling tympani —the result was a glorious muddle of tone which the uninitiated were pleased to call mellowness. We are just recovering from the bass 'complex' although it has left its traces on a large section of the wireless audience, namely, that which the wireless has created for itself. Doubtless, present progress in the direction of a keener tone will help to convince this section that music is not just a beautiful sound but a wonderfully complex pattern of melody and harmony.

Meanwhile, for the connoisseur, chamber music, by reason of the intimate atmosphere which it requires and its consequent appropriateness to broadcasting, 'comes over' better than any other form of music-making. Orchestral and operatic broadcasts, especially the latter, present greater difficulties of balance of tone; and the next step forward should aim at transmitting a more widely diffused tone which will eliminate the necessity of outside controlling. And when another important fault in the microphone will have

been corrected—namely, its tendency to make tone appear larger than life when the executants or singers are near to it (this is most obvious with singers, whose voices often appear much fuller over the wireless)—many music-lovers to whom the atmosphere of the concert hall is not vital will actually obtain greater enjoyment from listening in than from the 'real thing.'

In the matter of programmes, a monopoly like the B.B.C. lays itself open to a double barrage of criticism; and it is to its great credit that it has succeeded so far in blending its duty as an 'elevator' of the public mind and a procurer of entertainment. For the serious music-lover there is a much too large daily output of 'light' music. The ever-popular cinema organist, quintets, salon orchestras, and other groups of music-producers (generally excellent players) pour forth hour after hour of really bad music or, worse still, arrangements of good music to bring it within the reach of the general public. All this could, and does, make an excellent *obbligato* to the suburban tea-time conversation, but must not be mentioned in the same breath as the immortal masterpieces which—terrible thought!—can be heard with no more trouble. On the other hand, the man-in-the-street whose appetite for music does not extend to the 'heavy stuff' is generally intolerant of symphonic music. Viewing the B.B.C. as an institution for providing entertainment to the general public, the music-lover has no justification for complaint of his treatment, and the proportion of good music to be heard greatly exceeds that of music-lovers to the rest of the public. Taking an average weekly evening programme (*i.e.* from 6 p.m. to midnight) of the two main B.B.C. wavelengths, we find that classical music (including the short nightly session of gramophone records and occasional talks on music) accounts for nine out of the thirty-five hours available on each wavelength. We do not think there exists, even amongst inveterate music-lovers, a person who wishes to listen in day-in-day-out all the year round; and for any other it is extremely unlikely that an evening will go by without there being some programme to his taste. It must be admitted that, as a small minority of this country, music-lovers are an exigent class whose varied likes and dislikes would, if gratified, take up every minute of the available hours

for broadcasting. This is really an indirect way of admitting the infinite and never-ending variety and scope of music as compared with other broadcasting material.

The B.B.C. has played an important part in the present renaissance of English musical life. Its winter series of Wednesday evening public orchestral concerts in the Queen's Hall, and Sunday evening studio concerts, can compare in quality and interest with any in the world, and the annual London Music Festivals at which Toscanini conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra are, of course, making musical history. But the greatest service the B.B.C. has done to music in England was the taking over of the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts in 1926, since when they have been relayed on every weeknight throughout the summer. The broadcast of the 'Proms'—which constitute a complete panorama of the world's great music—has been responsible more than any other factor for the broadening of interest in good music in this country. It is particularly gratifying to see how the B.B.C. has co-operated with other musical societies; thus several concerts of the Royal Philharmonic Society are relayed each season, and the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra has been given a real stimulus by the weekly broadcast of its afternoon symphony concerts.

The B.B.C.'s greatest advantage over other concert-giving societies is the freedom which it can exercise in the choice of programmes by not having to give the public only what it will pay to hear. The musical public here is far too lacking in healthy curiosity to justify anybody with less resources in giving such works as Milhaud's *Christopher Columbus*, Stravinsky's *Persephone* or *Œdipus Rex*, Honegger's *King David*, Alban Berg's *Wozzeck*, Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler* or Mahler's giant Eighth Symphony, all of which have been heard in concert performances of the Corporation over the past few years. Concert performances of an opera like Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler* invariably provoke strong comment from the critics, who rightly contend that a work written for the stage suffers considerably by being performed in a concert hall. The fact is that the works in this form which the B.B.C. occasionally presents are landmarks in contemporary music and represent the intelligent London musician's only means of keeping in touch with the development of

present-day operatic composers. Even so the movement would have to be quickened and intensified in order to make it more than an echo. With the presentation of international opera in the state it actually is in England, it is quite out of the question to hope to witness stage performances of, for example, Alban Berg's intensely realistic *Wozzeck*—one of the few real masterpieces by the Central European school of the nineteen-twenties. True, the work can no more be heard in Germany, where it is considered 'unhealthy.' But when all has been said in favour of concert performances of opera, they still remain an exceedingly poor substitute for the 'real thing' for the audience in the hall. When, as in the recent presentation of *Mathis der Maler*, the singers are placed on the same level as a very large orchestra, they often have the utmost difficulty in making themselves heard, let alone intelligible. On the other hand, it is quite possible that listeners on the wireless gained a much better idea of the work through skilful controlling of the various components.

All this stresses the potentialities of studio broadcasts which, after all, are the B.B.C.'s chief medium for music making. Especially where opera is concerned there is wide scope for improvement. It must be admitted that developments in the broadcasting of opera have not yet reached a stage comparable with those of other forms of music more congenial to the average Englishman. In Italy, where opera is by far the most popular form of music, complete operas are broadcast either from the Milan, Rome, or other opera houses or from the studios, twice weekly on an average, all the year round. The most significant lesson to be derived from the Italian broadcasting system is that studio broadcasts and relays from opera houses find equal favour. Many opera-lovers enjoy the 'atmosphere' which a relay can give them, the sound of conversation mingled with 'strands' of themes as the orchestra tunes up, the sudden hush as the lights go out, and, in Italian opera, the applause and encores (a particular point of controversy at the present juncture) during performances; but, musically, it is obvious that a carefully prepared studio broadcast can be much more effective. The microphone has not yet attained that degree of mobility whereby a continually perfect balance is kept between stage and orchestra (although in lightly-scored

passages the effect can sometimes be astonishingly realistic). On the other hand a feat of technical virtuosity such as the recent performance in Germany of an operatic duet with the orchestra and one of the singers in one studio and the other singer in another hundreds of miles away gives some idea of what might be done in one studio in the matter of balance—and balance can make or mar the broadcast of an opera.

The B.B.C.'s policy in the broadcasting of opera was, until recently, to relay separate acts from the Covent Garden, Glyndebourne and Sadler's Wells seasons, with the very occasional treat of a complete performance. There has been a marked change for the better this year, however, when *Tosca*, *Traviata* and *Otello* have been relayed in full from Covent Garden and *Don Giovanni* and Verdi's *Macbeth* from Glyndebourne. However, Glyndebourne and Covent Garden last for only two months in the spring; meanwhile, to fill the gap in the long winter months an intensification of relays from Sadler's Wells would be welcome. But no more bits and pieces—whole operas. It will always be a point of controversy whether opera should be given in a language which can be understood by the audience or in its original language. Much, of course, depends on the translations, and the 'Wells' productions are noteworthy for the attention given them. If ever there was a work in which the words mattered (if, indeed, one accepts this theory), it is *Nozze di Figaro*, of which Professor Dent's excellent translation is used at Sadler's Wells; acts from this production have been broadcast before, but *Figaro* is a work which never loses by repetition, and the perfect team-work of the Sadler's Wells company makes its performances of the difficult ensembles a joy to the ear; it is to be hoped an early opportunity will be taken of broadcasting a complete Sadler's Wells performance of Mozart's masterpiece.

The newly instituted B.B.C. studio productions of opera have met with a decidedly mixed reception. Music-lovers have every reason to be grateful for the production of a work so little known in this country as Puccini's *La Rondine*, and the studio performances of *Manon*, *Boris Godunov* or *Il Trovatore*, with the finest available British singers, might have found equal favour with them; it is the manner of the B.B.C. productions which has irritated a great many lovers

of opera. These performances are considered of sufficient importance to warrant each one's being repeated twice; yet important cuts are countenanced to make room for a narrative. A sporting spirit may be very well in its place—it even adds zest to the team-work in an operatic performance—but surely there is no need for the intrusion of a running commentary! It is paradoxical that opera relays here should, for a large part, consist either of acts taken here and there from outside performances, as we have pointed out above, and preceded by a hasty explanation (or with no explanation at all) of the plot, or a 'potted' studio version with an elaborate commentary which more often than not interferes grievously with the musical continuity. In the former the uninitiated cannot be very much enlightened by the announcer's bare outline of a sometimes very complicated plot, especially if it is the last act of an opera which happens to be relayed; in the latter, however ingratiating the speaker's voice may be, its intrusion constitutes a serious lessening of the impression of verisimilitude, which, as it is, the style of the singers often does little to help. What is needed for a more thorough understanding of operas broadcast is a short talk, with musical illustrations where, as in Wagner's works, leitmotifs are of real importance, either in a separate programme or immediately preceding the performance.

Another aspect of the B.B.C.'s duties—and one which receives its serious attention—is the performance of contemporary music, and in particular that of the British school, to which it is doing a real service. It is in a large measure due to the B.B.C. that young composers like Britten and Rubbra are making their way, whilst the magnificent executions at the Wednesday evening concerts of some of the masterpieces of contemporary English music must contribute to making them better appreciated by music-lovers all over the world. It is not sufficiently realised at home or abroad that Ralph Vaughan Williams, of the older, and William Walton, of the younger generation, are two of the greatest living composers. While at the public concerts, performances are given of established works, the Friday evening contemporary concerts are of importance in giving frequent first performances of new works by British composers and in letting us know what foreign musicians are writing to-day. Much of the music

heard at these concerts, although technically it may compel admiration, does not shine by its inspiration and the, discovery of a compelling work like *The Vision of Isaiah*, by the Swiss composer Willi Burkhard, is all the greater reward to musicians and listeners alike for having to endure the arduous note-spinning which takes place at many of these concerts.

The contemporary concerts alternate, on Friday evenings, with the miscellaneous concerts; these either mark in transcendent fashion some special occasion—thus a Ravel concert last November to commemorate the first anniversary of the composer's death, under the direction of a foremost interpreter of his work, Pierre Monteux—or include neglected works of peculiar interest, such as Busoni's one-act theatrical Capriccio *Arlecchino* performed in January.

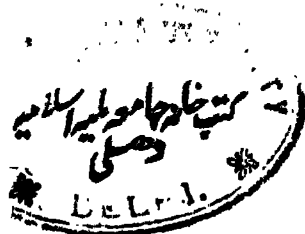
The numerous odd studio sessions of orchestral music played by one or the other of the sections of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (two of the sections form full-sized orchestras in themselves) are almost invariably characterised by the inclusion of some little-known work, either ancient or modern, which bears witness to the competence of the B.B.C.'s programme-making department. There comes a time when performances of the routine classics, except under ideal conditions such as obtain at the London Music Festival, lose some of their appeal for the intelligent music-lover. In the past two years the tendency for studio sessions to include unusual works has become more marked, and it is a very welcome one. It is obviously very difficult to strike a proper balance in the choice of works performed, but it does occur to us that the B.B.C. might employ its vast orchestral and choral resources in giving more than occasional performances of some of Berlioz's great works—the *Requiem* for instance—which most other societies throughout the world are precluded from performing because of the inability to muster the colossal forces the composer demands. We recall with particular gratitude a concert in March, 1936, when the B.B.C. presented the *Requiem*—and also the *Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale*—conducted by that fine Berliozian, Sir Hamilton Harty; but it would be good to be able to hear such works more than once in a decade. On the other hand, out-of-the-way compositions on a smaller scale have been broadcast in special recitals ever since the Foundations of

Music series—a title which lapsed perhaps because of its too-educative implication—but the principle has remained in the weekly series which centre around a given subject. There is, of course, unlimited scope in these types of programmes, but to present them in an interesting and diversified manner requires much skill. A selection at random from the beginning of this year includes items as varied as Brahms' vocal duets, unfamiliar Mozart orchestral music (an extensive field, this), early romantic pianoforte music (Dussek, Field, etc.), and the English Masque (Purcell, Blow, Arne, Handel).

In considering the present state in the development of wireless, we wonder whether a point has not already been reached where its amenities are taken too much for granted. From the technical point of view the element of surprise which used to be associated with early sets and the satisfaction derived from a successful relay have given place to the vulgar device of 'push-button' tuning—as if it were too much trouble to adjust the tuning oneself. From the artistic point of view, the facility with which the greatest artistic creations are brought within the reach of every man is in danger of defeating its own end by 'familiarity breeding contempt.' In order that wireless should take the place it deserves as a diffuser of great music, an end should be made of the all-too-common attitude of tuning-in 'to see what's on.' It is not fair either to the ordinary listener or to the music, if that listener happens to find himself hearing, quite by chance, the middle of a Beethoven symphony without any previous knowledge of its form or structure. Nothing could do more to make a greater public aware of the endless beauties in great music than a more purposeful listening to it.

It was estimated in a recent census that the B.B.C. had an invisible audience of about 32,000,000, of which 24,000,000 listened to variety, which was found to be the most popular of all B.B.C. programmes; the least popular was chamber music, with 2,000,000. The average attendance at a chamber music concert in a London hall is less than five hundred. This example of the least easily assimilated form of music-making may be some pointer to the potentialities of wireless as a moulder of public taste.

JACQUES BORNOFF.



COMMENTARY

At breakfast the other day, looking out at the familiar dirty blanket of sky, with its promise of a tepid rain about lunch-time, I was reminded of a remark once made to me by an Irish farmer from the top of a drenched load of hay. 'Ah well,' he said, looking upwards into the descending mizzle, 'the worst of the summer's over.'

In Germany, I suppose, bad weather can be attributed to the influence of Jewish financiers or Bolshevists or President Roosevelt, but here we have no one to blame, and no means of retaliation; and one realises, as the thunder rattles overhead and one shelters in the doorway of a shop filled with tennis flannels and beach-suits, how the English summer has developed our great national characteristic, our ability to put up with almost anything almost indefinitely: the weather, the National Government, ribbon development, blue street-lights, warm beer—anything.

Politically, this quality of resignation has been so encouraged in us by our rulers during the past five years that we are no longer able to produce indignation when this is suddenly required of us. Mr. Chamberlain's references to the 'intolerable insults' inflicted on us by the Japanese, for instance, have had a disappointing reception. A while ago a London cinema found it possible to advertise a film about Japan in the following words: 'Japan—Master of the Orient: March of Time's Insight on East's Striptease Artists.' And I recently saw a film of Mr. Chamberlain making a very firm speech about Japan, in which he described the Japanese demands as 'inadmissible,' going so far as to emphasise the word, and there were pauses in the speech which I think were meant to be filled with angry applause; but a packed

cinema heard him in silence. We are now well schooled in the art of bearing indignities.

* * * * *

Dr. Goebbels, no doubt, would resent the suggestion that we have become apathetic, for he is at present waging 'a war of nerves' on us, and, according to his newspapers, England is in a state of hysteria. I gather from this that Germans must be in a highly nervous condition, for it is a general rule that Dr. Goebbels's propaganda reflects conditions in his own country—by proxy; they are represented as conditions in other countries. If Germany is conducting a pogrom, or planning one, the German newspapers are full of accounts of pogroms elsewhere. If Germany is planning to attack some country, her newspapers describe at length the plans of other countries to attack Germany. If the victim is expected to resist, the victim's arguments for resisting are advanced as Germany's reasons for attacking: Czechoslovakia, for example, was invaded in the name of 'self-preservation.' And when Dr. Goebbels describes Germany as being 'in the not too enviable position of the harmless pedestrian in the midst of a dark wood who has been robbed of all his belongings and who is being invited to a friendly conversation by the one who took his watch, and even dangles it provocatively before his nose,' we wonder what wretched small State is shortly to be placed in that position by Germany.

The method is that of the *tu quoque* in advance, and in a curious, roundabout way it enables Nazi journalists to write the truth without appearing to do so, which I hope is a relief to some of them. By using this through-the-looking-glass technique, they can write about Germany in the guise of England or France or America, identifying her aims with the alleged aims of other countries. Some time ago the semi-official news agency *Deutsche Dienst* referred to 'the mad, world-endangering ambition of a single man.' The man referred to was President Roosevelt, but the phrase is so precise and so appropriate (and so obviously nonsense if applied to President Roosevelt) that it gives the show away; and I would like to think that some Nazi journalist obtained

an occult, blasphemous satisfaction from putting that phrase on paper.

* * * * *

A document called *Some Things You Should Know if War Should Come : Public Information Leaflet No.* 1, issued from the Lord Privy Seal's office, has been dropped through my letter-box. It contains advice on what to do during an air-raid, explains that the warning will be given either by 'short blasts' or by 'a warbling note' on hooters and sirens, and adds some general information, such as : 'Most large fires start as small ones.' The preamble ends with an injunction in capital letters : 'Read What Follows, and think *Now*.'

I have been thinking a good deal about this leaflet, and I think that the most remarkable thing about it is that it does not contain a single word about air-raid shelters, about basements, strutted or unstrutted, or even about trenches. It says : 'When you hear the warning, take cover at once,' but it does not say where. Householders are not told what part of the house they should make for—I suppose if one has no shelter it doesn't matter much—but they are told that 'clearing the top floor of all inflammable materials, lumber, etc., will lessen the danger of fire, and prevent a fire from spreading. See that you can reach your attic or roof space readily.' No advice is offered to those millions who live in tenements and whose attic and roof space is the space they live in. 'Water,' the leaflet says, 'is the best means of putting out a fire started by an incendiary bomb. Have some buckets handy. But water can only be applied to the bomb itself in the form of a fine spray, for which a hand-pump with a length of hose and special nozzle are needed.' Where does one get the hand-pump and special nozzle ? How much do they cost, and who pays for them ? Will they be provided free to tenement and slum dwellers ? If not, what are the tenement and slum dwellers to do about incendiary bombs ? I hope that the Lord Privy Seal is thinking about these questions *now*, particularly about the last two, and that he has arrived at an answer which does not equate the risk of death with the amount of one's income.

There is also a *Public Information Leaflet No.* 2, which is

about *Your Gas Mask: How to Keep it and How to Use it*, and *Masking Your Windows*. I think most of London's gas masks were issued last September, so the instructions are about nine months late, but it was perhaps worth waiting nine months to learn that you can prevent the window of your gas mask from misting if you rub it with a soapy finger.

The instructions for masking windows include a slogan which comes very appropriately from the National Government: 'The motto for safety will be "Keep it dark!"' That, I think, has a wider application than its context suggests.

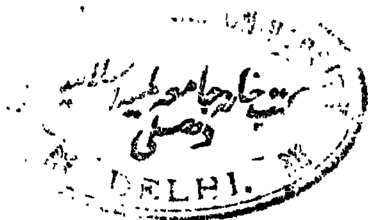
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Here is an extract from a speech quoted in *The Star* on June 22nd. The speaker is Mrs. Patrick de Bathe, and she is addressing Stanwell (Middlesex) Women's Unionist Association, of which she was once president. I suggest as a title:

LYSISTRATA, 1939

Let those pacifists and conscientious objectors be alone. You girls for goodness' sake don't let us breed from them. It may be rather a coarse sort of thing to say, but let them be alone; don't let them be the fathers of the future. Let us be women who will be strong always to protect our homes, and let the men take up arms.

ALEX GLENDINNING.



POEMS

WALKING ON THE CLIFF

BUT for a sleepy gull that yawned
    And spread its wings and dropping disappeared
This evening would have dawned
    To the eternity my flesh has feared.

For too intent on a blackcap
    Perched like a miser on the yellow furze
High over Birling Gap
    That sang 'Gold is a blessing not a curse,'

How near I was to stepping over
    The brink where the gull dropped to soar beneath ;
While now safe as a lover
    I walk the cliff-edge arm in arm with Death.

NIGHTFALL ON SEDGEMOOR

The darkness like a guillotine
Descends on the flat earth;
The flocks look white across the reen
All but one lamb, a negro from its birth.

The pollards hold up in the gloom
Knobbed heads with long stiff hair
That the wind tries to make a broom
To sweep the moon's faint feather from the air.

What makes the darkness fall so soon
Is not the short March day
Nor the white sheep nor brightening moon
But long June evenings when I came this way.

WHITE HARVEST

THE moon that now and then last night
Glanced between clouds in flight
Saw the white harvest that spread over
The stubble fields and even roots and clover.

It climbed the hedges, overflowed
And trespassed on the road,
Weighed down fruit-trees and when winds woke
From white-thatched roofs rose in a silver smoke.

How busy is the world to-day!
Sun reaps, rills bear away
The lovely harvest of the snow
While bushes weep loud tears to see it go.

IDLENESS

GOD, you've so much to do,
To think of, watch and listen to,
That I will let all else go by
And lending ear and eye
Help you to watch how in the combe
Winds sweep dead leaves without a broom
And rooks in the spring-reddened trees
Restore their villages,
Nest by dark nest
Swaying at rest on the trees' frail unrest;
Or on this limestone wall,
Leaning at ease, with you recall
How once these heavy stones
Swam in the sea as shells and bones,
And hear that owl snore in a tree
Till it grows dark enough for him to see;
In fact, will learn to shirk
No idleness that I may share your work.

ANDREW YOUNG.

DEDUCTION

BENJAMIN RABIVITCH climbed laboriously up the high step of the train. It was a short, dark, unimportant-looking train. The engine, squat and shabby, puffed snorts of white steam from its snout.

The narrow carriages were crowded. Dark-faced people sat huddled next to one another, baskets on the racks above their heads, bundles between their knees, overflowing on to their feet.

The icy air rushed through the open doors of the carriages, making the occupants shiver and blow out great breaths that hung in the air like the steam from the engine.

Benjamin Rabivitch was small and skinny. He had a large nose, and bright, dark eyes. He wore a long ulster and a huge scarf round his neck. He was burdened at this moment with two battered suitcases and a basket which was full of dead fowls.

He heaved the basket in ahead of him. Then one of the suitcases, then the second. He felt the soft impact of a foot against the first case. He pulled himself up and kicked his belongings along until he reached the one vacant seat which he had spotted at his first recognisance.

He heard the grunts and muttered imprecations of the people over whose feet he tripped and stumbled on his way to the seat. But Benjamin didn't care. He smiled, and bowed his way till he reached the vacant place which the other occupants of the carriage had been trying to conceal. Benjamin didn't blame them. He had done the same thing a dozen times himself. Only, he thought, it was such a silly waste of time for them to try it on with him. After all, hadn't he travelled on this ridiculous little railway line at least a hundred times? Didn't he know each of the tiny stations which linked the line by heart? Not only the stations but the villages too and their inhabitants.

For these folk to think they could fool him about the number of passengers each side of the carriage seated—why, it was pitiful. He sat down between a very fat woman and a small, thin man. Just as thin as Benjamin himself. But the thin man had a huge box on his knees that overlapped and caught Benjamin in the ribs with one of its corners. The fat woman on the other side had only a tiny bag on her lap. So Benjamin leaned towards her to escape the harsh corner of the box, and he never even noticed the violent smell of garlic that escaped from her lips.

He looked quickly round the carriage, beginning from the fat woman. Round swept his glance till it reached the end of the row of people on his own side and took in the wild, flying blue sky that raced past the windows of the train. Then onwards. Next to the window on the opposite side of the carriage was a little woman nursing a baby, and, next to her, a fair man who might, perhaps, be her husband; it was likely, because he appeared so utterly apart from her. Benjamin smiled to himself.

It was when his glance reached the man who sat in the seat directly opposite to him that he ceased his inspection of the other occupants. For, in front of him, sat a tall, shapely, dark man. He was rich-looking and handsome, Benjamin thought. Now why did he think he was rich? Well, there was his coat, a great long, dark coat cut from the very best material. And that fur collar, surely that must have cost a pretty penny? The diamond in his tie-pin, so bright in the flashing light that passed the windows. Yes, that was a real diamond, only matched by the stone in the ring on the third finger of his left hand.

What a very rich, handsome and successful-looking fellow! Benjamin watched him with admiration. Those dark eyes, and large, well-formed nose, that ripe, red mouth. What a man! It was then that Benjamin began to ask himself, what can such a successful, such a great person be doing in this little train? Here is only a small wayside line. There are but few stations dotted along it. Now what can such a man as this be doing here?

The fat woman next to Benjamin breathed lustily. She moved her leg so that her thigh pressed against his. He tried to shift himself over towards the thin man with the huge box,

but the fat woman still seemed as near as ever. Benjamin stared across at the handsome man opposite.

His mind continued to battle with the problem of why the man was in the train. He thought, now here is a man who should be going to Posen or Warsaw. He is not the sort of person you would find in a small town or village. There are only ten stations on this line. Where can he be going? and I know each place personally. I am conversant and familiar with the towns and villages where the stations are situated. Not one of them is suitable for such a fine man.

Where can he be going? Our next stop is Carobolitz. What happening of importance there can be bringing this man to it? Nothing. I know it, nothing. No, he is not going to Carobolitz.

The train rattled over the worn sleepers. Blimpty, blimpty, blimpty, blimp. On and on. The train shook, the passengers shook, their cheeks shook, their chins shook. Life was like that, Benjamin thought, always moving from some outer cause. He looked across at the handsome man, and saw that his heavy-lidded eyes were closed. He was calm and powerful in his moment of dozing.

Benjamin puzzled again as to the destination of the stranger. The second stop would be Poutiche. The only thing happening there was the marriage of Jena, the youngest daughter of Paul Cohen. It was hardly likely that the man was on his way there. It was such a little thing, this marriage, for a man like the stranger. No, he would not be leaving the train at Poutiche.

And the next stop after that was Steinbetz. Nothing ever happened there. But, come, he had forgotten; the roof of the synagogue had been destroyed by fire, during the last thunderstorm it was struck by lightning. Could this young man be an insurance agent come to assess the damage to the synagogue? No, he did not look like that. Such a fine man would not be engaged in that occupation. No, that was not why he was on the train.

The train continued to rush through the wide fields in spite of the fact that Benjamin could not make up his mind about the stranger. For some reason the rest of the occupants of the carriage had ceased to exist for him; he could think of nothing else except the stranger.

Now, could he be going to Poudlech? No, why should he be? Nothing was happening in that little town. Did he not go there himself every other Sunday to spend the day with Greta, his eldest sister? If anything important enough to bring the stranger to the town had occurred, Greta would have known and told him. No, it was not to Poudlech that the handsome man, wearing the expensive coat, was going. Where was he going?

In Killspnz they were talking about putting up a new hotel. Many motorists passed through the town on their way to the mountains. But this man did not look like an architect. No, architects, the kind the town council would employ, would not be dressed in these rich clothes. He could not be going there.

The train jerked its way onwards. Sometimes, it seemed to Benjamin, it moved like a woman heavy in labour as it passed over the worn rails.

Now in Carlsbon, the terminus, there lived old Rueben Rosenberg. He had three sons. Two of them stayed in the business, but the third boy had been an exceptionally brilliant and clever lad. He went to Warsaw. Now what would such a boy do in Warsaw? What profession would he enter? He would become, perhaps, a doctor.

The train became mad. It began to run forward as if pursued by some larger animal, fiercer than itself. The fat woman, who was now asleep, fell heavily against Benjamin's shoulder. He sheered away from her, only to find that the box on his neighbour's lap had shifted so that it was now half resting on his own knees. Never mind, better the box than the fat woman. Now where had he got to? Ah, yes, Rosenberg's third son. A doctor? No, the stranger opposite was too well dressed, too worldly looking. Not a doctor. An advocate? Yes, a great lawyer. That was what had happened to Rueben Rosenberg's son. Now on his way to Carlsbon to visit his father? Of course. But the name Rosenberg, impossible.

Benjamin leaned forward and tapped the stranger on the knee. The heavy-lidded eyes opened, the handsome man looked straight into Benjamin's face.

'Good afternoon, Herr Rosen,' he said. Benjamin's dark eyes welled moistly, caught the light from the sky's

light flashing past the windows. He smiled at the stranger. The stranger smiled back. He put out his hand and clasped the hand of Benjamin. He asked in a rich, throaty voice:

'But how did you know my name?'

Benjamin preened himself. His dark eyes gleamed with the fire of intelligence as he answered:

'Well, Herr Rosen, I just reckoned it out.'

NORAH C. JAMES.

PUBLIC-SCHOOL SLANG

The time is rapidly approaching when public-school slang will be a thing of the past. Like the local dialects, it is being killed by the cinema and the popular novel and the easier communications of modern life. The modern schoolboy, to be sure, still talks slang, but it is nowadays becoming more and more a jargon of Americanese and the latest colloquialisms, and is losing that very distinctive flavour which it once possessed. Many of the old words still survive, however —words like *funk*, *swot*, *swank* and *crib*, which seem endowed with a perennial vitality ; and most schools still possess a distinctive, though dwindling, vocabulary of their own covering the most important aspects of school life.

In the old days when boarding-schools were cut off from the world in monastic seclusion for months at a time, school slang flourished. It may be assumed that practically every school had a vocabulary as large and as interesting as the Christ's Hospital vocabulary preserved in W. H. Blanch's *Blue-coat Boy*, or as the collection of words now religiously handed down from generation to generation at Winchester in the form of *Notions*.

This slang came from various sources, and, like all language, illustrates the different influences bearing upon those who spoke it at different periods. There are, as one might expect, a good many words derived directly from Latin, such as *tund*, *cave*, *pleb*, *spadge* (*spatiari*), or even from Greek, as for example *dowl* (δοῦλος) and rimp (*ῥίμφα*), some of which may date back to the time when Latin was spoken in schools and Greek played a more important part than it does now. In contrast to this there is the very considerable contribution made during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by the speech of low life, of the boxing, racing, gambling fraternity, and by so-called thieves' slang, which included words such as *cad*, *crib*, and *mill*. There are also words borrowed from university or army slang, *swot* being probably

an example of the latter. In some cases, too, a word from local dialect may have been adopted (*e.g.*, perhaps *swank*) or from the speech of factory hands or others, as in the case of *nix*. But by far the greatest number of words seem either to be original coinages (perhaps relatively few), or corruptions of existing English words, or perhaps, most common of all, new and special usages of ordinary words. Of these types many examples will shortly be examined.

In character school slang is blunt and monosyllabic to a degree. It is perhaps not in the nature of any slang to treat of life with warmth and sympathy. But school slang not only goes straight to the point, wasting no time, but generally has a derisive or derogatory tang which makes it a most effective instrument. *Swank, swot, funk, lip, oick, swab, jew*—words such as these show no mercy to the types of character they pillory, and even where the word conveys no sense of disapproval it generally seems to hit the mark with more than ordinary force. Such is the attitude of mind of the average boy—direct, vigorous and critical. But the average boy is not cruel in fact, or even sardonic, and in practice school slang is tempered by a typically English humour and tolerance, which take away most of its seeming venom, and reduce it in most cases to nothing more than a manner of speaking, which means no harm though it may perhaps mildly shock elderly female relatives by its sound and fury.

It is characteristic that boys at school seldom refer to each other as boys. The commonest equivalent is *chap*, or perhaps *fellow*, as at Eton and Charterhouse. But at Rugby and Winchester all boys, of whatever age, are euphemistically known as *men*, and in North Country day schools they are of course *lads*. Small boys are very widely called *kids*, a usage of which the earliest known example bears the date 1599, but one school, at any rate (Colston's, Bristol, 1887), used *kid* to denote any boy, without derogatory sense, so that the smallest junior might speak with impunity of sixth-form kids.

In general the terms for new boys lack originality, though nicely calculated to prevent undue self-esteem. The commonest are *new bug, new brat, new squit* and *new tick*. Equally uncomplimentary are the old Christ's Hospital expression *scrub* and the Wellington *squealer*, which conjures up visions of helpless victims under torture. At Tonbridge, however,

new boys are called more decorously *novi*, another possible survival from the days when Latin was the official language of schools, and what is elsewhere called the New Boys' Concert or Lambs' Singing is there known as Novi Singing: one regrets to add that *novi* is also treated as a singular form. At Rossall new boys were at one time strangely known as *neufs*, and more recently as *prep. pests*, an expression which is probably effective in removing all traces of the conceit said to be characteristic of preparatory-school heroes.

Another side to the question is illustrated by the interesting Winchester word *tege* (pronounced 't-j,' but now obsolete), which signified the junior appointed to look after a *new man* during his first fortnight at school: this is generally regarded as an abbreviation of *protégé*, and is not, as might at first sight appear, of Latin origin. *Pater* bore the same sense in the case of in-college *men*.

A very well-known example of school slang, familiar to many who have never been inside a public school, is the word *fag*, denoting a junior boy who acts as servant or general factotum to one of his seniors, called in this connexion *fag-master*. The word first occurs in print in this sense in 1785, followed a little later by its use as a verb in several senses: (i.) *to serve as a fag*—*e.g.*, 'I fagged for Jones'; (ii.) of the fag-master, *to use someone as a fag*—*e.g.*, 'Jones fagged me'; (iii.) *to fag out*, to field at cricket, a sense which now seems obsolete. It was doubtless popularised by *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, but is by no means universal. *Boy* is a common substitute, and some schools have, or had, their own particular words, such as *swab* at one time used at Christ's Hospital, and *scum* at Shrewsbury, which was later superseded by the less offensive *dowl* (Greek δοῦλος—slave), invented, so it is said, by a headmaster who objected to the implications of *scum*.

The important individuals who have the right to 'fag' others seem generally to be *bloods*, or perhaps *swells*. In some schools *blood* has even acquired a technical sense, as at Bradfield, where first-eleven colours are *full-bloods* and second-eleven colours *half-bloods*. *Buck* is occasionally used, for example, at Rugby, where different kinds of *bucks* are recognised, such as *games bucks*, *corps bucks*, and even *stinks bucks* (boys who excel at chemistry).

The privileges enjoyed by these *bloods* or *bucks*, and indeed in some degree by all grades of the school hierarchy, with the corresponding taboos, play as important a part in school life as do similar privileges and taboos in the society of some primitive tribes. In most cases, too, they are concerned with equally trivial matters—the way in which the hands are put in the pockets, the number of buttons which may be left undone, the way the cap is worn, the number of boys who may walk abreast, and so on. At Charterhouse both the privilege and the taboo are known as *post te*: thus, if a boy assumed a privilege (or *post te*) to which he was not entitled, he would be told, 'It is *post te* to do that.' The expression is, of course, Latin, but it is far from clear how this meaning of 'privilege' or 'taboo' is connected with the original sense of 'after you,' as used at meals. At Haileybury *side* denotes a privilege of this kind: the word, of course, normally stands for conceit, but here the connexion is obvious —*side* is simply legitimised conceit. To assume privileges to which you are not entitled is at Marlborough *to advertise*, while a somewhat similar meaning is conveyed at Winchester by *to hang out* and *to spot oneself*.

We are thus brought to the conception of *swank*, which bulks large in the schoolboy vocabulary. The word itself is very characteristic of school slang, and may be so described, though it is, of course, widely used outside schools, and probably did not originate among boys. The earliest recorded use is in 1809 as a verb, and is described by the *Oxford Dictionary* as Bedfordshire dialect. It would be interesting to know if Bedfordshire schools were the first to introduce it into their vocabularies. It did not find its way into print as a noun till 1854, with the expression 'What a swank he cuts!' To-day, however, its use must be world-wide, both as a verb and as a noun both personal ('You swank!') and abstract, with the corresponding adjective *swanky*. It must be admitted that the word meets a definite need. A similar sense was once conveyed by *snob*, if we may judge from *The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's*,' where a character makes the now impossible remark 'Those Fifth snobs!'; and is still conveyed at many schools by *side*, with its adjective *sidey*.

Undue conceit or impudence among small boys, commonly

known as cheek, provides an interesting selection of derogatory words—*sass* (Uppingham), *cock*, *guff* and *junk* (Oundle), *brass* (Cheltenham and elsewhere), *ike* (Eastbourne), *neck*, *lip* (both general), *nip* (Forest), *buck* and *bounce* (Bootham), and probably many others. Most of these have corresponding adjectives, to which may be added *spree* (Winchester), *festin* (Charterhouse), and *bumptious* (St. Bees), the last two good examples of ordinary English words used in rather strained and unusual senses.

A study of school slang certainly indicates very clearly the sorts of boys who are disliked or despised by their fellows, for the words fall into definite groups designating unpopular types of character. Apart from *swank*, the principal types (to use the commonest slang expressions) are the *sneak*, the *cad*, the *jew*, the *oiler*, the *swot*, the *funk*, the *wet*, and the *bully*.

The *sneak*, in the sense of tale-bearer, is probably quite extinct in public schools, where a strict code of morals forbids boys to act as informers and inclines masters to discourage tale-bearing. But he is far from extinct among boys of other ages and other classes, and evidently once flourished in the boarding-schools. The verbs *to peach*, *to blab*, and *to split* were once in common use among boys, as well as among criminals, and a consideration of old Christ's Hospital slang suggests that there may have been other more distinctive expressions in earlier days. *To pun out* at Christ's Hospital about 1840 meant *to tell tales about*, as in 'I'll pun you out.' There was also the interesting verb *to scuttle*, which meant *to cry out under oppression with the object of attracting the attention of someone in authority*, with a noun *scuttlecat*, one who behaved in that way.

Other forms of meanness, coming generally under the head of caddish behaviour, are designated by numerous forceful and indeed violent epithets. *Swine*, *rotter*, *tick*, *beast*, *blighter*, and perhaps *bounder*, with others quite unprintable, are common coin, both in schools and outside. Of similar meaning but more limited range are *swab* (Bootham), *blog* (Rugby), *bleacher* (Tonbridge), *oik* (Cheltenham and elsewhere), and *buck* (Bedford), the last a word of many and at times opposed meanings, as will have been noted already. The Christ's Hospital vocabulary, as usual, provides some interesting but obsolete expressions—the incisive adjectives

scowsy, *scaly*, *scabby* and *scaffy*, with a noun *scaff* for a mean, selfish person.

Meanness in a master perhaps does not often give rise to a special word, but at St. Bees it is, or was, designated by the expression *minging*, which meant prowling about in the hope of catching someone doing something wrong. A master or prefect who made a practice of so doing was described as *mingy*, or a *minger*, and the expression might be used as a nickname, as 'Minger Smith.' Rubber-soled shoes, particularly suitable for stealing unawares upon wrongdoers, are in a somewhat similar way called *sneakers* or *oilers* in some schools; and one of the numerous uses of *to oil* is in the sense of taking a miscreant by surprise (Stonyhurst).

The notion of swindling is commonly conveyed through various uses of the word *jew* (by no means, of course, confined to school slang), which may be a verb, or a noun both personal and abstract: thus one may say 'I've been jewed,' or 'You jew!' or 'It's a jew.' *Swiz* is also very widespread, and so, too, are *rook* and *rush*. ('I've been rooked.' 'How much did they rush—or rook—you for that?')

Some of these terms are also used to denote dishonesty in connexion with school work, otherwise cheating, which, though mildly tolerated by the public-school code of morals, is nevertheless recognised as akin to other forms of swindling. Thus *to jew* at Cheltenham, *to rush* at Alleyn's and *to swiz* at Stonyhurst are synonymous with *to cheat*. Much the most general expression is *crib*, which appears to have originated with the sense of *steal* in thieves' slang: it was already established, however, towards the end of the eighteenth century, with its present meaning of *to copy* or *cheat*. Later came its use as a noun meaning an illicit translation of the classics. Other verbs of similar sense are *to cab* (Clifton), *to cook* (Malvern), *to chiz* (general), *to bumph* (Charterhouse), *to oil* (Rugby), and *to fudge* (Christ's Hospital, 1840), which also meant simply *to tell*, as, for example, 'Fudge me what the time is.' A common word of special meaning is *to pave*, which denotes the practice of writing the English meaning above words in a Greek or Latin text, thereby presumably paving the way to a successful rendering.

Metaphorical usages of *oil* are particularly common in school slang, the fundamental conception being one of

slippery or perhaps unctuous conduct. Thus the master in rubber-soled shoes, or *oilers*, is said to *oil* or *do an oil* when he appears quietly and unexpectedly on the scene. A boy may *oil out* of some duty by means of invented excuses, or he may *oil* in front in a queue—that is, take a position in front to which he is not entitled. *To oil in* may at times mean much the same as the curious expression *to gate crash*—namely, to join a party or group unwanted and uninvited; while *to oil up to* someone indicates currying favour, the *oiler* or *oil* in this connexion being the odious person known in more stilted language as the toady.

Several other kindred expressions pillory this particularly objectionable type. One of these is *groise*, with the noun *groiser*, obviously cognate with *grease*, which indeed is generally known as *groise* in some schools, as, for example, Haileybury and Cheltenham. Another, involving a variant of the metaphor, is *to soap* (Bootham), with a noun *soap* or *soapy* to denote a person who *soaps*. This latter expression, like *groise* at Harrow, also conveys the sense of working hard, the implication being that hard work is nothing more than a method of currying favour. In some schools, again, the toady *sucks up* to persons in authority, and may be called a *sucker* (Warwick, Brighton, etc.), or a *special suck* (Colston's). There are a few words of the same meaning, but involving altogether different ideas—*creeper*, *pip*, *galley* (Bootham, obsolete), these last two of obscure import, *nevvy* (Tonbridge) implying an avuncular demeanour on the part of the master, and probably others.

In English schools, unfortunately, it is regarded as bad form to work harder than is necessary. How long this tradition has persisted it is difficult to say, but the English language possessed no single word which could express the idea appropriately until the arrival of *swot* in the middle of the last century. It is said that the word originated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, when a Scottish professor of mathematics, William Wallace, exclaimed, 'It makes me swot,' meaning 'sweat.' The word caught on as a synonym for mathematics among military men, and was later extended to all kinds of work. Its present meaning of work in excess of the limits laid down by good form (or a person who works in excess of those limits) is first recorded for 1860, since which date it has proved so indispensable that there is probably no

schoolboy in England who does not use it to-day. It is interesting to find that at Cheltenham the original *sweat* bears a rather similar meaning: the noun *sweat* denotes any work (as indeed it may do elsewhere in certain connexions); one who works too hard is a *sweat-gut* or *gutter*, while the day-room, where boys work, is known as the *sweat-room*. The Charterhouse synonym for *swot* is *hash*, as a verb or abstract noun; one who *hashes* is a *hasher*, which, incidentally, means also the garment commonly called a sweater, and a boy who wins a scholarship is a *hash pro.* The Eton equivalent is *sap* (from Latin *sapiens*, wise), which elsewhere means, curiously enough, a fool. Other synonyms are *soap* (Bootham) and *groise* (Harrow), as above mentioned, *cheese* (Bradfield), and in a rather different way *mug* (Winchester).

Those who work more than necessary are generally not good at games and supposedly lacking in those manly qualities which form the schoolboy ideal. A goodly collection of words is in use to designate various forms of this weakness. Cowardice pure and simple is, of course, widely known as *funk*, another word which meets such an obvious need that it has become universal, and has even left no room for synonyms. The word, apparently of Flemish origin (in which language there is, or was, an expression *in de fonck siin—to be in a funk*), is described in Junius' *Etymologicum* (1743) as '*vox Academicis Oxoniensibus familiaris*,' otherwise Oxford slang. How it reached Oxford from Flanders remains a mystery.

An entirely creditable kind of fear, on the other hand, the nervous anticipation which precedes some important occasion, such as a school match, a play or the like, is so common a feature of school life that it has given rise to a number of distinctive expressions. Most of these are rather too obviously physiological in origin to be set down on paper, but at St. John's School, Leatherhead, an interesting usage in this sense is *to pickle*—*e.g.*, 'Are you pickling?' This may or may not be of the same type.

The kind of person once known as a milksop (if this was ever anything but a literary word) is now known, not very prettily, as a *wet*, or perhaps *wet hen* or *wet neck* (Bootham). Equally unlovely synonymns are *drip*, *dribbletank*, *dripstack*, *oaf*, and *owle* (these last four from Bootham, which appears to have

specialised in this type of phraseology), *goop*, *goof*, and *swift* (Oundle), *squit* and *squirt*. The sense of physically feeble passes insensibly into that of mentally feeble, expressed by a great variety of words, such as *simp* and *cuddy* (St. Bees), *sap* and *sappy* (Colston's), *knave* and *knack* (Christ's Hospital, 1840), and some more recent ones, probably of American origin, such as *wowser*, *poon*, and *wog* (Dulwich). This kind of word seems to pass out of fashion very rapidly, and the equivalent vocabulary found in old school novels, or even in the current *bloods* or *penny dreadfuls* (which follow an antiquated mode), seems very stilted to-day, as, for example, *muff*, *chump*, *fathead*, *duffer*, *blockhead*, *greenhorn*, *booby*, *juggins*, and *jackass*. Doubtless some of these are still current, but very little among boys, and it is certainly no longer possible for a boy to say, as he once might, 'He's a regular greenhorn,' or 'You howling jackass!'

The last of the unpopular types is the bully, once common in all types of schools, but now, in his grosser forms at any rate, extinct. Most of the words synonymous with *bully* seem also to be obsolete, examples being *brasser* (Christ's Hospital), *plucky* (Malvern), and *brockster* (Winchester). The verb associated with the last is *to brock*, and a *brock* signifies an injustice: the connexion with the metaphor involved in the verb *to badger* is obvious.

Particular forms of bullying or domineering conduct once had their distinctive terms. *Groiching*, at Bishop's Stortford, consisted in depriving small boys of a place by the fire. To give a boy a *poop* at Tonbridge and elsewhere meant to strike him on the leg with the knee, at the same time twisting his arm. *To swinger* (rhyming with 'ginger') at Charterhouse was to box the ears, a form of official bullying by prefects: at Winchester this was known as a *claw*. *Ruxing* at Bradfield meant a mild form of punishment by kicking, administered by prefects. What is now called *wringing* or *screwing* the neck was once known more pedantically as *putting in chancery*.

An essay in itself might be written about the one form of punishment which is and always has been universal in the public schools—namely, the cane; but we are here concerned only with the vocabulary associated with caning and kindred punishments. One of these latter was the operation of *flishing* at Hereford, which consisted of chastisement with a

piece of lead covered with cord and attached to the end of a rope: the word is a very old one, occurring in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* (1400) in the sense of *slash*. Needless to say, the punishment is now obsolete, but *flish* survives as a synonym for *cane*. The Winchester word *tund* (Latin *tundo*—pound or beat) is another very interesting survival: originally it was used of a punishment administered by prefects, which consisted of thrashing across the back with a ground ash, but to-day, like *flish*, it means simply *to cane*. A punishment consisting of downward strokes from a racket, once in vogue at Harrow, was known appropriately as *shaving*. For the ordinary *cane* the following are some synonyms, mostly rather obvious, in current use: *tonk* (Uppingham), *biff* (Rossall), *tan*, *swipe* (Eton), *cosh* (Warwick), probably from thieves' slang, *swish* (Charterhouse), *lam* (Forest), *lamp* (Bromsgrove), *beat* (Cheltenham, Leatherhead). Others, which may or may not be still in use, are *titch*, *brush*, and *cake* (Christ's Hospital, 1840), *tolly* (Dulwich, 1880), *stizzle* (Tonbridge, 1880), *lick* and *snitch* (Malvern, 1902), *whop* (Harrow, 1910), and the more or less official word *flog*. At Charterhouse, St. Bees and some other schools *to cock up* is sometimes used, an expression presumably derived from the position assumed by the victim, and obviously of some age, since the idiom is hardly current nowadays. Another interesting St. Bees usage is *shots* for a caning, as in 'I've just had shots.'

Every school has some particular slang word to designate the masters, most commonly perhaps *nix*—at any rate, in North Country schools—which was originally a cry of warning on the approach of authority used among factory hands and the like, or *cavy*, a corruption of the Latin *cave*, beware, another warning cry which must have been in use for several centuries. *Beak*, a very old word denoting a magistrate or other arm of the law, is used at Eton and some other schools: Winchester has *dons*, like Oxford and Cambridge; at Cheltenham there are *drivers*, presumably slave-drivers, or *brushers*. who no doubt *brush* miscreants in the sense noted above; while Imperial Service College uses *tramp*, evidently a reflection, no longer justified, on the traditionally unkempt appearance of assistant masters. In a few schools survives the old word *usher*, which for centuries designated the poorly paid

and downtrodden assistants in English grammar schools. Headmasters, as befits their unique position in each school, have generally a personal nickname, and there is no generic term, though a nickname is sometimes passed on to the successors of its first recipient.

Cries of warning are still a daily necessity in all schools, and here again *nix* and *cave* are commonest, with the expression *to keep nix* or *cave* used of the boy placed to keep a look-out for the approach of a master. But there are a number of curious alternatives—*tick* (Brighton), *titch* (Cheltenham), *bite* (Christ's Hospital, 1840), *tăbē* (Harrow), and *stow* (Colston's). None of these is readily explained, unless perhaps *stow* means 'stow it' in the sense of 'keep quiet.'

Among the other adults encountered by boarders the matron, except for the well-known *dame* at Eton, seems to have inspired a few slang expressions: *ma* is sometimes used. But there are a number of words denoting maids, of which the commonest is *skivvy* or *skiv*, with the variant *stivvy* (Bootham): others are *dumb* (Kingswood), *dummet* (St. Edmund's, Canterbury), both arising from the existence of a rule forbidding conversation between maids and boys, and *dubbin* (Trent, 1880), evidently a corruption of one of these; *betty* (Bootham), *wink* (Marlborough), *jade* (Durham), *ma bag* (Wellington) and *nymph* (Haileybury), meaning a charwoman. Women in general, of whatever age, are frequently known as *hags*; but American equivalents seem to be rapidly gaining currency. It will be seen that schoolboys are apt to regard the opposite sex with a sardonic and derisive eye.

Lastly there are what are sometimes called the *townees*, the inhabitants of the neighbouring village or town, with whom boys at boarding-schools carried on desultory warfare for centuries, somewhat after the fashion of the 'town and gown' riots at Oxford and Cambridge. Though this antagonism has disappeared, or at any rate ceased to provoke fighting, a collection of words to designate *townees* survives, most of them with a rather scornful, not to say snobbish, tone. A very common expression was *cad*, still said to be used occasionally at Eton: this was originally an abbreviation of *caddie*, used in the eighteenth century of any man or boy loitering about in the hope of chance employment, but now limited, of course, to youths or boys employed in connexion

with golf. In the first instance it had no derogatory sense (except in so far as Etonians in those days probably looked down on all *townees*), but about a century ago it began to assume the meaning now commonly attached to it. *Cadger*, curiously enough, used in the same sense, has no connexion with *cad*, for originally, in the fifteenth century, it meant an itinerant dealer, and later any beggar. A *cadger cap* is a cloth cap of the kind commonly worn by *cadgers*. Other synonyms are *oiler* (Cheltenham, 1900), yet another refinement of the *oil* metaphor; *buck* (Bedford); *herp* and *hoy* (Bishop's Stortford), the latter evidently from the Greek οἱ πολλὸι, the mob; *oick* (many schools, especially in the North), with *oickman* and *oickbrat*; *nailer* (Bromsgrove), from the occupation of the townspeople; *bricky* (Dulwich and elsewhere), perhaps because town boys threw *bricks*, with *bricky cap* equivalent to *cadger cap* and *bricky whistle*, a whistle made with two fingers; *ick up* (Allhallows); *outer* (Colston's, 1884); *geordie* (Durham), a local dialect word, as also is *butty* (Framlingham, 1900); *chaw* (Harrow), meaning also one with inferior manners; *perd* or *pard* (Kingswood); *nip* (Malvern), also used in the derogative sense of *cad*, like *blog* at Rugby; *bonk* (Stonyhurst) and *rorker* (Tonbridge, 1886).

There are many other aspects of school life fertile in slang expressions, particularly the subjects of games and food, and there are many hundreds of casual words and idioms which come under no particular head. But enough has been said of the personal side of school slang to demonstrate the qualities of the whole. The survey makes no claim to completeness, even so far as it goes. Many interesting words have doubtless been omitted, and in any case school slang changes so rapidly that many of the words here described have probably become obsolete and been forgotten by the present generation in the meantime. But though the individual words may change, the essential character of school slang, except in so far as it is being influenced by Americanisms, remains the same—a language terse, vigorous and critical, a worthy monument to its creator the English schoolboy.

MORRIS MARPLES.

BOOK REVIEWS

Russia—Body and Soul

Russia without Illusions, by Pat Sloan (Frederick Muller, 7*s*. 6*d*. net).

Russia under Soviet Rule, by N. de Basily (George Allen & Unwin, 18*s*. net).

Escape from Russian Chains, by Ivan Solonevich (Williams & Norgate, 12*s*. 6*d*. net).

The Humiliated Christ in Modern Russian Thought, by Nadejda Gorodetzky (Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, 7*s*. 6*d*. net).

Of these four books the first three speak principally of the material life of present-day Russia, while that of Nadejda Gorodetzky deals with the Russian soul.

Pat Sloan came to Russia at the age of twenty-four, as he says, 'without illusions.' His book is 'strongly recommended' by Mrs. Sidney Webb 'for serious consideration by students of Soviet Communism.' We should prefer to recommend it to social psychologists as a human document on the problem of the uncritical attitude of present-day young intellectuals towards totalitarian régimes. For the most striking thing about Sloan's book is just that non-critical attitude, the lack of capacity for criticism and scepticism. Sloan is prepared to regard everything that he sees in the Soviet Union as good, and to believe that if anything exists there that is not yet good it will very soon become so. In any case he is perfectly convinced that Stalin's Russia is the best of all possible Russias. This young Cambridge graduate, Candide and Pangloss in one person, has many adventures, but he always manages to get the best out of them. He possesses the rare talent of seeing everything in a good light. For the existence of three classes on the railways and river

steamers he offers the simple explanation that it is done partly to satisfy the various tastes of the passengers and partly as an incentive to the better workers. Sloan naturally turns a blind eye to the emergence of a new Class Society in Soviet Russia.

When Sloan first travelled in Russia the peasantry had just suffered an appalling catastrophe involving at a conservative estimate about five million men, women and children. This was the epoch of the destruction of peasant private enterprise *ad majorem gloriam* of Stalin's pan-socialism. Not only, however, did Sloan not perceive anything in this tragedy, but he did not even feel sympathy for these millions of ruined lives. For with Sloan lack of criticism goes hand-in-hand, as so often, with complete heartlessness.

Mrs. Webb, in her introduction to Sloan's book, finds particularly amusing his observations on the relative methodic value of ' bourgeois ' and ' Marxist ' science. I must confess that these theoretical effusions of Sloan's rather overwhelmed me. The young Cambridge graduate with a first in Economics has actually come to the conclusion that Marxism is the only science. He has a perfect right to do this, of course, but the sad thing is that he derives therefrom a warrant to the Soviet Government to suppress science in every other direction. This young investigator, born in a free land, for whom his ancestors through struggle and sacrifice have won the right to freedom of thought, voluntarily declares himself the slave of a dogma. Ignorance and lack of judgment have at no time been rare, but this propensity to enslavement is a characteristic of our epoch of which Sloan's book is a sad example.

After Sloan, the substantial volume by N. de Basily makes a pleasing impression. It is a sober book of reference in which information may be obtained about all aspects of Soviet life. Of particular value are the comparisons with pre-revolutionary Russia, which throw a clear light on present-day forcible industrialisation. The basic idea of this book of de Basily, a liberal Czarist official with democratic sympathies, is that pre-revolutionary Russia was on the right road towards democratisation and industrialisation ; the war and the revolution interrupted this development. De Basily proves this contention by detailed descriptions of the development of Russian society and economy in the last eighty years.

The book is exceptionally well documented and illustrated with lavish statistics culled from reliable sources. The reader who has worked his way through all this material will possess a sure groundwork from which to judge present-day Russia. But original ideas and analyses are not to be sought in this book: de Basily knows his material, but it seems he has not discovered the bridge into the new Russia.

Ivan Solonevich, who is already known to the English public through his first book, *Russia in Chains*, describes in his second book the Russian concentration camps in which he spent a long time, and in which he actually held the position of Sport Instructor. Solonevich is a hater. He hates the Soviet régime, and sees nothing but evil in Bolshevism. After his flight from the concentration camp and over the frontier five years ago, the description of which is certainly most graphic and exciting, he developed into a radical anti-semitic reactionary. Solonevich is in himself not an objective person; he hates too deeply to achieve objectivity. His representations of life in the concentration camp touch on the fantastic. Without doubt the truth here is to some extent mingled with poetry, and yet one has the feeling that all the same Solonevich is speaking the essential truth. When one remembers that at the time he was there the population of Russian concentration camps was in the neighbourhood of 2,000,000 men, women and children, and that these camps form an intrinsic part still of the Soviet administration, it is worth while to read through Solonevich's book. It is, all in all, a terrible indictment of Prison Socialism, an indictment which may be recommended especially to the attention of all those travellers of both sexes who are so easily moved to enthusiasm.

Nadejda Gorodetzky's book is an exceptionally careful and conscientious work. The authoress has undertaken the task of following up the idea of *Kenosis*—the 'humiliation' of Christ (Epistle to the Philippians ii. 5–11; 2 Corinthians viii. 9) in Russian belles-lettres and theological literature. The book, however, contains much more than this. It is an attempt to represent that strange and unique thing that men call the 'soul' of a people.

Among the intelligentsia, which merely gives expression to the world perception of the nation, the dominant mood is the

feeling of self-emptying and self-abasement. This sentiment runs like a scarlet thread through the whole of Russian literature. The Hero is not the Strong One, but the Weak, or, rather, the weak one through his self-emptying becomes strong, while the strong one through self-affirmation perishes. By many examples from the Russian classics the authoress has succeeded in establishing this idea as the principal theme of Russian literature.

Of equal interest is her proof that Russian revolutionary positivism is fundamentally penetrated by the same idea. It is in this passionate endeavour to immerse themselves in the nation from which the Narodniki movement of the eighteen-seventies arose, that the Christian conception of self-abasement as the only way of salvation lives on. Certainly, the Russian revolutionary movement to-day is dominated far more by the other temper—the arrogance which is of the devil—but this merely emphasises still more clearly the value of the alternative course.

Finally, the authoress has given a detailed presentation of the 'kenotic' idea in Russian theology, with special regard to such authors as V. S. Soloviev, M. M. Tareev and the Rev. S. N. Bulgakov. The central idea with all these three religious thinkers is the idea of 'God-man-hood,' which, in general, plays a dominant part in Russian religious thought. This idea is, however, closely bound up with the conception of 'humiliation.' The 'God-man-hood' as Soloviev conceives it rises above the region of anthropology; it is a question of the deification of the whole cosmos. The cosmic and historical process of the penetration of the universe, including mankind, by the Divine Principle, presents itself as a self-denial. The 'Logos' renounces through a free act of the divine will his divine majesty; in the person of the God-Man the Divine Principle takes upon him the form of a servant.

With M. Tareev the emphasis lies less on Christology than on moral theology. The fundamental opposition in life consists of the longing for oneness with God and at the same time the desire for personal happiness. The resolving of this opposition consists of self-denial; the highest happiness of the children of men is just that renunciation which Christ expresses in his humiliation.

In S. Bulgakov, to whom the authoress obviously owes much in working out her own philosophy of life, Christology once more comes into its own. The originality of the 'kenotic' theory of Bulgakov consists in the fact that he extends the process far beyond the Divine Incarnation. He carries the conception of Kenosis into the inner life of the Holy Trinity. Kenosis thus receives a pre-mundane character. This pre-mundane Kenosis consists of the mutual love of the Divine Hypostases for each other. The love of the God-Father reveals itself in the spiritual procreation of the Son. Thereby the Father comes out of Himself; it is at the same time a self-emptying and a self-realisation. The Kenosis of the God-Son manifests itself, however, in submission to the Father. God-Son accepts the passive state of the one who is begotten. But the creation of the world is also regarded by Bulgakov as a kenotic act—an act of self-denial.

One lays Nadejda Gorodetzky's book aside with the feeling that here is an earnest and aspiring person speaking of important and decisive matters. I do not know the authoress personally, but I am probably not far wrong in assuming that she is a young person who has not yet achieved a philosophy of life. Nadejda Gorodetzky does not stand *above* her subject, but *in* it. From a literary standpoint that may be a defect, but life to-day does not require finish, but aspiration. And again: Nadejda Gorodetzky is a spiritually minded person for whom the material is merely *accidens*. *Alles Vergängliche is nur ein Gleichnis*. . . . Russia to-day is attempting to solve her problems by purely material means; Nadejda Gorodetzky's book is an exhortation to Russia to find the other way, that of spiritual renewal.

GREGORY BIENSTOCK.

NOTHING IS ALRIGHT

The Fifth Column, and the first 49 Short Stories, by Ernest Hemingway (Cape, 10*s*. 6*d*.).

Hemingway's play about the Spanish war has a simple theme. It is the nostalgia of a romantic good-timer for the joys of life. These joys, however, have been interrupted by

'fifty years of undeclared wars' and the good-timer has 'signed up for the duration.' The horrors of the Spanish Civil War are stated with scrupulousness; and the subject of the play is the hero's revulsion against them, and his longing for a life of pleasure with the woman whom he loves and even for a 'home.' The woman he loves is still very much a good-timer, which is symbolised by her buying twelve silver foxes at a cost equivalent to a hundred and twenty days' pay for a man in the brigades. The woman herself is a symbol of the old life. Her name is Dorothy, but Hemingway tells us in a preface that she might just as well have been called Nostalgia. The hero decides that he must get rid of this nostalgia. Having decided to fight (he is an American, working as a secret policeman for the Republicans), he must resist the discouragement of horrors, the temptations of love and pleasure.

In this play Hemingway seems to say good-bye to the past, and to salute the gloomiest future not only with resignation but with a determination to take an active part on the revolutionary side. If this is a real conversion, it is a fact of great importance which is likely to influence a lot of people. Hemingway has always had great power as a proselytiser; his reputation for virility and charm, his talent and commercial success brought him many disciples. When I first went to New York in 1927, and *Fiesta* and *Men Without Women* had just made Hemingway famous, I sat in a speakeasy with the critic Edmund Wilson, and drew his attention to the fact that a number of men in the bar were behaving in a Hemingway manner. It was hard to describe what I meant; but it had something to do with a show of tragic stoicism among the bottles. Wilson not merely confirmed my comment—which, I had feared, might strike him as fanciful—but told me that all over the United States lives had been transformed by Hemingway's influence, and that hitherto quiet young men were taking suddenly and violently to the booze in the most romantic manner.

The conversion of an author of such widespread influence to a revolutionary rôle must be examined with all seriousness. But is it a conversion? A comparison with Hemingway's earlier works suggests that there is actually no change at all in Hemingway's attitude, except that he is transferring his

romantic despair to the plane of practical politics. Yet the point of the play is that the change is fundamental. Those things which seemed good before the outbreak of fifty years' war no longer seem good; therefore 'good-bye to all that.' Hemingway's earlier books show that 'all that' never did seem good; and his nostalgia is nothing new. This becomes startlingly plain when we find that the lady who appears in the rôle of Nostalgia is the same lady who provided the dubious and nymphomaniac heroine of Hemingway's first novel *Fiesta*. Dorothy, or Nostalgia, is simply Brett of Montparnasse—she even wears the same jersey (which in *Fiesta* made her look like 'the hull of a racing yacht.') She is equally sophisticated, promiscuous, anglicised,[1] but a little more domesticated. To all intents and purposes she is Brett.

Now *Fiesta* ended by the hero (who was also startlingly like the hero of this play: large, pugnacious, hard-drinking and sentimental) hearing about all the lovely things which Brett says that they might have done together. 'Isn't it nice to think so?' he remarked. But they hadn't done them. In this play Nostalgia gives a list of all the nice things which she and the hero might do. They include living near St. Tropez and having jam with French coffee and *croissants* and going to bed together and going to the Ritz bar in Paris. They also include having children, although the hero is a trifle sceptical about this. Still, his sardonic comment about 'home' ('She's come, what do you call the place, home—now') reveals the secret but thwarted longing for domesticity. The hero renounces these allurements, because of his ideal—it is plainly implied, for his revolutionary ideal. But he gave them up a few books ago, or rather in every line which Hemingway has ever written—for utterly different reasons.

The implication of this play is that things were different before the outbreak of the fifty years' undeclared wars. But Hemingway's peace-time books were equally nostalgic. His heroes and heroines never did have 'homes'; there never were any babies, only white elephants. In the famous short story *Hills Like White Elephants*, the theme was abortion.

[1] 'English' is used as a symbol for the corrupt half of the hero which he must discard—hero and heroine 'can talk either English or American' but the hero is 'not sure that she can talk American' as she has been infected by the 'cheap or literary type of lord.'

No reason was given for the need to have an abortion; indeed, it was said that there was no material reason. The reason was spiritual. Hemingway characters just do not produce children; although, between drinks, they long for them.

The world (or a naïve portion of it) has long been puzzled by Hemingway's apparent preoccupation with such themes. The hero of his first novel, like the hero of Stendhal's first novel, was impotent. What was it all about, people asked? Was it just sensationalism, or had the author had some unhappy experience? These awestruck and *sotto voce* comments were, of course, as foolish as they were naïve. Hemingway chose the theme of impotence as the most striking symbol of the spiritual frustration which has always been his real subject. Hemingway belongs to the post-war school of romantic despair; and his preoccupation with physical impotence, abortion and such themes only shows his competence as a craftsman in projecting his ideas objectively in the form of action—or lack of it.

Although Hemingway professes, at different times, a good deal of contempt for the 'intellectuals' among whom he spent much time in Paris, it was there and from them that he took in a number of his ideas: whether he seeped them in through his pores, or whether he actually took them in with his brain. Although Hemingway is extremely intelligent, it seems likely that his Americanism prevented him from really digesting and re-formulating these ideas. He seems to have assimilated some of them unconsciously; he so often argues against them and against the persons connected with them. This accounts for an element of self-deception in Hemingway's work, which infects his style. That is why it often rings false and seems affected.

Whether the process was conscious or unconscious, the ideas of post-war Nihilism are to be found in all his work. He remembers Tristan Tzara (in one of the short stories) a little contemptuously; yet Hemingway was affected by *dada*. All his work is romantic nihilism. In this play two passages may be quoted which are significant: A 'Moorish tart' speaks out:

'I tell you true. Last night I try that stuff. All that

sacrifice. All that give-up. You know. Now have one good *healthy* feeling. I hate.'

Again (the heroine is referring to the hero): 'Only kind people should try being kind. You're horrible when you're kind.'

It is not suggested that these passages have much relevance outside their context. But they breathe the very spirit of the father of French post-war destructivism, the Gide who says—'*le pire instinct me paraissait le plus sincere.*'

Very well. There was Nihilism in the air, and Hemingway imbibed it. We all did. 'The lost generation,' as he says that Gertrude Stein called us. The world grew tough; things became serious, and Nihilism became not only unfashionable but impracticable even as an attitude. Two courses lay before the Nihilists. Either we could go back on our tracks and admit that, if civilisation seemed rotten, it was because we were making it rotten ourselves. Or we could go on like fighters directly to the consequences of our Nihilism, and say: 'Civilisation is rotten. We have said it, and seen it. Therefore it must be destroyed and put together again on a nobler model.' Both attitudes can be understood; and it would be a mistake to question the idealism of the ex-Nihilists, who have carried their romanticism into the revolutionary camp. But, before deciding to destroy a civilisation in order to build a new one, it is absolutely essential that the destroyer should show signs of knowing clearly what he is destroying.

It is most significant that in the list of good things which the girl Nostalgia draws up (and which tempt the hero) there is no reference whatsoever to anything but the material pleasures of life. No wonder that the hero rejects them for the hard and brutal realities of a creative war. Sick of one kind of destruction, which proved aimless and impotent, he turns with determination to another kind of destruction, which appears to be animated by an ideal. In other words, Hemingway's statement of the revolutionary case is biassed by his own previous obsession—characteristic of his generation—with faults and frustrations. To justify his destructive attitude—which was always destructive, it is nothing new (hence all the drink and despair)—he sets up his own image of society just to knock it down again. If

that image was false, the whole case for destruction breaks down.

Hemingway's image was false. It was the subjective vision of a rootless and frustrated cosmopolitan in post-war Europe. Hemingway's most significant remark about himself was made long ago. He said that whereas many intellectuals seemed obsessed about the 'why,' he had always worried more about the 'how.' Yet he strove to go deep, to reach essentials. He wanted to be a serious writer; so he turned, he tells us, to eternal and fundamental themes. Death and fear. But in what form did he approach these themes? In the fashionable and sensational form of bull-fights and prize-fights? Hemingway has never attempted to deal with life, from birth to death. Death means to him the tinsel of the bull-ring; not the agony of an old lady, beloved by her family, dying of cancer. This theme would have had gentler implications, and more terrible. *There are no families in his novels.* Hemingway stayed on the fashionable surface and dealt not with the fundamental themes which he sincerely sought, but with life as he found it. And he found it on the surface; his nostalgia has always been for the deeper themes, but he could not reach them. His obsession with impotence and frustration also symbolises—perhaps unconsciously—that failure.

Hemingway is coming in for severe criticism nowadays; and this is a tribute to his great talent. So great, in fact, is his talent that the only question now is whether he has greatness. The verdict, on the strength of his work so far (and he is not likely to exceed his own limitations—although he shows sign of trying, and must inevitably deteriorate as a writer if he does—this play is his worst work), is that he lacks greatness. He emerges in the collection of all his short stories, which this book also contains, as a brilliantly talented but shallow romantic.

The play is another matter. It advertises itself in every scene as a conversion. As we have seen, there is no conversion. The hotel manager, in one of these scenes, blandly pops in with the question: 'Nothing is alright?' This might have been the title of any of Hemingway's books. (Cp. *Winner Take Nothing.*) Nothing ever was alright—that Hemingway could see. So there is no conversion.

The conversion is a fake. This must be made plain, because the conversion which the play advertises goes a long way further than sympathy for the Spanish republican cause. The play smacks of an orthodoxy which readers will recognise; its principal theme is what Auden called 'the conscious acceptance of guilt in the necessary murder' and—Hemingway explicitly states—in the equally 'necessary' lie. In dealing with this aspect of revolutionary war, Hemingway is at pains to be scrupulously fair. The result is horrifying, and should make reformists of us all.

ERIC SIEPMANN.

Introduction to the Study of the Law of the Constitution, by A. V. Dicey (ninth edition), edited by E. C. S. Wade (Macmillan, 15*s*. net).

Constitutionalism and the Changing World, by C. H. McIlwain (Cambridge University Press, 15*s*. net).

The Social and Political Doctrines of Contemporary Europe, by M. Oakeshott (Cambridge University Press, 10*s*. 6*d*. net).

The House of Commons, 1832–1901, by J. A. Thomas (Cardiff: University of Wales Press Board, 7*s*. 6*d*. net).

Constitutional historians will welcome this new edition, the ninth, of Dicey's great classic, ably annotated by Dr. Wade, who has also contributed an introduction and appendix. Dicey represented the Whig school of thought in the form it had assumed towards the end of the last century. His predilections were strongly *laissez-faire*, though in his *Law and Opinion in the Nineteenth Century*, he foresaw, albeit with obvious reluctance, the trend of legislative policy adopted by later governments. It is not surprising that Dr. Wade should have found that his chief difficulty, as editor, arose from Dicey's treatment of administrative law, the law which governs the organisation, powers and duties of the administrative authorities. Dicey's treatment of this branch of jurisdiction had early provoked criticism. His disinclination to admit the existence in this country of anything which corresponded to the French *droit administratif* followed logically from his exposition of the Rule of Law as based

upon the doctrine of the separation of powers inherited from the eighteenth century. In his view, Parliament was sovereign and the judges a bulwark against interference with personal liberty and private property. Administrative discretion was the exercise of that arbitrary power which Parliament had wrested from the Crown in the seventeenth century. It may indeed be doubted whether such a strict division of power as he premissed did in fact exist in the past, and Dr. Wade points in this connection to the combined judicial and administrative functions of the Justices of the Peace. But although, towards the end of his life, Dicey admitted that the situation was fast changing, he never attempted any full examination of the machinery of administrative government, and thus exposed himself to the criticism that the principles he had laid down were only partially operative in his own day and have since become inapplicable. Dr. Wade's treatment of this subject is an important contribution to a better understanding of Dicey's principles.

It is in the light of the 'Struggle for Law' in the seventeenth century that Professor McIlwain approaches the present conflict between democratic and totalitarian ideals. Juries not answerable for their verdicts, writs of *habeas corpus*, judges with independent tenure, rigid enforcement of the rights of accused persons, not one of these, as he points out, is compatible with totalitarianism. Professor McIlwain, however, is not blind to the dangers of popular government, and it is relevant to point out that none of the above liberties was won by a democracy. In his view democracy has been discredited by a 'pseudo-liberalism' which, taking its stand on *laissez-faire*, has safeguarded not the rights of all but the selfish interests of the few. Yet it does not follow that because the rights of the individual are imperilled by totalitarianism, they are, of necessity, guaranteed under a democracy. The issue between the two is in fact hardly as clear-cut as Professor McIlwain at times represents it, and a democracy employing the technique and methods of its opponents is not an impossibility. Democracy has yet to prove that it is capable, as Mr. Oakeshott puts it, 'of creating a society which is not so unified as to abolish vital and valuable differences nor so diversified as to make impossible an intelligently co-ordinated and civilised social life.'

Mr. Oakeshott's most useful book is a collection of texts to illustrate the tenets of the five main schools of political thought in Europe to-day, Democratic Liberalism, Catholicism, Communism, Fascism and National Socialism. In his introduction he rightly objects to the view that Democratic Liberalism is 'merely the history of the rise and dominance of a peculiarly narrow brand of individualism' and sees in the doctrine of *laissez-faire* 'a tendency rather than a principle.' This is sound criticism. The mechanical view of society, held alike by the Classical School of Economists and Utilitarians such as Bentham and James Mill, led to an overemphasis upon individual rights, particularly upon the right of property and so to the gospel of *laissez-faire*. But these men were grappling with what they conceived, with some reason, to be the immediate problem. The expansion of industry was fettered by the predominance of a class incompetent to direct it and by a mass of obsolete legislation. That it soon became necessary to impose checks upon unrestricted individualism does not affect the fact that the early exponents of *laissez-faire* had a strong case. Professor McIlwain calls that doctrine 'one of the strangest fantasies that ever discredited human reason.' Yet it may be questioned whether the view, wrongly as it was undoubtedly applied, that a worker has a right to use the 'property' of his labour as he likes was more fantastic than the view held to-day that a man has a right to be supported by the State even if he does not attempt to find employment and refuses it when offered.

In commenting upon the philosophies of Fascism and National Socialism, Mr. Oakeshott points out that neither has succeeded in cutting adrift from the hated principles of Liberal Democracy, and that what is rejected is simply set up again under a new name. The real cleavage between the rival philosophies of Liberal Democracy on the one hand and National Socialism or Communism on the other does not lie in the fact that the one offers a material, and the other a spiritual ideal, nor in the actual content of the ideals themselves. It is between those which seek to impose upon society a universal plan of life and those which consider the whole notion of the planning of the destiny of a nation to be both stupid and immoral.

Mr. Thomas's book is a study of the economic character

of the House of Commons between 1832 and 1901. He shows that during the greater part of this period it regarded itself avowedly as a functional body whose members were returned to secure what benefit they could for the particular 'interest' which they represented. Neither the Reform Bill of 1832 nor that of 1867 contains any recognition of the democratic principle nor of any natural right to the vote on the part of the citizen as such. Men indeed possessed certain liberties; but these, it was argued, were bestowed upon them by the State and were not antecedent to it. Nor was the franchise included among them, and both in 1832 and 1867 its extension was regarded by both parties from the single angle of its effect upon property. By 1884 the Liberal Party at least had abandoned this attitude. Yet Mr. Thomas's analysis demonstrates the power still wielded in the House of Commons by representatives of economic 'interests,' and he suggests that this has contributed to the waning belief in the efficacy of the present political system. This may well be so. At least it is salutary, in an age when we are so constantly reminded of the value of our democratic institutions and of the need of preserving them, that we should recall that belief in democracy in this country is of comparatively recent origin.

R. N. CAREW HUNT.

Lord North, by W. Baring Pemberton (Longmans Green, 21*s*.).

Scraping mud from the statues of unpopular statesmen is all very well—as long as the mud is not replaced by a coat of whitewash. Anxiety to do justice to those who have had a raw deal at the hands of biassed biographers has led over many historians into the error of exalting the second-rate and incompetent. Mr. Pemberton is not concerned, he assures us, with proving that Lord North was a great statesman, he merely desires to show that he is worthy of revaluation. Well and good. It is right and proper that historical verdicts should be subjected to a constant revision as fresh evidence is forthcoming.

What is the popular estimate of Lord North? In the opinion of his latest biographer most people know that he

was once Prime Minister, and that he was fat; they believe him to have been equally witty and weak, and they have a pretty strong impression he lost America, but rarely his own temper, and never his capacity for sleep. I am afraid that Mr. Pemberton's book, skilful and entertaining though it is, is hardly likely to reverse the judgment of previous historians or to enhance North's reputation. Though he insists that the subject of his biography should not be judged by the standards of the twentieth century, I cannot help feeling that the author does not always extend the same consideration towards North's political opponents. In fact, his finished portrait has a faint but distinct smell of whitewash.

The year 1770 is an important one in British history, for it witnessed the collapse of the Whig oligarchy which had ruled the country for more than fifty years. Long intent upon recovering some of the lost power of the Crown, George III saw in the break-up of the Whigs a chance that was not to be missed, and seeking an instrument for the furtherance of his policy, his eye fell upon Frederick North. North had served his parliamentary apprenticeship in the Grafton Ministry, and despite the disadvantages of an unprepossessing appearance, and a voice that Horace Walpole likened to 'a rumbling in a mustard bowl,' had distinguished himself as a skilled debater and an uncompromising supporter of the Crown. Also, his conduct in refusing to acknowledge the legality of Wilkes' election had proved him to be no friend to the tiresome spirit of democracy manifested by the electorate on that occasion. Yet when he was requested by the King to form a Government upon the resignation of Grafton, North at first refused. An able subordinate, he was lacking in the qualities desirable in those who are to direct the fortunes of a great country and, to do North justice, none realised this better than himself. But the King wanted a Minister who would take orders, not give them, and North's very deficiencies made him an admirable candidate for the royal favour. Under the continued pressure of the King he at last consented to take office, but with the greatest possible reluctance. His doubts as to his capacity were certainly justified by events: the lamentable consequences of his administration during the war with the American Colonies is too well-known to need recapitulation. British

military operations were hampered by a ministerial inefficiency that is almost without parallel, even in the history of a nation that has come to pride itself on 'muddling through somehow.' Possessing neither the driving force nor the imperious personality necessary to control a Ministry under war conditions, North was served by subordinates even more inept than himself: the War Minister was Lord George Germain, who for his conduct at the battle of Minden some years before had been declared by court-martial unfit to serve the King in any military capacity. Saratoga and York Town were the results.

But it is George III, and not his unhappy Minister, who emerges as the real villain of this sorry tale, for during these years the King was virtual ruler of the country. North was forced to stand by, a helpless spectator—a sort of shield between the King and the rotten eggs hurled by the Opposition. Many times throughout the war he offered his resignation; thoroughly conscious of his own deficiencies, he appealed to his royal master to relieve him of 'his most arduous, most irksome, and embarrassing situation.' George III, however, continued to insist that North was the only man to whom he could trust the direction of affairs; in Mr. Pemberton's words:

'To North's timid appeals for release came counter-appeals, bristling with unequivocal allusions to "real duty," "affection for my person," and the Minister was reminded that "he who so very handsomely stepped forth upon the resignation of the Duke of Grafton would lose all merit by following so undignified an example." Directed upon one inured from childhood to defer to the influence of others, and to rely upon the decisions of those he loved or esteemed, such royal reproaches and pleadings . . . crushed any resolution out of North.'

Not until the loss of Minorca in 1782 brought about the fall of his administration was North permitted to efface himself from the political scene, and by that time the damage was past repair.

Mr. Pemberton has written an interesting book, a book that is worth reading if only for the chapter in which he so ably describes the background to the dispute with the Colonies. One cannot help sympathising with North—a

weak man who had his greatness thrust upon him by one he had been taught to regard as the keystone of the State. But it is difficult to share his biographer's admiration for him as an 'honest, single-minded Englishman who loved his King, his Church, and his Country.' It would be more correct to say that he was an unimaginative man who made the mistake of identifying the interests of his King with those of his country. And while, as Mr. Pemberton asserts, the loss of the American Colonies may have been inevitable, one cannot but deplore the manner in which separation was effected, even if it taught a lesson which was to have beneficial effects upon future British colonial policy. Learning by experience is proverbially costly, but the intransigeance and ignorance of the King and his Minister made the cost during these years unnecessarily high.

JOHN LEPPER.

The Good Pagan's Failure, by Rosalind Murray (Longmans, Green & Co., 7*s.* 6*d.*)

'To a great number of our contemporaries, religious difference itself appears of no importance. The question of our ultimate belief in God, in any supernatural life, is secondary, irrelevant to the conduct of this life, yet they, too, would be conscious of divisions in what to them are more important questions: "Left" and "Right" opinions in politics, progressive or reactionary principles, congenial or uncongenial social outlook.'

This paragraph, a quotation from Miss Rosalind Murray's book—*The Good Pagan's Failure*—shows us the *raison d'être* of this work and something of its purpose. There can be no doubt as to the truth of this statement, which defines, perhaps rather loosely in this case, the author's analysis of the term 'Good Pagan'—and surely there will be many people who will see something of their own outlook in her definition. Writing at a time when life seems circumscribed by political, social and economic uncertainty, Miss Murray has felt an urgent need to question the validity of purely temporal remedies. She speaks of the 'Good Pagan' with understanding and respect, due to her own pagan upbringing in an ideal pagan environment; but as a convert to integral

Christianity she is bound to declare that here are two parallel lines and that there is no question of compromise on either side. It is just this attitude which compels attention and stimulates thought—however much of a paradox this may appear. The case for the pagan she puts as honestly as she can, challenging with no little courage philosophers such as Socrates, Marcus Aurelius and Plato. . . . But the Christian will insist that what he possesses beyond the incontestable truths of such philosophies is the appreciation and capacity for sacrifice—that he has a deeper respect for others than for the eventual perfection of the 'ego.' The pagan attempts to build up a supreme idea of human dignity, while the Christian contrasts human fallibility with Divine perfection. If the really religious man is most manifest in his relation to the failure, the outcast, does it mean that Christianity implies a moral outlook as against the philosophical attitude to life maintained by the good pagan?

Miss Murray divides her book into three parts—'Christian and Pagan,' 'The United Front' and 'Barbarisation.' In the first part she deals with the creeds in fundamental opposition to one another; in the second, as uniting to resist certain obvious threats to the world's moral stability; and lastly, she analyses what she considers the appalling results of the false aims of the pagan. She sees in scientific advance and social reform a terrible danger—if unaccompanied by spiritual enlightenment: that better housing conditions, widespread education and other facilities now accorded to the masses may eventually lead to the domination of the *élite* by the crowd. Not revolution, for there will be no true leaders, but slow decay; mechanisation, standardisation, regression from all creative effort, all skilled work and personal thought—these are the symptoms which the most optimistic humanist or social reformer cannot affect to ignore. He may reply that while the Christian tells the slum-dwellers to love their sordid surroundings it has needed him—the Good Pagan—to improve their lot by practical thinking. But it is just in this argument that the author finds the greatest error of all and the essence of the 'Good Pagan's Failure.' . . .

Miss Murray's book is a sincere and honest attempt to warn us of the peril which threatens our civilisation. She argues and reasons most successfully to prove her points,

but in one phrase—'The Pagan is more Christian than he knows, the Christian more Pagan than he suspects'—she comes near to defeating her purpose. But here is a strong and significant book; and one which, despite occasional sentimental lapses, should appeal to all serious-minded people, whether they are Christian—or convinced good pagans, and provide them with some excellent material for constructive controversy.

ELIZABETH SCOTT MONTAGUE.

Studies in a Dying Culture, by Christopher Caudwell (John Lane, 10*s*. 6*d*.).

'How beggarly appear all arguments beside a defiant deed!' The author of this book, whose real name was Christopher St. John Sprigg, was killed at the age of twenty-nine, two years ago in Spain, fighting for the Republican forces. This, at least, argues sincerity, and that is the impression these 'Studies' would make if they were anonymous. The rebels against the culture of any period are as characteristic of it as the more conventional figures, and Christopher Caudwell finds his subjects in Shaw, Wells, Freud, and the very dissimilar Lawrences, T. E. and D. H. The outstanding virtues of his work are a keen observation and a gift of phrase-making. Its great defect is that everything has to be interpreted in accordance with dialectical materialism. A belief in the literal interpretation of Scripture could be no more limiting to the free play of the mind than the necessity for the orthodox Communist to find in everything a fulfilment of Marxian prophecy. The results are sometimes ludicrous. As a counterpart to the pan-sexualism of the wilder Freudians, we have our author's italicised declaration (p. 140): 'Sexual love is a modified economic relation.'

There is no need to deny that the Left Hegelians and dialectical materialists have made a contribution to thought, though it is methodological rather than fundamental. The individual cannot be isolated from his historic setting. Economic factors have been too largely neglected. We can admit all this, just as we can concede some points to Vaihinger and other destructive writers, and still wish that their disciples

would not shout their discoveries at us as though they were 'all ye know on earth and all ye need to know.'

'The Marxist's first task,' says Christopher Caudwell, 'is to separate from this confusion the elements that represent real empirical discoveries, and fit them into his synthetic world-view. This is comparatively easy.' Of course it is; and not worth doing if we are to be offered the result as 'the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.' It would be equally easy to compile a set of studies from the point of view of endocrinology or of dietetics. The analytical psychologist would apply to Christopher Caudwell very much the same technique as he himself applies to Freud. For all its apparent rationalism, this method of procedure is destructive of reason. Arguments are no longer answered and opponents are no longer refuted; everything is explained.

'Why did the huge convulsion of the world war produce no hero in that part of the world which stayed within the confines of capitalist society?' asks Mr. John Strachey in an introduction to this book. 'Why does Lenin, the man who burst those confines for one great people, alone stand out to save our epoch from incomparable mediocrity?' If we ask questions in that way, we shall know the answer in advance. We may as well ask: 'Why are the prophecies of the Great Pyramid all correct?'

With this approach we shall expect intuitional flashes rather than any profound study of the subjects dealt with. Freud's teaching is very imperfectly grasped by the author, and it shows little acquaintance with contemporary scientific or religious thought when we are told: 'The only consolation religion has is that science disavows causality.' The pangs of a few curates suffering from undigested Eddington do not justify generalisations of this kind. A more careful proof-reading would probably have rationalised one or two quite unintelligible passages in the book.

Our Present Discontents, by Dr. W. R. Inge (Putnam, 7*s*. 6*d*.).

Dr. Inge is an admirable journalist. It has been said, somewhat irreverently, that if he is not a pillar of the Church, he is at least two columns in the *Evening Standard*. Irreverence, one suspects, is not an offence which the former Dean of St.

Paul's would take very seriously, for there is a touch of *épatisme* about some of the lighter passages of his work. 'I could never see,' he declares in a very typical parenthesis, 'why it should be derogatory to the Creator to suppose that He has a sense of humour. One meets so many people who could only have been created for a joke.' It is a tribute to the writer to say that his journalism survives publication in volume form. There are comparatively few essays in the now considerable corpus of his *parerga* which it is not possible to read with pleasure mingled with irritation to-day.

Whether the publishers are justified in saying that Dr. Inge sees his subjects *sub specie æternitatis* is another matter. That requires a degree of detachment of which he gives little evidence where his feelings are deeply engaged as they frequently are. We feel equal doubts whether the philosophy which inspires his writings can be described as specifically Christian. Both Plato and Aristotle have been baptised into Christianity, but Dr. Inge gives us the impression of being attached more to the Neo-platonists to whom the Cross was a stumbling-block. He protests, as he is bound to do, against the Neo-Paganism of Nazi Germany, but finds in the system more to admire than to condemn.

One suspects that he would not have been at all at home with the early Christians, nor is it easy to believe that, if the apostles had in any way resembled him, Christianity would now have nineteen centuries of history to record. The essay in which he has expressed his longing for the sort of Reformation Erasmus would have made has been written since this book was published and will doubtless adorn a future volume, but it is not difficult to discover this attitude in much that he has written here. The weakness of his position is that those who carried through any such reformation would have little regard for a good deal of the traditional Christian philosophy which Dr. Inge would wish to preserve. Dr. Inge would find much to shock him in contemporary Germany, but we have a feeling that those who dream of a German National Church would scent in him a potential ally. Neither in the Reich nor anywhere else, however, would he have been completely at home, for he has a strongly developed *esprit de contradiction*. But it is one of the advantages of contradicting with so much wit and force that he is always giving pleasure

in one quarter when he is causing pain in another. It is some mitigation of 'our present discontents' to have them treated in so readable a fashion.

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

The Refugee Problem. Report of a Survey by Sir John Hope Simpson (Oxford University Press, price 25*s.* net).

This volume, presented by the Oxford University Press, differs substantially from an earlier version, *Preliminary Report of a Survey*, which was issued in July, 1938, under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. The first publication, now withdrawn, served the purpose of providing a basis of discussion for the League of Nations' Assembly in 1938, which had to decide whether the Nansen International Office should be dissolved, and also to give the material for the Intergovernmental Congress at Evian concerning the Jewish refugee problem.

An advisory committee of twenty-eight members and about one hundred experts assisted in the research for this book, which can be recognised as the first complete statement on the subject of post-war involuntary migrations and their treatment by organised charity and international relief work. These are the refugee movements handled by the League of Nations: Greeks, Bulgarians and Turks, Assyrians and Chaldeans, the refugees from Germany and Austria, and, further, the Italian and Spanish refugees, although for diplomatic reasons they did not enjoy the League's protection.

In each case the causes of the exodus and the methods for immediate relief are described; this is followed by an examination of conditions in the various countries of refuge at the time of each wave of emigration. The combined efforts for re-distribution and re-settlement can be traced over a period of over twenty years. The survey of private organisations assisting refugees shows what has been achieved by untiring work, the self-sacrifice of social workers and by financial support in all parts of the world. Thousands of homeless people have been admitted to the still democratic countries. The most generous attitude of France is marked by the fact that about 180,000 refugees still live in that country,

whereas every day new numbers—now from Spain—are streaming in. England has admitted about 19,000 by now. Small countries like Belgium, Holland, and formerly Czechoslovakia provided not only shelter but schools, training centres and even opportunities for final settlement (*e.g.*, in 1921, 2,000 Cossacks were invited by the Czech Government to be trained in rural districts, and most of them are now regarded 'as a valuable and stable element in the rural population'). Altogether the European States try to limit assistance to transmigration as far as possible. Jewish organisations were able to cope with the exodus of over 150,000 from Germany in the time from 1933–1937 'in an orderly manner, and to prevent dangerous accumulation'—the refugees were moved on from temporary to permanent places of refuge, 'until the events of 1938 imported new and staggering elements into the problem.' Unfortunately, events keep on doing so.

Nothing, in fact, could prove the magnitude of this problem more strikingly than this volume's wealth of information. For the first time the legal position of the refugee is dealt with explicitly. In each country the refugee—being refused the protection of his native land—has to face not only the increased difficulties of being an alien, but finds himself also without the right of appeal. In most cases he is deprived of the greater part of his possessions, and his energy is already reduced by hardship at home. Any country which is even willing to admit him denies him the full rights of citizenship, including the right to work. The fear of unemployment rather than the actual increase of it has led to more severe restrictions of the labour of foreigners even in countries which, by their natural wealth and sparse population, should have been able to admit immigrants in greater numbers. So the present situation 'shows a marked deterioration of the prospects of settlement of refugees.'

The statistics, obtained with great difficulties, show the number of refugees rehoused, the number of refugees still unsettled after twenty, fifteen, five years respectively. The helpless groups of people in no-man's-land are mentioned, turned out from Hungary to Yugoslavia, from Germany to Poland, on the frontiers of Czechoslovakia. The barge on the Danube has become symbolic.

The chronological order of the events shows naturally the cumulative nature of the problem. Therefore, the urgent need for international action to prevent the emergence of new refugee movements is emphasised. It is clear that the protection of minorities would remove one of the most frequent causes for unplanned emigration. 'Any ill-treated minority constitutes a danger-point which may become the source of a new refugee movement.' Moreover, as long as there is no hope for establishing security for the refugees already scattered about the world, their very existence will be a danger-point. Repatriation and assimilation should be promoted by the governments in self-protection. Although the machinery of relief work has been greatly improved, private enterprise has become co-ordinated to international official assistance—although it is true that the tremendous efforts of charitable organisations have been successful in earlier cases after persecution has ceased, there is no hope that the real cause of the phenomena will be removed in the near future. There remains an almost fantastic disproportion between the forces causing misfortune and effective charity. The report ought to be read not only by people interested in human sufferings and in the methods of immediate relief, but by those responsible for the political sources of disaster.

M. Fisher.

Goodbye to Berlin, by Christopher Isherwood (The Hogarth Press, 7*s*. 6*d*.).

If the spirit of this age is faithlessness, or an unstable grasp of demi-faiths, Christopher Isherwood is then a sign of the times. In writing, lack of faith tends to *rapportage*, as Cocteau puts it, 'a mere aping of the original,' since it is the writer's outlook, or particular faith, that forces out his plot from the 'stream of mere phenomena.' Some of the best young writers to-day, imitators chiefly of Hemingway, who used a structure of *rapportage* through which to build his plots, amount to little, since they lack this necessary drive of an idea, a theme, a faith, through which to bring their skeletons to life. Their work is botched in its conception. Christopher Isherwood is better than these writers; his work trembles

on the brink of meaning, as if this force were there, but undefined, not yet developed enough to create from his potentialities, power. So that we see tantalising mature talents, and a promise; the best maybe we have. This knowledge perhaps made him wisely abandon the 'huge, episodic novel,' *The Lost*, leaving instead these diaries and sketches. For that is what *Goodbye to Berlin* is, and very good too. His work being still in progress, steadily enlarges.

The diaries, *Autumn* 1930 and *Winter* 1932–3, present the material from which he sifted the 'sketches.' They show his usual just and calm watchfulness, whether the thing is sad or funny. Like everything he writes, they are as varied and readable as observing an interesting river. In this way they are model diaries. Being so evenly composed, one can only quote at random. There are moods, however, of loneliness, the youths whistling their girls under his window, 'Their signals echo down the deep hollow street, lascivious and private and sad'; Frl. Shoeder, the landlady's, motherly gossip; the cafe Froika, set in action like a stale puppet machine by indifferent clients; drunken philosophy, '"Eventually we're all queer," drawled Fritz solemnly, in lugubrious tones'; the Communist cafe with its tricky, desperately active lads; the treacherous arrival of Hitlerism. This and much more is described well and accurately. '"I am a camera," he says, "with its shutter open, quite passive, recording, not thinking".' In the sketches this is developed, carefully printed, fixed.

The picture is continued in the sketches, but is there shaped by his outlook of amoral sightseeing. The author has also chosen to be no more than one of the sights. This start for a larger 'outlook,' insufficient to produce the theme of *The Lost*, is apt for the delineation of first sketches. Within this limit they are excellently formed. *Sally Bowles* is the best, because on the surface of the narrator's inactivity is played Sally's character, which does develop, like a modern Moll Flanders, until her final postcard, '"Am writing in a day or two," it said. That was six days ago.' Here his passivity, which in *Mr. Norris changes trains* produced a mere if entertaining record, is positive since it aids Sally's development, her 'story,' in fact. In *The Landauers* something similar appears to be building up, but the end, where he hears of

Bernhard's death in a concentration camp, is 'out of true.' It does not develop from the rest, which it thus leaves suddenly static, a cut-off record, revealing the lack of theme (or plot) underlying its nevertheless great interest. In *The Nowaks* this is less apparent. But even there—and the story, as far as it goes, is very good indeed—the end is invented. A conflict is finely stated, but the last paragraph, with its emotive rhythms and images, fails to make a resolution. *On Ruegen Island* has not this sense of want, for it has no thought of a theme, being a diary of a holiday where an interesting situation is discovered. This is excellently told and explained.

It may seem that *Goodbye to Berlin* fails. Yet, on reading it, the sense of success and achievement, within the limits, explained by the author, of 'diaries and sketches.' Certainly it is a book to have and keep. It is *The Lost* that failed, not *Goodbye to Berlin*. If it is rather *The Lost* that is reviewed here, it is in the hope that Christopher Isherwood has yet to write it.

The Trouble with Tigers, by William Saroyan (Faber & Faber, 7*s*. 6*d*.).

Mr. Saroyan always wants to talk about everything—'The hushed universe. . . . The World . . . The Year . . . The Word . . . Time . . .' etc. He does it here in two ways. There are stories, which tell of more than they say, then, as if in panic lest he hasn't told all, he discourses, saying a lot of unwritten stories and so telling us little. The introductory *The Tiger* consists of names, figures, episodes, symbols, even jotted abstracts (as above). 'Everything' is potted and difficult. Six stories follow, then, as if he must catch up at all costs, more discourses and semi-stories, then five stories, and so on, to the end. His stories are sensitive, humorously and sadly observed, and tell a great deal. He discourses like a typewriter addict, trying to cover 'The World.' These semi-stories are lively, at worst (as *Memories of Paris*) weak *New Yorker* items. They tell us how natural it is that a mind like Mr. Saroyan's should conceive the stories it does. It is fine bar talk, and so—easily forgotten.

His mind, as shown in these discourses, is to be envied. It is quick to take its own line on anything. This is never cut and dried, but human, having a bit of the 'natural' in it. It

is as difficult to know what to make of him, as he and his characters know what to make of life. That is to the good; he tells of his moods and views entertainingly. He is not so good when comic or clever, when 'he was a very sensitive young man, but for a while there he did anything for a laugh,' or an effect. Nor when he skips stories in his hurry to list their infinite material. 'Everything' is best expressed by writing well of one thing.

He proves this in his own stories. Their material is brief but never thin. He sees roundly enough to be tender without being false. He can be kind, whether he tells of the sad ruin of a little 'off' moment (*I could say Bella Bella*) or of a crazy family sitting nearly pretty in an unpaid-for house (*The Ants*), but this makes, not wrecks, his story. He tells of life easiest through children. Here the simplest theme gives a glimpse of 'Everything,' by virtue of his true and active observation. His stories are not easily reduced to a plot. *The Job*, merely an expression of brothers' friendship, becomes a fine story. In *Sweetheart Sweetheart Sweetheart* the varied hearts make a keyboard for a pathetic air. But in *Citizens of the Third Grade* his eye may be followed to the schoolmistress, utterly saddened, 'and with her eyes shut the smell of the fresh loaf of bread was sickening and tragic,' back in her home. Or in *The Acrobats* the little girl is forbidden by her brother to go to the street acrobats. 'I don't want anything,' Emmie cried. 'I don't want anything, *ever*.' All these are excellent, finely told stories.

Mr. Saroyan has frequently proved that he can write stories. But he tantalises by mixing them amidst his exuberant chatter. If he would develop instead of wasting that material, what stories he could write. He prefers, however, to treat us his own way. And certainly, if it was different, he would deprive us of his especial entertainment.

G. F. Green.

A Treasury of Unfamiliar Lyrics, selected and edited by Norman Ault. (Gollancz, 7*s*. 6*d*.).

The five qualities which go to make up a good anthologist are patience, integrity, discrimination, flair and zest. Mr.

Norman Ault possesses them all in the highest degree. To his two admirable collections of Elizabethan and Seventeenth Century Lyrics he has now added one of Unfamiliar Lyrics dating "from 1500 to the beginning of the copyright period, approximately 1880." To compile this entailed the careful reading of more than 6,000 books of verse, miscellanies, periodicals, song-books, and MSS., from which he made a preliminary choice of some 1,700 poems. These he has whittled down to 832, of which thirty-nine are here printed for the first, and a large number for only the second, time.

A glance through the index of first lines was enough to convince the present reviewer (who can claim to have a wide, if not a deep, knowledge of English poetry) that when Mr. Ault says unfamiliar he means unfamiliar: for only thirty-four of them struck any chord at all, and fifteen of these did so solely because they were the opening words of well-known songs, which Mr. Ault has included for the very reason that the first line of a song is too often the only one which people remember. Of the other nineteen chord-strikers, several were familiar only because they had already appeared in one of Mr. Ault's previous anthologies; notably Samuel Daniel's *Enjoy Thy April Now*, Tichborne's moving *Elegy on the Eve of His Execution*, and this exquisite anonymous *Inscription* :—

> Grass of levity,
> Span in brevity,
> Flowers' felicity,
> Fire of misery,
> Winds' stability,
> Is mortality.

That left the reviewer with nearly 800 unknown poems to read, a prospect which caused, admittedly, a slight sinking of the heart: for so rich a harvest of English poetry has already been gathered for us by the anthologists that we may be excused for suspecting that anything which has been allowed to remain unfamiliar is probably second-rate.

But Mr. Ault, as usual, has performed a miracle. It would be idle to pretend that he has included no bad poems. There are, perhaps, a hundred (that is, about 12½ per cent. of the total) which might have been better left out, but there is

nothing remarkable in that: it might be said of almost any anthology. What is remarkable is the amount of good poems which Mr. Ault has managed to discover, or re-discover. Those printed for the first time include one attributed to Anne Winchilsea, one to Habington and two to Herrick; but the best of them are by anonymous poets, chiefly of the seventeenth century. In addition, there are at least 200 poems in this book which are better than much that is to be found in the well-known collections. Also, Mr. Ault has wisely included many poems which, though imperfect, contain a single line or image too charming to be lost. There is this, for instance, by Nicholas Breton :—

> Love is abroad as naked as my nail;

and this by Quarles :—

> . . . the proud summer meadow, which to-day
> Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay;

and this by Carew :—

> and now no more the frost
> Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
> Upon the silver lake or crystal stream.

Most of these inspired felicities are to be found in the poems of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The nineteenth has contributed many pieces of a more even goodness. In between there lies the extraordinary poetical desert of the eighteenth century; but even here there are oases, of which the most remarkable are the Scots dialect ballads. In particular there is *Fine Flowers in the Valley*, a masterpiece of tragic simplicity which puts to shame all the smug tripping and posturing of the powdered shepherdesses. Its inclusion is the highest possible proof of Mr. Ault's skill.

JAN STRUTHER.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING

OUR Ministry of Propaganda is the chief topic of talk, naturally enough, in Fleet Street, where discussion rages as to the advisability of putting such a Ministry into action before war is formally declared. Many people, I gather, seem to think that since the Ministry will have to come it had better come now so long as there is 'no attempt to control the Press,' whatever that means. Journalists and publicists are also wondering how far they, as experts in the craft of catching public attention, will be used. 'Judging from the reputation earned by our Propaganda Department during the last war it was not done so badly,' one of them said. It would, he added, be a pity if we could not do better than the crude work of the Germans and Italians whose screams and yells are as out of date as Victorian melodrama. Another praised the work already done by the British Council in inviting foreign journalists here and in aiding such cultural British visits abroad as the tour of the Old Vic Company to the Mediterranean and the visit last month to Denmark of Mr. John Gielgud. Most talkers agreed that the Royal visit to Canada and the United States, so dangerous if it had failed, had by its success become a masterpiece of British propaganda. 'A pity,' said another speaker, 'if propaganda is to be regarded merely as the art of telling lies well or badly. It pays to advertise—agreed. But if you have quality goods to sell, facts, not hyperbole, do your business. Shop-window dressing is not the art of showing people what you would like them to think you have to sell, but of presenting most attractively what you have to sell. Don't let our Propaganda merchants shove truth further down the bottom of the well, but fetch her to the top and dress her so gaily that the world will say "That's the gal for me".'

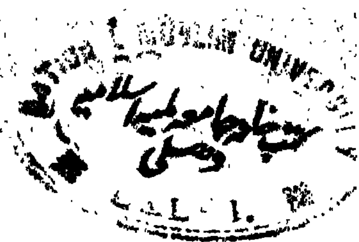
As a general topic of conversation last month, Home and Foreign policy took a back seat when the Admiralty

inquiry opened into the loss of the *Thetis*. The danger of war, the movements of Dictators, the stripping of Britons in China by Japanese, the Anglo-Russian conversations, even the fate of Danzig, upon which apparently hangs the question of war or peace—none of these topics could compete with the dramatic unfolding by the survivors of what happened when the submarine sank to the bottom of the sea, of what was said and done by the trapped crew inside her, and of what was said and done by the would-be rescuers above. Newspapers are pretty good judges of what their readers want. You have only to measure the columns devoted to reports of the inquiry each day to measure the extent of public interest in it. You will remember the President said at one point of the inquiry that the inquiry was being held not to apportion blame, but to discover what had happened. In several conversations I had with various kinds of people I noticed that the immediate reaction reflected this attitude. I more than once observed the hostility in such discussions to the questions put by certain counsel which tended to fasten guilt upon men being questioned. 'It is all very well being so clever now in the free air, but how would that darned barrister have behaved at the time under the sea?' Counsel are doing only their plain duty in these interrogations? Quite so. I record only how people feel at the mere suggestion that any man inside the submarine did anything but his plain duty.

The men and women in the street, in my experience, are not greatly interested in the Russian talks. Of course, as in higher quarters, one finds those who believe all Russians to be something worse than devils or something a little higher than the angels; those who think that the Chamberlain Government is unwilling to come to any decision, and those who think that it is the Soviet Government which is to blame. The most explicit opinion I gathered on this topic was that of a Kentish farmer, whose family have tilled the rich Weald soil for generations. With an eloquence often given to those with little reading he gave his conclusions for thinking that the Russians did not want an alliance with either side in Europe. He thought it would be surprising if they did. 'Why should the Russians worry?' he asked. 'What have they to fear from a European war? If the Dictators lose, the

Russians have nothing to be afraid of from the Democracies, who will have enough to do to lick their wounds. I cannot imagine that the Dictators could possibly be victorious. But put it that they were. Their cock-crowing would be heard only upon the ruins of Europe, a very dunghill indeed. Bless me, if I were in charge of that vast Russian Empire I would let Europe fight, and laugh to see the fools destroy themselves. For cash down I would sell all I had to spare to both parties, and at the end should I not have the whip hand of both of them? I know nothing of foreign affairs or diplomacy, but if I were a Russian that is the common sense of it, and if Moscow is a long way from Kent I have yet to learn that common sense don't reach that far.'

JOHN SHAND.



WORLD OPINION

A Press Summary

Germany

There is no perceptible change of tone or attitude in the German Press. The so-called 'anti-encirclement' propaganda is still the main topic and the anti-British campaign is as violent as ever. Although the German Press do not seem to find any difficulty in turning even the most insignificant event into a 'grave indictment of British policy' the events in the Far East provided them with welcome opportunity to ridicule Great Britain.

Zwölf Uhr Blatt (June 24th) contains a typical comment on the events in Tientsin. It says: 'Comically enough, London believes that the motto "If people do not love us, they must at least fear us" still holds to-day. They have not noticed that in recent decades one jewel after another has fallen out of John Bull's crown, and that the British Empire to-day stands on an old man's feet. . . . Formerly the British guns would have gone off if anybody in the world had forced an Englishman to take his jacket off. To-day a dozen Britons have even had their shirts removed without the once so powerful Britain being able to do more than sincerely regret an unfortunate occurrence.'

The twentieth anniversary of the Treaty of Versailles, June 28th, was the occasion of many long articles in German newspapers surveying the position of the Third Reich in present-day Europe. It should be noted that they are not only hostile to Britain in tone and substance, but also show a continuous effort to prove Britain's impotence *vis-à-vis* Germany's enormous strength.

Frankfurter Zeitung (June 28th) writes: 'Our weapons are stronger than those of any other country. We have not put them to use. We do not wish to put them to use, and

we are hardly likely to have to put them to use. Their existence is enough in itself.'

Lokalanzeiger (June 28th) says: 'The memory of that blackest day in German history only strengthens the conviction that what Britain attempted with France and their vassal State, Russia, was the last Pyrrhic victory of the encirclers over Germany. A repetition by Russia and her vassal States of to-day, Britain and France, has only one certain prospect—the deadly ruin of the British World Empire, which was once so proud and now quakes in all its joints. . . .'

Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung (June 28th) says in a leading article by its editor-in-chief: 'Even to-day British politicians will not realise that German self-assertion can only work against that "co-operation" which was devised at Geneva. It is no secret, and Munich provided no exception to the rule, that Western Europe is scarcely less lacking in understanding towards us than at the time of the wicked injustice of 1919.'

The following extract is a fair example of official German comment on Lord Halifax's important speech.

Völkischer Beobachter (June 30th) contains an article by Dr. Goebbels in which he 'replies' to Lord Halifax: 'The British are very angry with us. They regret our brusque way of speaking. With many "Oh, how shockings," they play the rôle of the governess of civilised humanity. . . . The British Prime Minister recently said he longed for the moment when one could talk reasonably with reasonable people. We are in the not too enviable position of the harmless pedestrian in the midst of a dark wood who has been robbed of all his belongings and who is being invited to a friendly conversation by the one who took his watch and even dangles it provocatively before his nose. When in such a situation one does not attach too much value to good manners. . . . The British say we called them idiots. That cannot be so. Politeness alone forbids us to employ such drastic characterisation. . . . The Britons seek, as they say, for a way to speak to the German people. There is only one such way, the way by the Führer. All other ways are blocked.'

As regards the problem of Danzig and the German-Polish tension, it is worth noting that German newspapers contain

practically no direct attacks upon Poland and that vituperative language, even where Danzig is concerned, is reserved for Britain and British statesmen only.

ITALY

As in previous months the Italian Press is competing with that of Germany in attacking the 'pluto-democracies.' On the whole, however, the language of Italian newspapers is less violent. Perhaps the most interesting feature of recent weeks are the frequent comments on Danzig, all of which are asserting Italy's readiness to stand by her Axis partner in any conflict arising out of the Danzig question.

Giornale D'Italia (July 3rd) states that: '. . . France and Great Britain are talking about the aggressor and about stopping him before he has even appeared. They wave, like a red flag before a bull, the problem of Danzig, which they regard as the imminent spark of the great European conflagration. . . . The two Axis Powers have not been passive since Munich. Their strategic position and their resources have been consolidated and made more powerful. There are also new and unforeseen possibilities, such as clever inventions not yet made known but ready to be revealed in their full efficiency in the hour of need.'

Relazioni Internazionali (July 9th), an important and semi-official weekly on international affairs, writes: 'As the return of Danzig to the Reich has been irrevocably decided on, the time has come to speak with extreme clarity so that the responsibility of the individual nations may be clear and precise. . . . The Governments of Great Britain and France are to-day taking advantage of Poland in order to extend their hostility towards the totalitarian Powers to an even wider circle and to throw the responsibility for a conflict with the Axis on to Warsaw. . . . While Italy has no direct interests in Danzig, she has repeatedly warned Poland to desist from an attitude which would end fatally for Poland. Poland is not, as her leaders declare, threatened in her independence as a State, nor would the return of Danzig to the Reich impair her sovereignty in the territorial sense. But since London and Paris are using the Danzig question as the pivot of their anti-totalitarian policy, it is as well to make known, in unequivocal fashion, that the Italian people,

entirely solid as always with Germany, are firmly backing the German solution for Danzig. . . .'

Popolo di Roma (July 11th), commenting on Mr. Chamberlain's statement in the House of Commons, writes: 'Those who expected a severe tone in yesterday's speech were somewhat perplexed to hear that Danzig, in spite of the alleged advantages of her present status, is susceptible of an even better arrangement. Prudence, in fact, had the better of consistency. It is to be noted that Chamberlain avoided pronouncing the phrase expected and demanded of him in journalistic quarters, "We British will fight for Danzig." Undoubtedly British diplomacy is in the midst of a new psychological crisis.'

The following comment on the Anglo-French-Russian pact negotiations in Moscow is of particular interest in view of the persistent rumour that the Italian Ambassador in Moscow is acting as go-between and mediator between the Soviet Government and the German Reich.

Gazzeta del Popolo (July 4th) writes: 'The conscience revolts at the idea that a whole revolutionary class—even though represented by a tyrant—could lend itself to such indignity. . . . On the other hand many reasons might induce Russia, even the Russia of Stalin, to approach the nations of the Axis and those others which are attaching themselves ever closer to the Axis. This may appear heresy, but it is not. While Fascism, German National-Socialism, Spanish Falangism are decidedly hostile towards Bolshevism, it remains true nevertheless that all these movements are the products of popular revolutions against the *soi-disant* democratic bourgeoisie and aimed at liberating the proletariat from its servitude to capital, either national or foreign. . . .'

FRANCE

The tone of the French Press of all political shades, one can fairly state, has been far more confident than in any of the previous months. The Danzig question has, of course, been very much in the foreground. Regarding the Moscow negotiations there has been little direct comment, but, between the lines, a good deal of impatience with the slow progress of the tripartite negotiations.

Petit Parisien (June 29th), commenting on M. Daladier's

speech in the French Chamber, writes: 'An attempt on Danzig would be the signal for a general war. Germany might prefer to avoid it but—let there be no doubt in Berlin—war would become inevitable. The French and British pledges to Poland are so precise that the very first skirmish between German and Polish troops would lead immediately to the mobilisation of the British Navy and the French Army, which would both go to Poland's assistance. . . . We are told that certain differences of opinion existing among people in London and Paris on the question of Danzig are encouraging Germany to take a chance on it. But such calculations can only lead to a disastrous result. Both the British and the French Governments, supported by public opinion, are determined to oppose any new aggression, whether it happens at Danzig or anywhere else. If Germany imagines she can treat Poland as she treated Czechoslovakia she must realise that France and Britain will stand in her way.'

Journal des Debats (July 10th) comments on Mr. Chamberlain's statement in the House of Commons: 'Its purpose is to make the Germans thoroughly understand that they must not entertain any illusions as to the resolution of Poland and the Western Powers. It seems as though Hitler has been thinking that in bringing about the annexation of the Free City in an indirect manner, that is to say by an alleged movement inside the city, there would be no aggression. He expects that in this case there would be no reaction and the *fait accompli* would give rise merely to verbal protests. The necessity to clarify the situation is therefore evident.'

Soviet Russia

As usual, the Soviet Press has been virtually void of current comments on the international situation in general, and, more particularly so, on the present negotiations in Moscow. With regard to the latter, only very brief official communiqués, issued by the Soviet Government, were allowed to appear in print. It is therefore exceedingly difficult, merely by a study of the Russian Press, to gain any impression of the Soviet point of view. There are, however, two noteworthy exceptions from this iron rule of silence: (1) the fact that lengthy extracts from Lord Halifax's speech

were published both in the *Pravda* and the *Izvestia* on July 2nd. That must be interpreted as an expression of approval, on the part of the Soviet Government, of Lord Halifax's utterances. (2) On June 29th, *Pravda* published an article by M. Zdanoff, a prominent member of the Polit-Bureau, in which the author attacks the Governments of France and Great Britain. Extracts from this article, which appeared in the form of a 'private letter expressing the personal views of the writer,' are given below.

Pravda (June 29th) publishes Zdanoff's letter under the heading: 'The British and French Governments do not want an equal pact with the U.S.S.R.' It says: 'What Britain and France still want is an agreement under which Soviet Russia would play the rôle of a hired man carrying on his shoulders the entire load of the agreement. They have piled up artificial difficulties, making it appear that serious differences exist between Great Britain and France on the one hand and Soviet Russia on the other in matters which, given British and French goodwill and sincerity, could be solved without delay and hindrance. Britain and France are demanding from Moscow guarantees not only for Poland and four other States of whose wishes they know nothing, but also for Holland and Switzerland with whom Soviet Russia does not even entertain ordinary diplomatic relations. It seems that the British and French Governments desire not a real pact acceptable to us, but only talk about a treaty in order to demonstrate before public opinion in their own countries the alleged unyielding attitude of Soviet Russia, and thus pave the way for their own methods of dealing with aggressors. A very few days will show whether this is so or not.'

Poland

The tone of the Polish newspapers commenting on the affairs of Danzig and 'the German threat' is bitter to the extent of aggressiveness. In this respect there appear to be no party differences. The only form of criticism of the Government seems to be a growing measure of impatience with the 'policy of waiting' while in Danzig the Nazis are making active military preparations.

Gazeta Polska (July 7th) very aptly expresses Poland's fear

that the Nazis might succeed in out-manœuvring the Western Powers. It says: 'Without regard to the method Germany may still try to achieve the Anschluss. The German Reich is a master in finding new "Ersatz" ways and means. . . . Germany attempts a manœuvring policy, hoping to obtain by these methods what Hitler could not obtain in March after his demands to Poland. Therefore, in spite of all soothing and pacifying actions, we Poles must watch Danzig, and the world, too, must not cease to pay full attention to the situation in the Free City. . . .'

Gazeta Polska (July 11th), referring to Mr. Chamberlain's speech, says: 'Germany is now left in no doubt whatever as to what Britain will do should Polish rights in Danzig be endangered by a German manœuvre or by tricky methods.'

On the question of actual military help by Britain the paper says: 'Mr. Chamberlain gave Germany a definite indication that her methods and manœuvres in Danzig were actually foreseen in the Polish-British agreement, and will be regarded as endangering Poland's independence.'

Express Poranny (July 12th) writes in a leading article: 'The political atmosphere is showing some signs of relaxation, but for us Poles this does not indicate any real change. We cannot trust too much the intentions of people who only a few days ago held a burning torchlight over barrels of powder and to-day try to appear as if they are ready to sit nicely and calmly in the corner. We say openly that we have no confidence. We suspect that the present lull and easiness is illusory only, and purposely arranged by foreign propaganda.'

Polonia (July 12th), a Nationalist paper, says: 'Foreign troops are being installed in Danzig. Increasingly strong armaments, including machine-guns, tanks and artillery, are arriving. It is possible that the tactics adopted by the Polish Government will bring success, but it must be admitted that up to the present the Nazis are continuing their activities in Danzig. The peace front should pass to the offensive.'

The Baltic States

In view of the present international discussion on the position of the Baltic States the following extracts may be of interest.

ESTONIA

Uus Eesti (July 12th), official organ of the Estonian Government, refers to the statement in a leading article of *The Times* which said that Great Britain 'considers that every State should be allowed to decide for itself what is best for it,' and adds: 'This phrase blows like a fresh breeze into the foul atmosphere created by the bargaining of the last few weeks.'

The Baltic Times (July 6th), also representing the views of the Estonian Government, contains the following passage: 'England has always stood high in the esteem of the Baltic States for the help given them in their fight for independence, but now the impression is growing that England is willing to sacrifice their interests for what she considers her own. The Baltic States are small, but not so small that they must not be reckoned with. Even in the present atmosphere of Nihilism the moral factor remains of value. The creators of the peace front can scarcely afford to ignore this fact. This front cannot be created by sacrificing the vital interests of small States, as the moral basis of the front would thus be destroyed. The course of the Moscow talks cannot change the policy of the Baltic States. They are determined to defend their independence and neutrality and will oppose every attack, whether it comes from the side of the guarantors or not. The Baltic States do not want to have their frontiers guaranteed, and if such an agreement be concluded these States will consider it as non-existent.'

LATVIA

Briva Zeme (July 4th), a semi-official organ of the Latvian Government, declares: 'The Baltic States are no longer to the same degree at the centre of attention. They have taken up a definite position known to the negotiators and we must wait to see if the "formula" being sought is found. But the Baltic States themselves can learn a great deal from the talks. The most important lesson is the conviction that very influential quarters in the negotiating States are inclined without scruple to sacrifice the independence and security of small States to the calculations of their power politics. . . . Small States cannot pursue a policy of alliances. The only solution for them is neutrality, which each one must safe-

guard with its own strength and which cannot be unilaterally guaranteed.'

FINLAND

Uusi Suomi (July 6th), a leading Conservative paper, makes the following comment: 'We know—and no French or British diplomatic activities can make us believe anything else—that if the Soviet, by treaty, obtains the protective rights regarding Finland, it means an assault on Finland's independence and freedom, and obliges us to resort to every possible measure to protect our country against such attack. . . .'

Referring to the leading article in *The Times* on the Baltic States, the paper goes on to say: 'England's most authoritative journal cynically and openly presumes that in the coming war our neutrality will not be respected.'

YUGOSLAVIA

Pravda (July 11th) contains an article discussing the Berlin visit of M. Kiosse-Ivanoff, Prime Minister of Bulgaria. It says: 'The German Reich wishes the establishment of peace and order in the Balkans, and of such peace and such order the co-operation between Belgrade and Sofia is the safest guarantee. Both Yugoslavia and Bulgaria are determined to keep out of all conflicts the great Powers may have among themselves. They are both firm in their will to protect the independence of their policy. . . .'

Samouprava (July 8th), a semi-official paper, writes in the same vein: 'In their own interest the Balkan peoples must uphold their solidarity. It may not be too much to hope that peace can be preserved in spite of the present conflicts in Europe. . . . But should warlike complications ever arise the Balkan States must hold on to their policy of neutrality under all circumstances. Also Bulgaria is bound to pursue that policy, especially after her own position has been clarified through the Treaty of Salonika.'

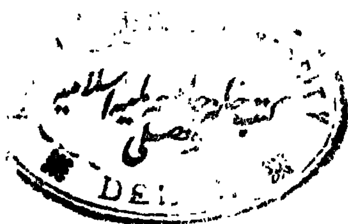
BULGARIA

Dnes (July 10th), the official organ of the Bulgarian Ministry for Foreign Affairs, contains the following statement: 'The policy of Bulgaria is a policy of absolute neutrality. . . . But neutrality does not mean isolationism. It is our duty to

explain our own position, to see that it is understood and appreciated by all those who are seeking ways and means for a new organisation of Europe. In Berlin as well as everywhere else we desire to make this clear. . . .'

Rumania

Universul (July 8th), an important Right-wing paper, comments on the Berlin talks of the Bulgarian Prime Minister Kiosse-Ivanoff, and the subsequent German declaration of sympathy for Bulgarian revisionism. The following remarks are all the more interesting in view of the fact that *Universul* has traditionally represented the German 'orientation' in Rumania. It says: 'We have every understanding for Germany's needs in this section of the Danubian basin. It was in this spirit that we concluded the German-Rumanian agreement. Therefore, too, it was most painful for us to see that the most distinguished German newspapers expressed such warm sympathy for the point of view of our neighbour, thus expressing an opinion on a matter which is the exclusive concern of Rumania and Bulgaria. . . . We take all this most seriously, in particular the sympathy for Bulgarian revisionism that has been displayed in Germany, and must await the final results of this visit before we can decide on our future policy.'



[illegible]
... liberty and independence to support [illegible]
... power, but paying [illegible]
The righteous, and all such as honour truth!
—[illegible]

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

1877 1939

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JAMES BRIDIE

whose latest play "What Say They?" was produced at this year's Malvern Festival, has written his autobiography under the title :

ONE WAY OF LIVING

¶ The last sentence of Ivor Brown's review in the *Manchester Guardian* of Oliver St. John Gogarty's *Tumbling in the Hay* read :

> "And now it remains for one of our Scottish doctors to show that Glasgow or St. Andrews can hold pen and lancet against Dublin. The straight call goes to Mr. Bridie."

With masterly promptitude "James Bridie" (Dr. O. H. Mavor) has answered the call, and his answer has a demure impertinence which is the ideal complement to Dr. Gogarty's riotous vitality.

¶ *One Way of Living*, Bridie would have us believe, is the story of one who has achieved reputation, contentment and material security by sedulously avoiding all avoidable effort, by cultivating sloth (often against odds) as among the most desirable virtues, by being passive in the hands of fate.

¶ It may seem curious for such calculated indolence to have produced a leader in Glasgow University ragging, journalism and social life ; a successful G.P., a private consultant, one of two consulting physicians at a large hospital, and a popular Army doctor ; finally the playwright who is generally acknowledged to be the most provocative and original of the British playwrights of to-day. But it ceases to do so when, after reading *One Way of Living*, one realises the blend of doggedness, humour and persistent mental alertness which Bridie chooses to call "sloth."

¶ The book is the September choice of the Book Society and will be published on September 4th at 8/6.

CONSTABLE

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY *AND AFTER*

No. DCCLI—September 1939

IF WAR COMES

One must admit that the situation in which the accumulation of the weapons of war is going on on so many sides, and at such a pace, is one which cannot but be regarded with anxiety; indeed, it is difficult to see what the resolution of this problem can be unless it is to be resolved by war itself.—The Prime Minister, *Hansard*, July 31st.

In the mouth of Mr. Chamberlain, such words can hardly be supposed to be an exaggeration. Should war break out, what then should we be fighting about; above all, what should we be fighting for?

Let us dispose of the idea that we should be fighting for the freedom of small countries. The fate of Czechoslovakia disposes of it. Think, too, of Abyssinia, Albania.

Let us dispose, too, of the idea that we should be fighting for democracy. Turkey and Roumania, whom we have guaranteed, are not democracies. Poland and Greece are but quasi-democracies. Russia, our hoped-for ally, is not a democracy (many things, but not that). We may, or may not, think that the interests of democracy are bound up with our victory; or we may remember that the last war did democracy no particular good. Again, we may believe that democracy will in time prevail, war or no war, victory or no victory;

but that is not what we should be fighting for. For on all these points opinion is divided.

If war should break out, we should be fighting, I believe, for no other purpose than to repel danger; danger to ourselves, to our lives, our security, our property, our national existence, our Empire and, such as it is, our freedom. All these things are in danger. It is this realisation which has produced the most remarkable example of a united nation in our history, a unity in which the only criticisms heard are doubts on each side of the sincerity of the other in the policy to which all subscribe. There was no such unity in 1914.

Nor are there now the heroics and the hero-worship of that time. The dictator countries have given us an insight into the heroics. There is, instead, a sober determination far less pleasurable, but to an enemy far more dangerous. Determination for what? Determination to dispose of the danger. What happens after is the concern of that time and not of this, fascinating though it might be to speculate. For the duration of the struggle our objects must be concrete and immediate. Germany must be rendered powerless for harm.

This in itself is surely a sufficient problem. Twice in a young man's lifetime Germany has moved to the attack. What means can be taken to ensure that she shall never do so again?

She must, of course, be disarmed. But is it enough to disarm her? Memories in this country may be short, but not even here are they short enough to believe this in the circumstances of to-day. It is not even necessary to labour the point.

Nor is it enough to make a change in the German political system, even in addition to disarming her. In Germany a change of system does not necessarily mean a change of heart. We have believed that once, and that also too recently for a repetition of the mistake. Without making any claim to be blameless in Germany's adversities, though her own chief responsibility for them is too often forgotten, her reaction to adversity is neither admirable nor safe for others.

The many self-appointed draughtsmen of new peace terms, from Sir Arthur Salter downwards, seem to be anxious to prove to Germany not only that force pays, but that war pays even when you lose it. Nobody wants to add punishment

to the losses inseparable from defeat, but surely it is not good sense to give to your defeated enemy those things which you fought to prevent his taking. The good-will of a defeated nation, as of a man, is not the most reliable guarantee that such gifts will not be used to reverse the defeat. It is not even fair to the more civilised elements in Germany that the policy of their oppressors should be shown to be profitable.

Political safeguards are very difficult to devise, and depend upon the will to work them. If any are to be imposed they must be based on feelings which are known to animate the population concerned. That, in essence, is why the post-war democracy of Germany disappeared and broke down. It was not rooted in the feelings and traditions of the people. What root then is there from which Germany can grow in prosperity without danger to the world? That is the question that must be asked, and so far I have heard only one plausible answer—local patriotism.

All German aggression has been bound up with the idea of German union—the 'Union of All Germans,' of Pan-Germanism—which has acquired much of its aggressive tendency from the necessity to overcome by force the separatism which is not yet dead. Rhinelanders, Saxons, Bavarians, not to speak of the Austrians and the Sudetens—who can say that these are not still patriots, would not still prefer their own autonomy to dictation from Berlin or from Berchtesgaden? It is not the work of Hitler that has to be undone; that may be left to Germans. It is the work of Bismarck, the work of Frederick the Great.

Yet not entirely! To break up Germany into separate independent states would be economic oppression and, even more regrettably, would later probably provoke a renewal of Pan-Germanism. We cannot abolish genuine national feelings. All we can do is to ensure that, if they are still dominant, they shall flourish in such conditions as shall exert a check upon their power for harm. We cannot prevent a common feeling among all Germans. But we can perhaps foster such local institutions as will prevent the sweeping of Germany all at once into an act of national folly. It should be possible for German federalism to exist without the sense of inferiority which is the result of an artificial unity imposed from above. Perhaps in these conditions Germany might at

last contribute to civilisation in a state which does not make the world wish the word 'German' had never been invented.

Federalism is in the air. Nationalism will be shaken by war, separatism may awake, not only in the defeated but in some of the victors. The question will be, how can a European federalism be combined with the maintenance of the balance of power? The answer may be found in the formation of federal groups—one of these might, for example, be an eastern and south-eastern Slav federation. Some form of federation, in fact, may be needed to preserve the unity of the individual states.

But this will be made far more difficult if the only solid unit is a quasi-democratic Germany unified by defeat, and by the police forces of her perhaps not very unified conquerors. The possibility that Bavaria or Saxony might separately join such a combination is going both to make the federal project itself less difficult, and to make it easier for Germans to join it.

Such possibilities can only be adumbrated sketchily in this brief article. But the issue may have to be faced soon. It is not enough to make the world safe *for* this or that—it is absolutely essential that the world be made safe *from Germany*. The disaster has come on us twice in a generation; it would be criminal, for lack of thought or serious purpose, to allow it to come again within the lifetime of our children, or those of them who survive.

All this 'if war comes.' Let us still hope that reason will prevail.

William Duns.

THE SITUATION

However obscure we may judge the aims of Russian foreign policy to be, the immediate consequences of the latest act in which that policy has been made manifest—the *rapprochement* between the Soviet Union and Germany—are clear and unmistakable. For quite apart from all speculation as to the further development of political relations between these two Powers, and quite apart also from any legitimate scepticism as to the honesty of Russia's intentions towards Germany, it cannot be denied that the fact of Russia's willingness to draw closer to the Reich has convinced the Nazi leadership that they can now count on Soviet neutrality in the event of war. What previously was a feeling of hope has now become a conviction of certainty. The knowledge that Russian neutrality has been secured means that the German leaders are now fully reassured as to Poland's isolation in the east, that they are now ready to bring their troops into position on the Polish frontier in ever more threatening numbers, and feel themselves safe in passing beyond the stage of mere 'formal mobilisation' to that of final and complete preparation for the immediate outbreak of hostilities. It is not too much to say that the pact with Russia now enables Germany to go to war against Poland forthwith—unless indeed, as the German propagandists have been claiming, Poland capitulates first in the face of the immense display of military force which rings her round.

How are we to compute the extent of Russia's guilt? Not only has Russia provided the last necessary precondition for the Nazi offensive against Poland: she has also weakened the forces of resistance against German and Italian imperialism, both in effective power and in *morale*.

Far more serious are, and will be, the repercussions in the sphere of European *Realpolitik*. For if we can be certain of anything in politics, then we can in very truth be certain of this: that Russia by her action in signing a pact with the Third Reich has passed sentence of death upon Poland, and has, at the same time, brought the entire European continent to the brink of war.

Germany, and to a lesser extent Italy, have in the past refused, and still refuse, to credit the determination of Great Britain and France to fulfil to the letter the obligations they have undertaken to their allies. This wilful self-deception, which must in the long run inevitably lead to the destruction of the Reich, can nevertheless be fairly simply explained. The German leadership, obsessed with

the goal of world domination, drives fanatically towards the destruction of the existing order in Europe. The mood by which it is governed makes any dispassionate weighing of the situation impossible. On the one hand we find the mistake of over-estimation. It is easy for the Germans to convince themselves that their own superior state of military preparedness is a decisive factor in their favour. On the other hand, the error is doubled by the mistake of under-estimation—an under-estimation of the moral and material strength of the forces opposing them.

But if it is understandable that Germany should misjudge the situation with which she has to deal, that Russia should do likewise is very much less understandable. Had Russia's foreign policy in fact had anything in common with the principles so often reiterated by her statesmen, the Kremlin would have realised, even without the assistance of expert diplomatic observers, the nature and importance of the fundamental change produced in the mind and mood of the Western democracies. They would have understood something of the far-reaching character of this change, that it was not merely the result of a sudden apprehension of danger, but that it grew out of the realisation of the menace implicit in the very essence of National Socialist imperialism. Russia chose not to see. And it so chose, not because it desired to witness the downfall of two 'capitalist plutocracies' which, for ideological reasons, it hated. The explanation for Russia's action in Europe is to be sought in the fact that Russia has now turned its face to the East; its decision was determined by conditions, political and geographical, on the continent of Asia. The problems of Europe, and of Germany in particular, are not without their influence on Russian policy; but Russia is concerned with German imperialism only in so far as it touches, possibly threatens, the imperial designs of Russia itself. As Russia turns East, she seeks to guide the imperialism of Germany West, with the frontier between Europe and Asia marking the boundary. The Russo-German Pact is a swift underlining of this policy. Not in any formal sense, but effectively, Russia has both joined the Anti-Comintern Pact—and destroyed it. Destroyed, that is, the illusion that it was ever a pact directed against the Soviet Union. Herr von Ribbentrop cannot have found it so difficult to convince his Russian friends that the Anti-Comintern Pact, despite its title, was in reality levelled against the British Empire. And not levelled against the British Empire alone, but against Western civilisation as a whole, against all those human, political and cultural values by which the Western nations live.

However and wherever the German attack is delivered, it will, in the last resort, have to be met by other than merely diplomatic means. Even if Hitler's plan of attack upon Poland be limited, for the moment, to the securing by Germany of her 1914 frontier, or even if, as a first step, Hitler should demand that he be allowed to 'take' Danzig, the Corridor and Upper Silesia 'only,' even so the satisfaction of this demand would necessarily, and obviously, involve the utter destruction of the Polish state, for the rump that

remained would be at the mercy of the Reich and would quickly suffer the same fate as that which overtook Bohemia and Moravia. Moreover, with the destruction of Poland the last defensive position of the 'Peace Front' in the East would disappear. The full strength of Nazi barbarism would be set free for an onslaught upon the west. The fates of England and France are now so bound up with that of Poland that the idea of abandoning the East to Hitler and thereby securing a respite for the West has lost whatever vestige of sense it might once have been thought to possess. The necessity of defending the national existence of Poland has to-day become, as never before in the history of Europe, a matter of the most vital importance. And the Russo-German Pact, it must be admitted, has both made the task more urgent, and more difficult.

The German leaders apparently believe that the fate of Poland is already sealed. And, for that matter, the fate of the Western democracies as well. Quite apart from the fact that Berlin, since the signing of the Russo-German Pact, is even less ready than before to believe that Britain and France will make good their promises of assistance to Poland, the Nazi leaders are confident that, should the democracies surprisingly show fight, the struggle will nevertheless go in their favour now that Fascist foresight has secured the neutrality of the Soviet Union. The lightning war against Poland, if the Anglo-French alliance is not prepared to knuckle under to a German-dictated peace, will be speedily followed by a knock-out blow to the West. In the event of the destruction of Poland leading to a general war, Hitler and von Ribbentrop are convinced of their ability to organise an offensive on a world-wide scale, embracing Central Europe, Spain, Italy and the Far East, and involving, in one form or another, the co-operation of Russia as well. Such a constellation, made up of racially disparate elements and widely scattered units, acknowledging no unity of interests other than the lust of Fascism for conquest and domination, could, so the Nazis believe, aided by the powerful German war machine, and making use of every conceivable form of 'frightfulness,' succeed in destroying the existing world order and in re-drawing the map in accordance with the dictates of a 'German peace.'

But the forces of collective resistance are now prepared and ready to meet such an attack. In material resources—even recognising that the effort of defence will necessitate the heaviest sacrifices —the 'Peace Front' nations are more than prepared. In their conviction of the justice of their cause, in their calmness, determination and self-confidence, they have a thousand times the advantage. It is no longer, for the peoples of the West, a question of defending material interests. National Socialism has exhibited itself too plainly for the brutal, sub-human and despicable doctrine it is; and National Socialism's assault upon civilisation is clearly seen as an attack on every principle and human value that the free man of the Western democracies holds dear.

M. Wolf.

SOME THOUGHTS ON PROPAGANDA

It should be beneath the dignity of civilised and peaceful countries to engage in propaganda when their relations with foreign Powers are civilised and peaceful. The idea of persuading people against their will, and by often unscrupulous methods, to accept an argument that is not their own, must be repugnant to every nation where any value is attached to individual thought. It is not surprising that we hear so little of Scandinavian, Dutch or Swiss propaganda when it is remembered that these States are highly civilised and are justly proud of their independent traditions. And it is certain that in our own country, too, there will be widespread aversion to propaganda of every sort. When we see the results in the 'totalitarian States' of what the Oxford Dictionary terms 'a means for propagating a doctrine or a practice,' we instinctively recoil from anything that may produce the dictated opinion, the sheep-like dependence, and the mass-hatred that characterises German public opinion to-day. But as every week brings fresh evidence of anti-British propaganda, we find ourselves forced in self-defence to fight the menace on its own ground. Nevertheless, let us choose our weapons carefully, with information rather than vilification as our aim, so that, while repelling attack, we yet uphold civilised standards of independence and self-respect, both in our own interest and in the interest of those countries where these standards are still regarded as supremely important. Propaganda has been called the 'Fourth Line of Defence'—but as we are even now manning the First Line, it is time, high time, perhaps, that we manned the Fourth as well. What we do now, or leave undone, may help very powerfully in determining the issue of any future conflict. We must look upon propaganda as accessory to our armed might. Our energies should not be confined to mere counter-measures; we should rather create a widespread system of

information and enlightenment, both at home, where much ignorance and muddled thinking still persist, and abroad, where, because of the insidious methods used against us, the need is even greater.

The French Government recently imposed a strict control on all propagandist activities which, if allowed free play, might undermine national unity. No such control exists in England, where the freedom of the Press makes it easier than in any other country to disseminate inaccurate or deliberately twisted knowledge, all the more so as the limits of public credulity seem to be very wide indeed.

At the same time, the freedom of the Press in England is a guarantee that the truth can also be told, whereas the restrictions that exist in 'totalitarian States' often mean that it cannot be told at all. If we go to war, a certain control of the Press will be unavoidable—a censorship is being prepared even now, as a necessary part of our warlike preparations. But it would be out of keeping with the independent spirit and our civilised standards if restrictions on our freedom went beyond what is absolutely needed for the achievement of the supreme purpose—victory. There can be few countries where public opinion is so divided—but also decided—on problems of national importance, and there is hardly anyone in England to-day who has not this or that suggestion for the solution of the difficulties and the dangers with which we are faced. Notwithstanding the political, economic and ethnological complexities of such questions as the Munich Agreement, the return of the German colonies or, more recently, Danzig, echoes of dissensions on these matters resound in every home. In particular, the artificial fog that surrounds the question of whether or not Danzig is worth a war is typical of the conflict that rages round false issues. But to any observer with even a slight knowledge of facts, the amount of ignorance displayed in these debates and the wishful thinking that accompanies them prove the necessity for greater enlightenment.

The methods employed by the Germans to undermine British unity are thoroughly insidious. Sheltering behind the names of public and distinguished figures—who are certainly innocent of their purpose—the Germans promote or assist organisations whose avowed purpose is peace and

Anglo-German friendship, while, in reality, they encourage ignorance of the facts, mental confusion and disunity, and the conviction to which the Englishman is especially prone, namely, that we are not 'playing the game' with Germany. Trading on the goodwill, innocence, and, it may be, what the Germans call 'Geltungstrieb' of these people, they sow doubt, division and indecision, and it will need some very vigorous counter-measures on our part to undo the damage they have done, and to prevent them from doing further damage.

That the importance of this has been recognised is shown by the publication of the *Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs* and the work of the *Economic League*, which offer to the public —at a very modest price—the benefit of their researches. Criticism of the Treaty of Versailles or, for that matter, of the British Empire has always existed in this country—the result sometimes of a genuinely critical spirit, sometimes of a merely contradictory state of mind, and sometimes of a kind of perverted liberalism. But rarely has such criticism been so loud as it is to-day (or at least yesterday, for the rapidly growing dangers of the international situation have begun to infuse a wider and deeper sense of responsibility and to place at least some restraint on mere political petulance and on the more wanton forms of dissent).

People who have either ignored or shown only a slight interest in such matters are among the most energetic in condemning the 'injustice' of Versailles. But their sense of 'justice' is very often born, not of a knowledge, but of self-righteousness, and, sometimes, of the fear inspired by a powerful and cunning foe. If these critics could be supplied with the details of the infamous Treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest, they might perhaps see more clearly—while even more instructive would be the draft made by the German General Staff for the German 'Versailles' (it might also be pointed out that the 'settlement' imposed by Germany on Czechoslovakia after 'Munich' makes Versailles seem liberal and humane by comparison). There is evidently a great deal to be done in this field, and it seems essential that some of these more dangerous beliefs should be replaced by accurate and sound knowledge, so as to leave no weak point in our moral defences if—or when—the enemy should test our

strength. Much has already been done in this respect by the admirable *Oxford Pamphlets*.

In Germany, Dr. Goebbels has spared no effort to revile us and to sully our reputation. He has shrunk from no falsehood that might discredit our actions or misrepresent our motives. German propaganda has been directed against us in ever-increasing volume, and no calumny has been thought too gross if it could serve to lower the prestige of the British Commonwealth. It is no use denying the success of the cumulative effects of such propaganda, and observers recently in Germany report that British 'atrocity' stories, and accounts of our 'impotence and ignominy' in the East, together with our 'decadence' in the West, are gaining a real hold on the German public. When we consider Dr. Goebbels' vast organisation, its resources and the fact that it is under the control of one unscrupulous man, the efforts of private individuals in this country and the present system, of the B.B.C. German broadcasts will appear very inadequate for dealing with the problem. The radio is a powerful weapon, and much more could be done with it. A close watch could be kept, anti-British propaganda and any lies could be contradicted immediately. With a system of frequent short-wave broadcasts we could present persuasive accounts of life in England, and make clear our attitude and intentions. What we wish to make public in Germany to-day is our determination to support our Allies with all the means in our power. We should leave the German people in no doubt that our means are considerable enough to make victory certain. It is, above all, necessary that Germany, and those countries that live in fear of her or are dependent on her, should know that we shall fight against all direct or indirect aggressions and that, if we do fight, we shall fight to win. This should be constantly repeated, so as to make certain that there will be no 'Wunschtraum' of collapse or of further 'appeasement' on our part.

It may be that Italy will be more amenable than Germany. Most Italians are probably more prejudiced against their Axis-partner than against their potential 'enemy' England. The Italians are strong individualists, and, as a people, they favour independent thought. In any case, we must impress upon the German and Italian nations that we wish to give them

a timely warning that, in spite of our efforts to avoid war, their own leaders are bringing them daily closer to it, that with these leaders, with Hitler above all, will rest the ultimate responsibility. Should they disregard the warning, they will find themselves at war with coalition headed by two mighty Empires who will fight to a finish.

Much anti-British propaganda has been silenced by the establishment of compulsory military training. Our emphasis on mutual assistance, our growing obligations, and the firmness of our foreign policy did not appear consistent with our reluctance to remove the chief cause of our military inadequacy. In a last analysis, armed strength and the determination to use it will be persuasive. But propaganda is also needed—if only to make persuasion timely, for if it is timely, there is even a chance that war may be averted.

Public opinion in neutral countries has been deeply influenced by the flood of anti-British propaganda that is meant to break long-standing ties of friendship and to destroy our prestige. The marketable value of propaganda is skilfully assessed in accordance with the temperament, living conditions, strength and weaknesses of those for whom it is intended, in Scandinavia, the Baltic, Eastern and Central European States. The problem has been carefully studied with German thoroughness, and the methods employed with a view to achieving the maximum effect.

If we offer to guarantee the independence of a friendly Power, the offer is at once explained by the German Press and propaganda machines as the first step in a predatory campaign, and that only with the support of a sympathetic Germany can the independence of the Power in question be maintained.

The British Council have done much to spread enlightenment of the most dignified kind. But more should be done. Facilities are being given by a number of countries to encourage universities to accept foreign students on an exchange basis—an admirable arrangement. The traditions of learning for which Germany has been so famous in the past, together with the writings and the discoveries of her poets, philosophers and scientists are becoming even less accessible in the country where 'race' or party is more considered than scholarship. It has therefore been left to the

German-speaking peoples of northern Switzerland to uphold the great traditions of German thought, while persecutions across the frontier have driven many brilliant professors to join the faculties of the Swiss universities. There are few countries—except those who have something to conceal—who will not be gratified by genuine foreign interest and will appreciate the value of a friendship that expresses itself in a desire for co-operation. A knowledge of contemporary conditions is certainly indispensable, but we should understand them far better if we were more familiar with the past—cultural and historical—of these countries. We constantly insist on the excellence of our long-standing friendship with Portugal, but it has been left to the French—for example—to arrange in Paris an important exhibition of Portuguese art. In Núno Goncalves the Portuguese have a master who can equal such painters as Van Eyck and Memling. . . . In addition, the unqualified success of this exhibition was very popular in Portugal and has undoubtedly led to a deeper appreciation of that country in France. Since the great French and Italian Exhibitions, we have done little to show our interest in the culture of other nations.

It has not been the purpose of this article to deal at all comprehensively with the vast possibilities of propaganda, but rather to emphasise the inconsistency with which we profess ourselves ready to defend our independence and our beliefs to the last man, but shrink from utilising a weapon that is essential to their defence. Our efficiency in conducting propaganda in war-time is universally recognised. There is in the Anglo-Saxon race an unmistakable tendency toward proselytism—either in the form of the highly organised missionary work of the last century or in the sentimental and richly supported efforts to gain sympathy for various 'causes' —Abyssinia, China, Spain (Republican and Nationalist), and so on. When we realise our own gifts in this respect, how wide our opportunities, and how serious our need, we should consider all the practical possibilities in a spirit of complete realism.

E. Scott-Montagu.

DEFENCE AND/OR DEFIANCE

It was only to be expected that, in a time of rearmament feverishly pushed on to be ready for sudden war, military literature, for long a despised form of popular reading, should suddenly multiply to meet a new demand. A series bearing the title *The Next War*[1] would not have been risked eight years ago—to-day it is not only risked but finds purchasers, although not much of the contents could be considered bedside reading—and two important books would never have been written.

The fact that they are not only written, but are being read, gives them sufficient political importance to justify some examination of their main theses. Inevitably both Captain Liddell Hart's *The Defence of Britain* (Faber & Faber, 12*s.* 6*d.* net) and Major-General Rowan Robinson's *Imperial Defence* (Frederick Muller, 10*s.* 6*d.* net) are concerned in roughly half their respective books with problems of war organisation, co-ordination and even training. Here both writers have important practical contributions to make—Captain Hart, as befits one who has himself been the author of many of the reforms already carried out, in the greater detail—which deserve close study. The reader, one hopes, will not take it as evidence of a desire to minimise that undoubted importance if in this short article they are neglected in favour of a rather summary comment on the political and military doctrine on which they are ultimately based. It is hardly just coincidence that both carry the same essential word in their titles. Defence is a fashionable word—not even the war glorifiers in Berlin have risked changing the non-committal *Reichswehrministerium* to the frank but old-fashioned *Kriegsministerium*—and is intended to convey to the world that, the old things having passed away, no nation to-day

[1] The two latest additions, Major-General Thivillier's *Gas in the Next War* and Colonel Green's *The Territorial in the Next War* (Bles, 5*s.* each), worthily maintain the standard of their predecessors, being not only adequate from the point of view of the student but readable and informative to the ordinary elector.

can conceivably wage anything but a war of defence. All the measures taken or advocated are measures not for aggression but for defence, the defence of vital interests, political, moral or economic, and with its constant reiteration the word takes on magical significance, and from being an expression of policy becomes its justification. Any step is justified if it is one for defence, and becomes morally justified except to the doctrinaire pacifist who ranks defence against aggression nearly as immoral as aggression itself, even if he admits that the morality concerned is purely utilitarian. The 'defence' *motif* runs through the speech of every statesman and the article of even the least appeasing among the leader-writers; only the common Englishman, political by instinct and therefore that type of realist that only romantic England has succeeded in producing, dare think in Catonian terms, varying from the cheerful evangelicalism of 'If 'Itler wants trouble 'e can 'ave it' to the regretful Calvinism of 'We oughta've finished the job in '18.' The 'common' Englishman equally does not share the view of so many of those who, except in that humility which is the dirtiest of prides, refuse to be classed as 'common,' that democracy has been forced back upon the defensive, simply because the 'common' Englishman by his political instinct is not deceived, as are his betters, by the subtler suggestions of Fascist and Nazi propaganda. But he too is liable to be a victim of the confused thinking that makes defensive strategy the logical outcome of a war which will undoubtedly be one of defence. Politically it will no doubt be distinctly valuable to have the enemy 'take the offensive'—the case of Belgium was almost too good to be true—and politically it may well be expedient to avoid taking the initiative and thereby apparently waging a 'preventive' war, but it is a great pity that into what is simply a technical military controversy a confusion of categories, that curse of present-day thinking which obstinately reveres science at the expense of logic, should appear to give a sort of moral significance to the purely military policy of standing on the defensive in the field.

Neither General Rowan Robinson nor Captain Liddell Hart confuse their categories, to that extent anyway. But politically they accept the view that the democracies are necessarily on the defensive, and that militarily they will be

attacked. No critic would like to be saddled with the charge that he dare believe he has read as much or thought as long or as deeply as either of them, but there is a point at which any critic may challenge the conclusions drawn from penetrating analyses of a situation that is rapidly becoming plain to everybody.

The academic side of the controversy may be neglected. Captain Liddell Hart argues powerfully for a defensive strategy buttressed by impressive examples from history. General Robinson, equally relying on history, is not so sure, and the old slogans of ' the defence has become more powerful than the attack ' and ' in war it is the man who counts ' are stated and re-stated in a variety of terms. The controversy is in itself insoluble, because it is virtually an artistic and not a scientific controversy, just as insoluble as the problem of adherence to the ' recognised rules ' of warfare. Defence and attack are merely two methods which are not opposing, but are just different methods. They can be used with greater as with less skill at the right as at the wrong time, and no final conclusion on their merits can be drawn even from a wealth of examples, for the conduct of war is not the application of scientific formulæ, but a series of improvisations, some of which come off brilliantly, but most of which fail dismally in one sense or another.

It is when one comes—to use a pre-war phrase—to permeating an army, which to-day means permeating a nation, with the offensive or the defensive spirit, that doctrinairism becomes dangerous, because, as both writers perceive, doctrinairism is really providing not a principle of war but a recipe for victory. And for victory there is, alas, no universal recipe; victory has been as often won by thick heads and stout hearts as by weight of intellect and preponderance of metal, and both the thickness and the stoutness are unknown quantities until the day of test comes.

But it is on the analysis of the military possibilities arising out of the actual political situation that it is more profitable to dwell. Briefly we have the spectacle of an expansionist coalition not actually contemplating aggression, but well through with a very definite programme of aggression. Nothing is more true than Captain Liddell Hart's view that Europe has actually been at war since 1936, and that since

then the coalition has won six campaigns, and may win a seventh. What we are asked to survey really is the situation as the fourth year of the war gets under way. That the situation has altered for the worse for the democracies can hardly be gainsaid. The conquest of Abyssinia—accepting the Italian version of the conquest—gives Italy a position of great value in the Indian Ocean area, and so affects adversely the already dangerous situation in the Mediterranean; the disappearance of Czechoslovakia robs the democratic cause of a well-trained army, a powerful air fleet, vast stores of munitions and very important war potential, and enables the coalition to outflank Poland, threaten Rumania and dominate Hungary; that, combined with the conquest of Albania, neutralises Jugoslavia; the Fascist victory in Spain constitutes at the best a threat to France's Pyrenean frontier, and at the worst places the Atlantic and Mediterranean sea routes, as important militarily as economically, at the mercy of the assailant, and may render impossible an adequate blockade of the western exit of the Mediterranean. Morally, not so much because of the brilliance of the victory as because of the demeanour of the vanquished, it has enabled Germany at once to raise the moral and the fighting spirit of her own people, and so to dominate not altogether with acceptance the other members of the coalition that Italy at least has become a second-class power and an object of policy. The gross gain is not altogether gain—there are signs of rebellion in Italy and unease in Germany—but the net gain is so clear that the war is being busily prosecuted. The only question is where will the next blow fall, and how can it be parried.

At the moment of writing (August 16th) the zone of action is in Eastern Europe. There seems general agreement that, failing another Munich, there are two possibilities. These are conceived in the belief that to wage a further stage in the war Germany must control the resources of South-Eastern Europe. The first is that, as Poland is an integral part of the democratic coalition, Germany will attack her at various points in the hope of a knock-out victory before the West can intervene, and then proceed with her eastern flank secure to mop up the Balkans at her leisure. The second is that, neglecting Poland, Germany will aim a lightning stroke at the south-east. In both cases Italy is envisaged as neutral

until she is required, for her benevolent neutrality is perhaps more important to Germany than her participation.

It will not be denied, one thinks, that the anti-democratic coalition holds the initiative and can, to the extent that the sum total of war conditions admit, impose on the other coalition the strategy which she herself would prefer to see used against her. With considerable skill Germany has combined the considered views of a number of competent military students and the speculations of an equal number of non-military scientists and scientific vulgarisers with the tradition of the 'forward storming Prussians' to form the myth—using that word in its twentieth-century significance—of the 'lightning war.' Under the influence of the myth even people who should have known better saw the coming war as a lightning 100 per cent. German offensive, a tornado of bombs on London and the naval bases, a rush of submarines against all types of ship afloat or in port, a whirlwind of tanks, armoured cars and picked storm troops, to turn France's great defensive line either in the north or in the south or in both. It was to its great advantage that the myth corresponded to the characteristics of Germany's two serious opponents, the 'back to the wall' attitude of the British and the '*défense de la patrie*' concept of the French. To both the rôle of calmly awaiting the German rush appeared the logical one, so logical that both in Paris and in London there were many who hoped that Italy would at once join Germany in the great onward rush, because against Italy it was possible, and possibly profitable, to act on the offensive. Reading Captain Liddell Hart's brilliant chapters on the military situation and on the defence of the Anglo-French coalition it is difficult to discern how far the influence of the myth has unconsciously led him to those examples which seem to prove the value of defensive strategy; what is certain and important is that in the admirable section called 'Forward Positions' the validity of the myth to decide policy is clearly called in question.

> The same reasons which cast doubt on the practicability of a German attack against the French frontier apply still more strongly to a French move in the opposite direction. Yet German action elsewhere *might make it difficult for France to abstain* (my italics).

Here is the crux of the question. What evidence, it may

be asked to start with, is there really of any German intention to attack in the west or to attack at all except in the speculations and appreciations of military experts? What used to be called the Seeckt plan of using a highly mobile, small professional army against conscript hordes was not merely foreign to German tradition of masses, was not merely much too bold for the average German soldier, but presupposed the non-existence anywhere of a securely fortified barrier; it is to be doubted if even its author really felt it to be more than an interesting speculation on possibilities. The knock-out air blow made horrific by Douhet and his disciples is no longer, after recent experiences and the taking of counter measures, taken very seriously, not even by its lip servant Field-Marshal Goering. The whole of German strategy since the war started has been to improve on the doctrine of one who at least used to be Captain Liddell Hart's hero, Maurice de Saxe, and won campaigns not only without fighting but without even manœuvring. At no time has any act of war taken place until it was nearly 100 per cent. certain there would be no resistance. In Spain there were only 'volunteers,' some of whom, alas, got themselves killed; in Albania corruption and treachery made resistance to overwhelming force not merely vain but very highly unlikely; in the first invasion of Czechoslovakia, despite all the threats, not a man was moved until the diplomatic victory had been won; in the second not a man was moved until the enemy invited the presence of protectors and allies; even at Memel it was made certain that there would be no fighting before a single German crossed the frontier of a country which could not have maintained the defensive for twenty-four hours. In none of these cases was there any offensive concentration of troops on other frontiers, or any sign of an inclination to take the offensive; in all the most damaging of defeats was inflicted, *i.e.*, the impression made on the spectator that the 'enemy' had refused for one humiliating reason or another to accept the challenge. It may be argued that, as it was rather the effect of these defeats than any real zeal to maintain the rule of law in Europe that led to the formation of the oddly termed 'peace front,' the situation has radically changed. Next time there will be no bloodless victories; next time Germany will have to fight. That may be so, but is there any reason to suppose that

Germany, because she has to reckon with real fighting in Poland, say, or Rumania, will take the offensive everywhere? Everything points to the belief in the mind of Herr Hitler and his advisers that *politically* it is not possible for the Western Powers to take the offensive; it is worth noting in view of the efforts to 'get the Soviets in' that in no reports of discussions of the military problem in Germany is Russia ever mentioned. In the West Germany's action is diplomatic, not military. Every military success in the East or South is in fact a still greater diplomatic success in the West. Every military success in the East or South makes it more difficult for the 'enemy' to take military action in the West, and if the aim of military action is the imposition of one's will on the 'enemy,' military action must be taken at the point of least resistance. Unless one's examination of the situation and the German views on it is all wrong, German strategy will therefore aim at quick offensive decisions in the East and a strict and economical defensive in the West. If possible fresh triumphs will be gained by the old method of diplomatically neutralising the possible enemy in the West to lower the power of resistance in the East. If these methods fail, a 'lightning' success in the East will confront the West with the worst of all situations, that of fighting for a lost cause. Only a fool would ever predict the issue of any military operation—after all, dead men have won a fight and also lost one—but suppose the optimists on the German staff are right? Suppose on a given morning at dawn German forces equivalent to Poland's mobilised strength move from Moravian Ostrau, from Breslau, from Frankfurt on the Oder, from East Prussia, preceded by a formidable and concentrated air attack? Suppose the weather holds, the Poles are technically 'surprised,' the German leaders commit no mistakes and no motor vehicle breaks down? Is it not conceivable that within the boasted ten days Poland might be dismembered and the rump of Poland under a Polish Hacha exercise the right of self-determination and ask to become a German protectorate? What then happens in the West? Presumably the Western coalition has taken military steps; presumably it is ready to fight, but would there not be a very considerable and influential body of opinion in it which would ask what it is now to fight for, and could not all be

settled diplomatically, now that the guarantee to Poland was as anachronistic as the guarantee to Czechoslovakia? And if that opinion were multiplied by a great wave of public indignation, what strategy could the coalition adopt except an offensive strategy? In other words, the German initiative would impose on the West an offensive strategy which Germany has already spent fabulous sums in preparing to meet and defeat. Equally, even if the ten-day boast failed, an offensive strategy would be imposed. The maintenance of a defensive attitude in the West is for Germany so sound militarily that it is difficult except for the myth to see how military experts, even if they had not assimilated *Mein Kampf*, ever believed in anything else. The effectiveness of a naval blockade is largely countered by the realist establishment long ago of a war economy and expansion south-eastwards; air attack unbacked by action on land will accomplish little beyond making the waging of war on the other two elements even more merciless than the Nazis envisage, and nothing could be more to the heart of a professional soldier than the prospect of a series of costly attacks on his own fortified position,[2] until the moment comes for the counter-stroke that would involve the attacker in irremediable defeat. If it is necessary for the Western coalition to fulfil its pledges and embark on actual hostilities, then so long as Italy remains neutral, it is either condemned to lose the war or take the offensive in the West, for so long as Italy remains neutral it is not possible for any serious offensive operations to be carried on in the East unless they are carried on by the Russians; the real importance of Russia is that with Russia an active ally it is possible to wrest the initiative from the Germans. A stalemate in the West, which is what the adoption by both sides of defensive strategy would mean, would be tolerated by public opinion only if there were successful offensive action on another front where it is certainly unlikely, but equally certainly not without the bounds of possibility, that its own national forces might also find employment. The situation envisaged above may be considered fantastic, but it is the fantastic which to-day is unfortunately the rule—what in the spring of 1938 could have appeared more fantastic than an

[2] In September the French staff estimated that they could break the Siegfried Line in three places in a few days; that is not said to-day.

accurate prophecy of what happened only twelve months later?—and it seems to the present writer that neither General Robinson nor Captain Liddell Hart has given the possibility of its arising adequate consideration. In both their studies there is examination of war economies and war potentials, and although neither definitely says so, it may be that both rely on the assertion that Germany needs a quick final victory—which means an offensive strategy in the given circumstances—because she cannot stand a protracted war. That may be true, for a protracted total war depends on a whole series of moral factors, which are very greatly influenced by economic conditions, and a whole series of political factors, many of which it may well be are not now existent in Nazi Germany. But he would be a bold prophet who with the lessons of history in his mind would proclaim his definite belief that morally, politically and economically it was impossible for Germany to endure a protracted total war. Nor is there any political reason to believe that the war now being waged would be a protracted *total* war; it is much likelier to be what it has been so far, a series of individual campaigns in pursuance, not of a great strategic aim, but of a great political aim such as inspired the individual campaigns of the great wars of the past. There seems no reason at all to suppose that in another Thirty Years' War it would *necessarily* be Germany—even without allies—who would crack up first.

It was these considerations that determined the choice of the title of this review-article. In a new edition of the Thirty Years' War a 'lightning' victory may well be, if government of the people by the people for the people is not to perish from the earth, far more necessary to the Western coalition than to the Fascist one. It may well be that it is the Western coalition which will have to make the first move, and even if it is only just possible that that move may be forced upon us, it is rather a pity that both these extremely able writers seem temporarily to have forgotten a recipe for victory given by a simple-minded but not unsuccessful soldier, 'I get there *fustest* with the *mostest* men,' for it is a recipe that is not only valid militarily but politically and morally.

R. T. Clark.

THE 'NEUTRALITY' OF SOUTH AFRICA

The controversy which is now raging in South Africa about the 'neutrality' of the Union if Great Britain becomes involved in a war is best studied against the background of South Africa's internal politics. The issue of 'neutrality' is only one of several issues on which the Nationalists have chosen to fight the United Party, or Hertzog-Smuts coalition which is now in power. Startling as it may seem to the outsider, this question of 'neutrality' in a possible war between Great Britain and Germany arose almost accidentally; that is to say, the Nationalists found it convenient to replace republicanism—which has been dropped as an *immediate* objective—by 'neutrality' as the anti-British slogan. 'Neutrality' is being exploited as an internal issue, which was—so to speak—gratuitously thrust upon the Nationalist politicians from outside, by the international situation. If it were to remain an internal issue, a mere slogan which should eventually lead the Nationalists into power, and which might then be dropped (as republicanism, in time of peace, would probably be dropped if Dr. Malan became Prime Minister), the 'neutrality' campaign might be regarded as mischievous but not necessarily of world-importance. Times are not normal, and whether war breaks out or not the Nationalists have lit a fire which may blaze up and consume themselves and adversaries alike. There are already signs that the flames which flicker have got out of the control of the incendiaries.

Constant efforts are made in semi-official pronouncements to give the impression that this is not so; that the Nationalists are children playing at politics, and that 'neutrality' is merely their latest toy. The most recent dose of soothing syrup issued under semi-official auspices is a Talk in the Dominion Commentary series relayed from South Africa by the B.B.C. The tenor of this talk was that, although the question of 'neutrality' had arisen, the South African was chiefly and

only concerned with the freedom and welfare of South Africa, and that anything which went further than this might be attributed to the exaggerations of internal politics. It was suggested that to suppose that the Afrikander who is anti-British is necessarily pro-German represents an English and mistaken way of thinking. These are the usual arguments for minimising the danger; and the talk contained a lot of the other usual arguments. It is habitually said, for example, that the Republican's bark is worse than his bite, and attention is drawn to past compromises. General Hertzog was himself a champion of neutrality—but he has abandoned his standpoint; Dr. Malan is a Republican, but when he became a member of the Cabinet he was as mild as a lamb. And so on. The implication of these soothing comparisons is that even if the Nationalists (as seems probable) come into power soon, they will not carry out their programme. Colour is given to this notion by the attitude of the Nationalists themselves in temporarily abandoning republicanism as an objective. This concession is meant as a bait to attract adherents who still support the United Party and to cause that split which will sooner or later occur in the Government Party and which will let in the Nationalists.

There is a good deal of truth in these arguments; and in normal times they might carry weight. It is true that politics are both a passion and a profession in South Africa, and that programmes have a way of evaporating on the way to power. In normal times South Africa would have a great interest in keeping up her connection with Great Britain, both for economic reasons and because the British fleet is needed as a safeguard. In normal times the ardour of the Republicans would serve as a plank towards office, and it would not be taken too seriously. In normal times the Union of South Africa would really have no alternative but to remain within the British Commonwealth.

But times are not normal, and an entirely new and dangerous situation has arisen. This danger is slurred over in optimistic pronouncements like this recent broadcast, which may be regarded as typical of what the semi-official censorship allows to be said about South Africa. Is it possible that the Powers concerned with South Africa are really blind to the new situation and continue to think about

it in the old terms? Or do they wish to conceal the facts? There is much evidence to show that they wish to conceal the facts. Hardly any news about important affairs is published in the British newspapers (there is a certain amount about bird-life, etc., obviously inserted to show that the Dominions are not ignored), but no first-class correspondents are employed and when important news appears it is often false. Th *Daily Telegraph* published a message saying that the featur of the recent session of the South African Parliament had been the unexpected moderation of the Nationalists. This is simply untrue. The feature of this session was the amazing and aggressive tactics of the tiny Nationalist Opposition (twenty-eight members out of 200), the nazification of their programme, and the 'appeasing' attitude of the Smuts-Hertzog Government on every vital point, which showed up the debility of the coalition and must lead to the further success of the extremists.

I was present at a debate in that Parliament a few months ago. Outside, in the gardens, black, brown and white inhabitants strolled by (and never mixed) between the rotting, metallic oaks, the blue plumbago and the red hibiscus. Inside, twenty-eight Nationalist members lounged and laughed at the Government, seeming to express by their furious and contemptuous poses a knowledge that the victory was theirs. Twenty-eight members out of 200; and whenever the Nationalists introduced a new measure of reaction the Government came to meet them, and instead of rejecting the measure outright positively introduced a milder measure of the same kind.

How can this be explained? The explanation lies in the fact that the Smuts-Hertzog coalition is an artificial one which is liable to split and afraid of splitting; far more afraid of taking any such risk as appealing to latent idealism among the voters. That is the significance of the Government's attitude; and in normal times it would just be a matter of bungled politics. The coalition would split at the end of its four years' term of power, the Nationalists would come in, and everybody would hope that they would be kind to the British-speaking minority of 40 per cent. of the 2,000,000 white inhabitants.

But times are abnormal; a prolonged world crisis has

introduced a new element into South African politics. The new thing is that South Africa now has an alternative! Until recently republicanism was to some extent a game, because a small country, even if it gains nominal independence, must stay under the tutelage of somebody. To all intents and purposes South Africa looked like staying under British influence. There was no alternative *idea*, no alternative system and no alternative friendly Great Power. Within the last four years the rise of Nazi Germany has filled the Nationalists with a new idea, and the rapid growth and power of the anti-British campaign in South Africa corresponds to the appearance on the world horizon of this new idea, the Nazi idea.

It is argued, and justly argued, that to regard the anti-British tendencies of the Afrikander majority as necessarily pro-German is an over-simplification. This is true. Although 40 per cent. of the Afrikander population is German in origin, the majority would reject the idea of submission to Germany or any other Power, and honestly believe in South African independence. At a caucus of the Nationalist group itself, held on April 20th, only four out of the twenty-eight members of Parliament voted in favour of 'neutrality at any price' (nobody suggested entering the war on Germany's side).

But is South African independence possible? The best answer may be given in the words of Dr. D. G. Conradie, the Administrator of South-West Africa, who was speaking about the mandated territory but whose remark applies to the Union. He said:

> It is only possible to remain neutral in two conditions. The first of these is that the country must be strong enough to defend its own neutrality, and to keep belligerents out of its territory. The alternative condition is that the country's neutrality could be guaranteed by other Powers.

South Africa is not strong enough to defend its own 'neutrality,' and must consequently be guaranteed by some other Power. Even Nationalist politicians can hardly intend that South Africa should both enjoy the protection of the British fleet and declare itself 'neutral'; the inevitable consequence, in case of war, of the anti-British campaign

would be a drift towards Germany. It is therefore infinitely significant and alarming that an ideological drift towards Nazi Germany has already taken place among the Opposition, which is virtually certain to come into power; and that this drift, both surreptitiously and openly engineered, threatens to become an avalanche.

Of course, bitter anti-British feeling existed before Nazis were ever heard of. Also, to attribute the increasing success of the Nationalists to German influence alone would be to underrate the reality and spontaneity of anti-British feeling. It is none the less a fact that to-day the Nationalists have adopted a nazified programme (for which, incidentally, the Old Testament mentality of the Dutch settlers, preserved and prolonged by the Dutch Reformed Church, was a preparation). It is a fact that the extremists—they are included in the party; among them the Greyshirts, who were known to be financed by Germany, and who were suppressed as an organisation but 'absorbed' into the Nationalist Party—are actively pro-German. It is a fact that the Afrikaans newspapers daily praise everything Nazi and deplore everything British. It is a fact that the exploitation of anti-British feeling has increased tremendously during the last five years, and may be said to run parallel both in time and ideology with the rise of the Nazi régime.

The degree to which the Nationalists have been infected and inspired by Nazi ideas may be gauged from the comments of the parliamentary correspondent of the prudent *Cape Argus*. This correspondent wrote last March:

> There is uneasiness among the Nationalists at the steady nazification of the party. This tendency is denied in public, but members find it difficult to explain away the active part which some recent recruits take in its affairs. Apart from the open adoption of anti-semitism, etc., evidence is accumulating of the secret activities of pro-Nazi organisations and of the close connection between them and prominent supporters of the Nationalist Party.

The bitterness and the violence and the nazification have again increased immeasurably since last December, when the Voortrekker centenary celebrations were held. That month there were anti-semitic riots in Johannesburg. This, and everything which followed, was the result of clever capitalisa-

tion of this centenary (commemorating the Great Trek inland of the Boers a hundred years before) by the Nationalists for the purpose of 'racial' politics. The racial motive is now the keynote of Nationalism; in other words, the Nationalists are not nationalist at all, but the extreme Afrikander (Dutch-German) section trading on anti-British feeling.

The programme of the Party consists of three battle-cries:

> Neutrality (= anti-British policy).
> Anti-semitism
> Segregation (= anti-native policy).

As the first six months of this year, during which the Parliamentary session (found by the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent to have been so mild in its implications) was held, provided a 'crystallisation'—as Stendhal would have said—of all these tendencies, it will be convenient to examine the events of this period, as a necessary background to a study of the 'neutrality' danger.

The year began by an interchange of letters between the aged Prime Minister and his son, a lawyer, Dr. Albert Hertzog. Hertzog junior opened the correspondence by writing a letter to his father calling upon all true Afrikanders to unite; General Hertzog replied by severely admonishing his son, and both letters were published in the Press. The significance of this exchange was that a move was being made to detach a section of the United Party in the name of Afrikander unity—in other words, to cause a split in the coalition which has governed since 'fusion' in 1933. Experts at this time thought that there was no prospect of an immediate split, and that the Government would run out its four years of office; but many of the younger people expected a split sooner rather than later, as the coalition was felt to be artificial and the Nationalists had been gaining strength all the time. This was before the international crisis last March, and eyes were still on internal politics.

The disagreement between General Hertzog and his son was shortly followed by a vague but rather terrifying announcement in the *Cape Times*. Without any warning, this newspaper (whose policy is based on a technique of meiosis, so that the sensationalism of this announcement was

all the more shocking) declared in a double-column spread which constituted its 'lead' on February 13th that there were 'disquieting moves in the Union.' The news-article, which was unsigned, said:

> Last year a number of bodies, from a number of different angles, went out of their way to capitalise the spontaneous manifestation of Afrikander sentiment and to divert it into channels alien to the intention of a sacred commemoration of the Great Trek.
>
> This, it appears, has brought an aftermath of underground intrigue beside which open political exploitation is the lesser evil.
>
> During the last few months there has been an attempt to convert a genuine feeling among Afrikanders for peace after a century of strife into an Afrikander race-bloc conception; certain cultural leaders have raised the cry of 'foreigners' against English-speaking South Africans. . . . Totalitarian methods have been introduced into political and cultural bodies.

The article went on to speak of a 'military movement' in which two organisations were involved. These were the Ossewa-Brandwag, and the Afrikanderbond organised by this same Dr. Albert Hertzog who had called upon his father to split the coalition. It accused the Ossewa-Brandwag of the following tactics: recruits were encouraged to join the commandos and rifle associations which form South Africa's permanent defence force, and so to provide themselves with arms. It was clearly implied that these recruits and these arms were to be exploited for disloyal purposes. It was stated that 'some officers of the Permanent Force seem to be involved.' As regards Dr. Hertzog's Afrikanderbond, it was said that his attitude was 'to torpedo race-co-operation in South Africa and to undermine the wider national unity for which the Prime Minister stands.'

In other words, the Nationalist extremists were arming. For what?

This excitement was swamped by the launching in Parliament by the Nationalists of their anti-semitic campaign. An anti-semitic Bill was introduced by Mr. Eric Louw in the form of an amendment to the Immigration Laws. Mr. Louw spoke for two and a half hours against the Jews; and the public galleries were filled with anxious faces. It was commonplace stuff, listened to with breathless attention as if every word was gold. There was no prospect at all of the

amendment being adopted. That, indeed, was not its object. The real object was to work up feeling at by-elections, and especially at Pretoria, where the United Party's candidate happened to be a Jew. In spite of bitter and shameless propaganda, this candidate was elected by a narrow majority. [The narrowness of the majority, however, was party due to the fact that there was a Dominionite (ultra-British extremist) in the field.] Subsequently, a by-election at Paarl—an Afrikaans-speaking district—was won by the Nationalists and proclaimed as a victory for the anti-semitic campaign.

This anti-semitism is an entirely new and artificial factor in South African life. Vague and latent resentment exists—as it does everywhere—because some of the big fortunes, like the Oppenheimers', are Jewish; or in the villages, where the local storekeeper is sometimes Jewish and has got the farmers tangled up in the past by mortgages, etc., where the banks would not bother to step in or take a risk. But no general anti-semitic feeling existed until the Nationalists began to poison the air.

The Christians, notably the Government, reacted timidly to the campaign. The answers to Mr. Louw's farrago were mild. In Cape Town the Baldwin Fund for Refugees had been boycotted and was an utter failure although the Mayor, who is popular, had campaigned for it. It had to be quietly closed down; no Christians had contributed.

Exactly the same tendencies were to be observed in the next episode, in which the Nationalists pursued their anti-colour campaign. Here, again, the Nationalists waged a 'racial' war, and the Government replied not with indignation but with mildness and compromise.

The immediate result of this campaign was the outbreak of riots in Cape Town on March 27th when several thousand coloured people, led by white Communist agitators, held an orderly meeting but subsequently clashed with the police who tried to use violent methods to stop them marching past Parliament. The police were subsequently accused in the *Cape Times* and in Parliament of raiding District 6 (the slums where the coloured people are herded) and of beating up innocent bystanders. This was denied, but no impartial and open inquiry was allowed. Whatever the facts, and

even if casualties were small, infinite harm was done by the creation of ill-feeling and tension—the objectives of the Nationalists, who showed themselves well pleased by the incident.

The Nationalists had been agitating for 100 per cent. segregation—residential, political, and industrial—which simply means depriving the coloured people of all rights whatsoever. The Smuts-Hertzog Government replied by introducing a Bill in favour of a moderate degree of residential segregation. This measure, which will not alter the *status quo* (*i.e.* expel coloured people who already live among whites), aims at keeping the races apart in future by housing schemes which—while improving housing conditions for the coloured people—will keep them separate from white residential districts. This is a moderate Bill, which might even be said to be in the coloured people's interest in so far as it short-circuited the Nationalist agitation, but the point is that it is regarded by the coloured people—rightly or wrongly (rightly if the Nationalists ever come into power, as they probably will; therefore rightly)—as the thin edge of the wedge. It has aroused intense opposition, which the Communists have not been slow to exploit. The meeting held in Cape Town, which ended in riots, was held in protest against the Government's relatively moderate measure; but the provocation to riot lay in the threat of further drastic steps against the coloured and native population if the Nationalists should come into power—or if the Government should go any further along the road of 'internal appeasement' which it appears to adopt in all matters.

The Government's position, of course, is awkward. The coalition contains a number of moderate Nationalists who would be alienated by a progressive policy, thereby causing the dreaded split which, by bringing in the Nationalists, would certainly mean all-round reaction. There are also the 'professional politicians' like Mr. Pirow—who bide their time and are ready to jump whichever way the wind blows, and who are therefore dangerous. (There are plenty of signs that Mr. Pirow thinks that the wind will blow hard and strong from Central Europe one day. He treats Parliament with contempt, and in his capacity of Defence Minister gives frivolous answers in an insolent manner. When a

Nationalist member, Mr. Sauer, in an unexpected but extremely able speech exposed the utter inadequacy of South Africa's defences, Mr. Pirow smilingly agreed. Mr. Sauer seemed fully justified in remarking that in that case the Defence Minister ought to be kicked out. Mr. Pirow is the ablest politician in South Africa. One of the weaknesses of the Nationalists is that Dr. Malan is a poor leader. If, as the result of a split, Mr. Pirow should find himself a 'pure' Nationalist again, he would soon get control of the leadership, even if Dr. Malan retained it nominally. It is greatly to be feared that this is exactly what may happen.)

The Hertzog-Smuts coalition, then, is paralysed for fear of a split, and this is precisely what Dr. Malan was able to point out when it came to the 'neutrality' issue.

In March the international crisis brought this issue to the fore, and the Malanites used that crisis to harass the Government with demands for information and accusations of bad faith. These crystallised into a demand for a declaration of neutrality beforehand in any war in which the Union is not immediately and directly threatened. The Nationalists are agitating for such a declaration of neutrality now. 'At the opposite extreme'—to quote the Dominion Commentary broadcast by the B.B.C.—'there is a demand that South Africa should at once commit itself—as we have committed ourselves to the defence of South-West Africa—and should take its part openly in a general scheme of Empire defence.' The Hertzog-Smuts Government (it is a typical irony of South African politics that General Hertzog in his rebel days was himself a champion of 'neutrality') professes to take a line between the two.

General Smuts said on March 19th that the Government's policy had been 'stated again and again.' It was, to let the people decide on the issue of 'neutrality' when that issue—through the outbreak of a war in which Great Britain took part—arose. But this leaves the question of what actually would happen in case of war open to doubt. A whole academic controversy has arisen around this oft-repeated statement of policy. Mr. Hofmeyr, for example (one of the Government's more liberal-minded supporters, but not a comparable figure to his father, the great South African Liberal who kept alive the tradition of Cape Liberalism which

the present Government has killed), holds that in case of war South Africa is not 'automatically' neutral (until something is done about it), but 'automatically' though 'passively' at war (until something is done about it) owing to the indivisibility of the Crown which is the last link between the South African Union and the British Commonwealth. Mr. Hofmeyr holds that for South Africa to 'go' neutral would be equivalent to secession, as it would be a breach of this last link. Professor Coertze, answering Mr. Hofmeyr in the *Forum* magazine, holds that the Crown was divided when self-government began. The process, argues Professor Coertze, of South Africa's being no longer a vassal State was completed by General Smuts when the Dominion was admitted to the Peace Conference at Versailles. In other words, the King and the United Kingdom have no right to declare war on behalf of the whole Commonwealth on the advice of English ministers. In 1934, by the Status Act, the South African Parliament vested the executive government of the Union for domestic or external affairs in the King acting on the advice *of the Ministers for the Union.* Professor Coertze draws an ingenious comparison between what he asserts to be the 'personal union' between King George VI and South Africa, and the relation between Hanover and England from the first Georges to Queen Victoria—who were also sovereigns of Hanover; yet Hanover waged war on Sweden while England remained neutral, and England waged war on France while Hanover remained neutral !

Apart from the academic charm of such arguments, they serve one purpose : to show that General Smuts' oft-repeated statement of policy on 'neutrality' leaves room for doubt and controversy. But let us go a little further and see whether General Smuts has not given a hint of the real intentions of the Government. He has. Indeed, General Smuts —whose pronouncements on international affairs have such a woolly vagueness—has been remarkably explicit on the subject of war—and its origins !

If world domination was threatened (said General Smuts, in the same speech) and if questions of monetary wealth were involved, then South Africa was not safe.

Again (on March 27th):

> In this dangerous world and time of history in which we live and move we shall have to be very careful. This country, with £90,000,000 worth of gold produced by the mines, and with that incomparable mineral wealth will attract any predatory powers on the march, and will have to be cautious and very wary. . . .
>
> Let me tell you that there are forms of defence which we cannot prepare in this country. . . . The best and the surest shield in this country for the independence of our people and the rights of this country will be the Royal Navy.

Again:

> Like Abyssinia, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Albania we 'should like to be neutral' . . . but even the United States are not beyond danger.

Apart from the refreshing realism of General Smuts' references to gold (compared with the pious uplift of his remarks about the League of Nations) there is a clear indication that South Africa has already taken sides. This gives the Nationalists a chance for an outcry. Let us go over to their side and see what they are doing about it.

During the March crisis Dr. Malan complained that the country was being kept in the dark. The Government, he said, gave no information or statements of policy. The Nationalists were particularly inquisitive about any communications which might be taking place between Whitehall and Cape Town. General Hertzog, however, stood firm and refused information in the general interest. Dr. Malan then said that South Africa slavishly followed Britain's policy and that this was a mockery of the Union's independent status. He accused the Government of shirking a statement of its attitude 'because it knew that the United Party would split' on this issue. His comment on the statement made by Mr. Chamberlain laying stress on the solidarity between France and Great Britain was that it indicated 'an offensive and defensive alliance between the two countries carrying with it the danger of South Africa being drawn into war.' Dr. Malan also thought that 'scare stories were being spread to make South Africa dance to the tune of the Imperialists.'

He said that he was convinced that fusion (*i.e.* the Smuts-Hertzog coalition) had taken place 'because by 1933 England knew that war was coming.' 'As in 1914, the people would be driven into the fighting forces by threats and told to choose between fighting and their food.'

The Nationalists issued a manifesto of their policy on 'neutrality.' It contained the beautiful sentence: 'The Imperial path has always appeared to the Afrikander as the path of racial difference and fraternal quarrels'—a path which, in domestic affairs, the Nationalists follow with bloodcurdling enthusiasm. The manifesto demanded a decision by the people on 'neutrality' immediately, and not after the outbreak of war.

Were these declarations sincere? They were nothing of the kind. They were—like everything else which the Nationalists do—part of a campaign to stir up the constituencies. This is the crux of the new situation in South Africa—that the international situation is being exploited, recklessly fooled with (unless a sinister plot lies behind these machinations) for the ends of internal politics.

The proof that the Nationalists did not mean what they said about 'neutrality' is that it was meaningless.[1] In practice, a declaration of 'neutrality' on South Africa's part is impracticable. If—as Professor Coertze maintains—'neutrality' did not involve secession, what would be the relations of a 'neutral' South Africa to the British Commonwealth involved in a war? Would, as Mr. Hofmeyr asks, the British fleet be denied the use of the Simonstown harbour and base? If not, what sort of 'neutrality' would it be, and would it look convincing to the Germans? The whole thing is an academic, or rather an electoral hare. If further proof is needed, it is supplied by the Nationalists themselves. We have already pointed out that at a caucus of Nationalist members of the House of Assembly on April 20th, only four out of the twenty-eight members voted for 'neutrality' at any price. Yet they decided that '*as a matter of political expediency the neutrality campaign should be persevered with*'!

It is useful to recall that while the Malanites were fulminating against the British in their speeches and praising the Nazis

[1] That is why the word is put in inverted commas throughout this article.

in their newspapers, a London newspaper blithely observed that the aggressive intentions of Germany had become so plain that 'even the extreme Malanites' must be ready to join the anti-German front. The 'extreme Malanites' (as we shall shortly see) were at this very moment working hand in glove with German *provocateurs*, and the leaders of the party were denouncing the 'aggressive intentions' not of Germany but of the Anglo-French alliance. This is typical of the ignorance not only of the public but of the newspaper editors themselves in this country about the dangerous situation in South Africa.

What, then, exactly are the Nationalists playing at? What will happen in case of war?

I met nobody in South Africa who did not think that the demand for 'neutrality' would be the occasion for a rebellion, and the only question is whether that rebellion would be more successful than the rebellion which took place in 1914.

One factor exists which did not exist in 1914. That is, the direct interference of the Nazis in the internal affairs of South Africa, the organisation of Nazi cells, the widespread propaganda, and the infection of an ideology which seems to offer an alternative to British imperialism.

It is exceedingly difficult to find out exactly how far this German interference *inside the Union* has gone (apart from the wholesale and efficient organisation of the Nazis in South-West Africa, on the Union's border). One hears of the formation of Nazi cells, especially in the neighbourhood of Pretoria; and it has been established that the Greyshirts, who are now amalgamated in the Nationalist Party, had been subsidised by Germany. But all this is a little vague, and leaves room for the soothing syrup of the official optimists. These assure us that all the South African Nationalist cares about is South Africa, and that although 'there are movements now afoot in the Union which borrow their impetus from totalitarian movements abroad' (Dominion Commentary broadcast), these movements have a genuinely nationalist and independent objective. It is therefore odd to find that these 'totalitarian tendencies' take a specifically German form and lead to Nazi salutes and cries of 'Heil Hitler,' etc.

Mr. Oost declared in Parliament on March 6th that he had recently come from the Pretoria by-election, where he had

seen a Nationalist wearing a swastika armband and had heard him cry: 'I am a Nationalist. Heil Hitler!'

General Smuts remarked in April: 'I do not feel at ease about the purified Nationalists. In the party one finds people who shout "Heil Hitler," and that frightens me.' This remark was illustrated by the Johannesburg correspondent of the *Cape Times*, who wrote on March 8th:

To-night I obtained evidence of the Nationalist Party's growing affinity for the Nazi and Fascist movements in South Africa. During the last week a secret conference of the South African People's movement (Blackshirts) was held in Johannesburg. Delegates from all the provinces of the Union were present, *among them three prominent members of the purified Nationalist Party.* All three of them were candidates for their party at last year's Parliamentary election on the Witwatersrand.

One of them, I understand, was elected deputy leader of the Blackshirt movement, while another was invited to undertake the leadership in the Cape Province.

Another indication of the Nazi tendencies of the Nationalist Party is afforded by a message from Mr. Louis Weichardt which appeared recently in the Nazi publication, *Welt Dienst.*

Mr. Weichardt, *who was leader of the Greyshirt movement until he threw in his lot with the purified Nationalist Party a few weeks ago*, sent a message to the world service conference at Erfurt, and said: 'There should be no difficulty in forming a United Front throughout the world in order that Judah may be put in its place. A lot has already been done to enlighten many of the influential people, but much more remains to be done, and I hope that you will be successful in drafting and concluding a programme of further action so that all those possessed of good will be placed in the position of helping to save the world from catastrophe.

'Remember our biggest enemy is ignorance, and therefore enlightening propaganda such as is regularly being distributed by the most valuable publication of World Service still further intensified should help to open the eyes of thousands at present in the claws of all Judah.'

Finally, whereas inquiries in March about Nazi activity within the Union did not yield any great results, owing to official pooh-poohing and the semi-official soothing syrup, in July the South African Government itself issued a statement that Nazi activities are causing anxiety, and that steps will be taken to curb them.

What, then, is the position? In case of war a rebellion on the neutrality issue is probable. The official view is that it will be quickly suppressed, and General Smuts has stated that every Nazi agitator in the Union is a marked man who will be dropped on at the instant of war's outbreak in Europe. On this point it is impossible to prophesy, and there is only this to be said. General Smuts recently admitted having miscalculated the speed with which the 'forces of evil' spring up in the world. He was referring to the rise of the Nazis as the cause of the failure of the League of Nations (this is not the place to suggest that he was putting the cart before the horse). Let us hope that General Smuts is not making another miscalculation, this time in internal politics.

The semi-official broadcaster (I am presuming that anybody allowed to broadcast on South Africa speaks semi-officially) suggested that if it came to the point South Africa would 'champion liberty.' These words, which concluded the broadcast, are ambiguous. Do they refer to the democratic cause, or to South African independence? The ambiguity is significant; it can hardly have been unintentional. This broadcaster also said that the extremists are in a minority, and implied that all was well on this account. But tails—and especially Nazi tails—have been known to wag dogs before now. It is the sole object of this article to adduce enough facts to show that a fire has been lit, whose flames may well run wild. Now is the time for the fire brigade. Instead of which the South African Government piddles out from its feeble hose a trickle of appeasement and compromise.

ERIC SIEPMANN.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE BALKANS

While our interest is concentrated so strongly on Danzig, many of us are apt to forget that, if there is another war, it may easily be won or lost in another part of Europe altogether—the Balkans. To prove the truth of this statement, we have only to consider the lesson of the World War of 1914-1918. It is now generally accepted that if British diplomacy had succeeded in preventing Turkey and Bulgaria from joining the Central Powers (as many think it could have done), the war would have ended very much sooner. Apart from the drain on our own resources arising from our campaigns in the Near East—Gallipoli, Palestine, Thrace—the co-operation, or even the neutrality, of Turkey and Bulgaria would have made a vast difference to our Balkan allies. And if the Dardanelles had been open, instead of closed, to the British Fleet, the collapse of Russia might have been prevented.

The Balkans to-day are no less, and perhaps are more, important than in the World War. For geographical reasons, in a conflict in which Great Britain, France and Poland were fighting Germany and Italy, the only part of the world from which the Axis States could draw certain essential supplies unhindered would be central and south-east Europe. That this fact is already fully recognised in Berlin any visitor to the Balkans can easily see for himself. It does not yet appear to be so well understood in London.

It is common knowledge (to which again sufficient importance has perhaps not been attached) that German interest in the raw material resources of the Balkan countries has been noticeably intensified during recent months. Roumania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia have all been invited, either officially or unofficially, not merely to let Germany have the whole of their surplus output, but to concentrate for the future exclusively on the production of those articles of raw materials

and foodstuffs which Germany needs, leaving Germany to supply the whole of their industrial requirements. About 80 per cent. of Bulgaria's foreign trade is already with Germany; so is about one-third of Yugoslavia's and one-quarter to one-third of Roumania's. Since each of these three countries feels that its economic fate is already too closely bound up with that of Germany, the proposal was in each case politely declined. But the mere fact that it was made clearly indicates what rôle has been allotted to the Balkan countries by the present rulers of Germany. They are to serve as a sort of milch cow for German industry.

Up to the present year, the Balkan countries have not felt any special alarm at their economic dependence on Germany beyond the normal misgivings at having too many eggs in one basket. But since the destruction of Czechoslovakia, their uneasiness has grown by leaps and bounds. To-day, it is safe to say that there is not a single Balkan or Danubian State which is not acutely disturbed about German intentions. Each one of them realises that economic subservience may easily be a prelude to political subjection, and each is wondering when it is to be subjected to pressure with that end in view.

When I visited these countries this summer, it appeared that the rulers of Germany had not yet quite made up their minds how the Balkan cow is to be milked. According to what one diplomat called the Schacht Plan, Germany would content herself with building up a purely economic Lebensraum in Hungary and the Balkans, the existence of which would in itself give Germany sufficient political pull in the countries concerned to ensure their never pursuing a policy of which Germany disapproved. Once such a Lebensraum had been established, of course, it would be easy for Germany to do what she liked in the political sphere, though my informant gave Dr. Schacht (but not necessarily his political superiors too) credit for being subtle enough to favour leaving the local dynasties at least the shadow of independence —as the British have done with the Indian Princes.

An alternative policy of which I naturally heard a good deal, seeing that Dr. Schacht had resigned and seeing also that the policy in question seems to follow normal *Mein Kampf* lines, is what one might call the colonial policy. It

consists in frankly establishing protectorates over each of these countries in turn and making their inhabitants hewers of wood and drawers of water for Germany—which, in Nazi German eyes, is all they are really fit to be. Fear that this is what Hitler intends to do is widespread all the way from Budapest to Athens.

Most of us in England, with our eyes firmly fixed on Danzig, have all along felt convinced that Hitler's next move would be against Poland. But my friends in the Balkans this summer were not so sure. Some prophesied he would try to bring about the "Gleichschaltung" of Hungary; others thought he would split, and then swallow, Yugoslavia. They were fairly unanimous on one point, however, namely that if they turned out to be wrong and Hitler launched an attack on Poland, he would do his utmost to persuade all the Balkan countries to remain neutral. I was assured by people who ought to know that, at any rate up to the end of July, no real effort had been made by Germany to induce any of the Balkan countries to join the Axis. A high German official, speaking to a friend of mine, put the reason with great clarity. 'If we were to persuade one country to join us,' he explained, 'this would inevitably tend to send another country into the arms of our enemies. We therefore prefer that every Balkan country should stay neutral when war breaks out. I promise you we shall go so far towards winning it in the first few months that in a very short while you [my friend is, shall we say, a Balkanian] will all be tumbling over one another to join us.'

Unquestionably there is no enthusiasm in the Balkans (and when one speaks of the Balkans in this connection one must for political reasons include Hungary) for being made tools of in this way to promote Germany's aims at world domination. I found a great many Hungarians who would much rather compose their ancient quarrel with Roumania than join with Germany in the somewhat remote hope of thereby recovering Transylvania. This was not necessarily because they intend to give up their claims permanently—though some were even ready to do that—but because they have been under German domination before and do not like it. Besides, they are convinced, many of them, that if there were another war Germany could not win it.

There was a similar reluctance to join Germany in Bulgaria, where only the commercial section of the population appears to be strongly pro-German. Among the peasants there is a bitter recollection of having been fleeced by Germany during the last war when Bulgaria was Germany's ally. Bulgarians of all classes, moreover, have always been strongly pro-Czech—I still remember my surprise at finding 1,500 Bulgarians at the Sokol festival in Prague last year. I was reminded by a Bulgarian friend in this connection that the first Foreign Minister Bulgaria ever had was a Czech.

Both Hungary and Bulgaria realise that Germany would throw them over at once if she saw a chance of making friends with their rivals. Both in Budapest and Sofia it was pointed out to me on numerous occasions that the wheat and oil of Roumania are worth more to Germany in a war than all the produce of Hungary and Bulgaria put together.

While Roumania remains outside the 'Peace Front'—and at present the British guarantee to Roumania, like the guarantee to Greece, is on a unilateral basis, not reciprocal like the guarantees exchanged with Turkey and Poland—Germany can still hope for the best that she will be able to draw on Roumania for supplies in war time. It is generally accepted in the Balkan countries that Roumania will allow this hope to continue as long as possible and might, if there were a war, try to stay out and make money. But supposing Roumania were to refuse to sell, or to try to run with the British hare as well as with the German dachshund, everybody agrees that Germany would have to occupy the country. In spite of the very strong anti-German sentiment I found in Bucarest, I came away feeling uncertain what attitude Roumania would take up if there were a war. The German menace is right at her doors. British help is problematical and a long way off. It might therefore seem the better part of valour to Roumanian statesmen to shrug their shoulders and say 'Let us make as much money as we can out of Germany while the making is good.'

The protestations of satisfaction emitted by the Roumanian Government when Great Britain gave her guarantee of Roumanian independence were not echoed by non-official Roumanians when I was in Bucarest a couple of months later. The guarantee was, at any rate temporarily, a trump

card for Roumanian diplomacy to play against Hungarian and Bulgarian revisionist claims. But so far as Germany is concerned, I was told in Bucarest—and the same views were expressed in every country I went to except Greece—that it was obvious the British Government had only made 'a political gesture' and that it did not mean the guarantee to be taken seriously. Nothing that I could say ever really shook this belief, which was based on the fact that the British Government had induced the Czechs to accept their post-Munich boundaries by the promise of a precisely similar guarantee and that, when the testing time came in the following March, Downing Street had pretended the guarantee had never been properly implemented. The British guarantee to Roumania, and the one to Poland, were almost invariably lumped together as 'gestures.'

The guarantee to Greece, on the other hand, was regarded as substantial, mainly because Greece is too close to the British 'life-line' through the Mediterranean to be allowed to fall under Axis domination, and also because the British Fleet was still held in considerable respect, even though it was not regarded as a suitable instrument with which to carry out any guarantees to Poland and Roumania. It is worth noting in this connection that even as recently as the second week in August a cartoon published in a Belgrade paper under the title 'The Policy of Encirclement' showed a formidable battery of guns surrounded by a ring of umbrellas. In Sofia, a favourite theme for cartoonists is John Bull in the toils of Japan over the Tientsin affair. Not only in Bulgaria but in Hungary, Roumania and Yugoslavia, the outcome of the Tientsin negotiations was being awaited with real interest, on the ground that it would serve as a pointer to whether Great Britain had come to the end of the policy of 'ceding.'

'If you do not "cede" in Tientsin,' a Bulgarian journalist told me, 'we shall know that you mean not to "cede" in Danzig—or in the Mediterranean.' In Greece there was a tendency to take the opposite view, namely that if Great Britain made a compromise in the Far East it would be to obtain a better prospect of being able to stand firm in Europe.

The fact that Great Britain's intentions are regarded as uncertain and her military strength as vastly inferior to, and further off than, that of the Axis, particularly Germany's, is

really the key to the present diplomatic situation in the Balkans. None of those countries feels it can afford to offend Hitler, and thinks it is not altogether safe even to offend Mussolini. If they were certain that Great Britain both meant business and is strong enough to call the Axis bluff, it would be an altogether different story. Until Hitler seized Czechoslovakia and Mussolini occupied Albania, the Balkans thought they might stay out of another war. To-day, not only are they no longer sure they will not be the next victims of Axis aggression, but just for that reason they are all extremely anxious to find a rallying point which would enable them to resist. In any case, if war came, and the odds were not too heavily weighted against them, several of them would be willing to come in on our side. All of them would unquestionably like to do so if they dared, even, I am convinced, Hungary. Proof of this is to be seen in the recent reluctance of Hungary to annex Slovakia when invited to do so by Hitler. Not very long ago, Slovakia was one of the ancient jewels in the Crown of St. Stephen which Hungary was clamouring to have returned to her. But, at the moment, Budapest does not want Slovakia even as a gift any more than she wants Roumania to hand over Transylvania—the claims against Yugoslavia were dropped long ago. Prominent Hungarian statesmen in Budapest assured me that they would be delighted to sign long-term non-aggression treaties not only with Yugoslavia, but also with Roumania in return simply for guarantees of better treatment for the Hungarian minorities.

Outwardly, of course, any Hungarian Government has to do its best not to anger Berlin, lest it should find itself ordered out of office and a more subservient Government put in its place. Roumania, being somewhat further away, is able to follow a more independent policy. But Roumanian bread being to a large extent buttered in Germany, and the Hungarian railways (in the opinion of the Roumanian General Staff) being wide open already for the passage of German troops *en route* for the oil-fields of Ploesti, the Roumanian Government is always on the alert not to offend Berlin. One of Roumania's troubles, of course, is that in the event of an attack either by Germany or Hungary, or both, there is the possibility of Bulgaria joining in too in hope of recovering Southern Dobruja. Since last year several hundred thousand

Turkish troops have been concentrated in Thrace as a warning to the Bulgarians to keep out of Dobruja. I am not sure that Bulgaria needs the warning. She has no friends except in Yugoslavia, and realises that a false step to-day might mean the end of Bulgaria to-morrow.

I found a good deal of evidence to support the theory that the friendship now existing between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia is the key by which the British Government might solve the Balkan problem. Yugoslavia is still a sincere friend of Roumania. With British help, it might be possible for Belgrade to serve as a bridge to bring the two countries together. It is a highly involved problem, because it seems inseparable from Bulgaria's claim against Greece for an outlet to the Ægean. As in the case of Hungary, however, there is reason to believe that the ominous shadow of Germany has caused Bulgaria to abate her claims in both these directions a good deal more than seems to be generally realised. The evidence, while definitely against Bulgaria's ever being induced to enter the Balkan Entente in its present form—the Balkan Entente was framed to keep her in subjection—pointed to the fact that she would be ready to enter some new organisation even if it had the same name.

Yugoslavia is perhaps more definitely 'anti-Axis' in sentiment than any of the Balkan countries, her bitterest feelings, however, being directed rather towards Italy than towards Germany. The Croat problem keeps her weak, and I found many people in Belgrade curiously shaken by the British alliance with Turkey. Steps seem to have been taken when Prince Paul was in London to explain British motives in entering that alliance, and if Yugoslav fears on this score have really been allayed one may soon hope to see Yugoslavia playing a more active part in promoting unity among the Balkan States. It is a problem British diplomacy could set itself to solve with the greatest advantage. There are some 60,000,000–70,000,000 people living in the Balkans, and a united front of these courageous and independence-loving States might easily make all the difference between peace and war.

GODFREY LIAS.



THE RUMAN PEOPLE

THE 'Români' are not Romans. That the Rumanian for 'old man' is *bătrân* (*veteranus*) assures us that many a legionary settled permanently in Dacia; and numbers of Italic farmers emigrated thither even before the conquest; but most of the swarm of colonists introduced after 106 must have been close kinsmen of the Dacians, Dinaric folk from south of the Danube, and these, as farmers and shepherds, would be more likely than the mongrel citizens of the new towns to mix with the Dacian peasants. Thus the Roman conquest actually reinforced the native stock; and when, in 271, the imperial machine was withdrawn, it was the least Dinaric element of the population that departed with the troops and officials—the townsmen's occupation was gone.

But the Rumans are 'Latin.' Romanising influences had long been at work in Dacia, and Latin was the *lingua franca* of the whole Middle Danube region, so that even the Dacian peasantry readily adopted the language spoken by their kinsmen. The Latin temperament and many of the customs that are South European rather than peculiarly 'Roman,' they already had, for they were merely a branch of the widespread Thracian stock, and though resident north of the Danube since the second millennium before Christ, they had neither lost touch with their southern brethren nor changed in anything essential. Rome brought them little really new but its language.

The Dinaric type, especially when, as in Dacia, blended with the Alpine, possesses an extraordinary tenacity. The Dacians dwelt within almost precisely the same bounds as the Rumans of to-day, but though newcomers sometimes swamped them in the Moldavian and Danubian plains, their hold on the Transylvanian plateau was never shaken. Though some of the Scythians from the steppe, and, later, some of the Celts from the west, penetrated thither, they left no mark

but upon governance and the arts—including the art of war. The pupil swallowed the teacher. And even in the plains, though there a dozen later invaders, some of them Asiatics, left their blood with the Thracian stock, that stock prevailed, as is proved by the speed with which, in the fourteenth century, the Rumans of the little foothill States absorbed the people of the plains, and made all Ruman to the sea. They were among kinsmen.

The Rumans, then, are in the main Dacian. If some of the many Britons who in Rome gaze on the great Column that depicts Trajan's hard-won victory would but go on (as so few do) into the Carpathian passes where the legionaries struggled with the Dacians, they would see that the Ruman bears still not only the Dacian garb, the white tunic over white trousers, but the Dacian lineaments. '*Român nu piere*,' say the Rumans, but as regards persistence of type, it is the Dacian who 'never dies.' The persisting way of life, too, especially among the shepherds, and many of the most revered customs, are Dacian, but what may be called 'Rumanism,' though embracing all those older things, and ever since as persistent, could not come into existence until there existed a fraternity consciously Ruman, and marked indelibly with all that has ever since made the Rumans, in Biblical phrase, a peculiar people.

That could not happen till Rome had left the Dacian shepherds and upland farmers to the influences that were to fashion (rather than transmute) them into the Ruman people. Some of the peasants departed with Rome, and became, under almost exactly the same influences, the 'Aromâni' of the Balkans and Pindus, a folk to this day almost identical with the Rumans. And for many centuries, until the Slavs settled in barring masses south of the Danube, there must have been much coming and going between the two groups of kinsmen. The Magyars maintain, indeed (taking advantage of the extraordinary fact that the northern Rumans drop out of all recorded history for nearly a millennium), that the only permanent home of the 'Români' was in the Balkans, and that 'the timorous Wallach' did not venture back into Transylvania until the thirteenth century, after the Magyars had made it a safe place to settle in. But, though it may well be that many Balkan 'Wallachs' did then migrate to the

Carpathians; it is both difficult and unnecessary to believe that the 'citizens' who withdrew from Dacia nine centuries before included the whole of the tenacious mountain-folk of the whole of a mountainous land. The poor shepherds of the heights had little to fear from the barbarians: most of those merely skirted Transylvania by way of the flanking plains, or traversed it along its valleys—and most of them were in a hurry, for the rich southlands were their goal. The British peasantry did not quit Britain: and it is only because this island's mountains of refuge are in its extreme west, where the population was never romanised, that our own 'Wallachs' do not speak Latin.

When considering the Rumans, we shall do well to bear the Welsh in mind. Each people was forged between the hammer of alien pressure and the anvil of the barren heights. Granted certain qualities in the stock, men thus left with nothing but each other and the things each know and love, will, if such conditions endure for long, and if they admit no strain stronger than their own, emerge as a people whose 'Welshness' or 'Rumanism' lies far too deep to be touched by any tyranny, and is at once so potent and so satisfying that while it can move men to win and to defend a political independence, yet the loss of that formal freedom will, if it leave them the things whereby they really live, leave them in real liberty.

Thus the most important in the Rumans' history is that in which the chronicles ignore their existence. Those shaping centuries brought to them the three main constituents of their 'Rumanism.' First, that sense of brotherhood, of community in all essentials, that has ever since defied all partitioning of the race, and that now, when the Rumans have a Rumania, forms the living and adamantine rock beneath the mere shallow surface-cracks of their civil differences. Next, their language (once it was fixed, as it was after some of the Slavs, last of the 'Aryan' newcomers, had, though soon thoroughly assimilated, doubled the vocabulary)—the bond of their uniform Rumanian speech, a tongue unique in that almost complete freedom from dialectical variation that reflects the underlying unity of all who speak it, though they number more than 16,000,000, and though they are spread up to, and even beyond, the furthest bounds of a land as large as our

island. (This uniformity owes much to the practice of transhumance, with its yearly mingling of the folk of widely separated areas.) And last, the forms and the ideology of the Eastern Church, into whose fold the Rumans, Christian for some six hundred years, came as late as the tenth century, after the rise of great Slav States south of the Danube had finally cut them off from the West. And with that the work of the centuries was completed—and completed only just in time, for the quality of their product was soon to be put to the test.

If our concern were only with the quality of the Ruman, that test, though so terrible and so long inflicted, could be dismissed in two words. It failed. It failed either to break the Ruman or to alter him. But it left him with wounds that still cripple him, so that men who were never called upon to endure his trials, and who know nothing of them, deride him for limping far behind them. And it left him with blotches that came of contagion, not from any sepsis in himself but whose very superficiality makes them so obvious that men ignorant of all else about him can see that his visage is marred.

But, consider his history. . . . To the Rumans, the long curve of the Carpathians is not a wall of partition, but the very backbone of the Ruman Fatherland. Yet for little short of a thousand years the Rumans to the west of that line were treated by a dominant minority with an injustice that for persistence and unwisdom has few parallels in all history. The Magyars, Turanians from Central Asia, had settled on the Middle Danube about the year 900, and within a century had learnt Christianity from Rome and had begun to be westernised. Soon Magyar barons adventured east into Transylvania, and there behaved even as the Anglo-Normans behaved in another land of petty and dispersed though kindred clans, Ireland. They made the rich valley-lands their own; and the men of the hills were either overcome or ignored. And—a fatal blow to a folk whose only political idea was paternalism—they seduced many of the Ruman chieftains. These became members of a feudal aristocracy and were lost to the race. (It should be noted that the great warrior, Hunyadi Janos, and his son, Mathias Corvinus, Hungary's most beloved king, were Ruman.)

To bar out the Tartars, the Magyars settled in the crook of the Carpathians, a solid block of their kinsmen, the Szekler peasants—or perhaps they found them there already, the jetsam of some earlier Asiatic wave. And from as early as 1250 they began to introduce German farmers and townsmen from the Rhineland, the so-called 'Saxons.' The Rumans became outcasts in their own land, despised as inferiors and disliked for their obstinate loyalty to their Church. They possessed their 'Rumanism,' but they were denied everything else except at the price of abandoning that. They refused to abandon it. They preferred to remain 'backward'—and Ruman.

And those of the better-organised Rumans, who, under able leaders, chose to withdraw across the Carpathians, and who, about 1350, united with their kinsmen of the further foothills to form Muntenia (Wallachia) and Moldavia, had little chance to develop socially or in culture. Within a century, and just as they were beginning to show what Ruman intelligence and skill could effect and produce under favourable conditions, they were confronted by the Turk, the cousin of the Magyar from whom they had escaped. Throughout the long and bitter struggle, the Rumans fought with a courage that all Europe then applauded—the courage their descendants were to display when, at Plevna, in 1878, they snapped the last strand of their Turkish shackles—and the courage they were to display again in every step of their stubborn retreat in 1916, and in the battle of Marasheshti, where a defeated army, with its Russian allies sidling off on either flank in huge and daily desertions, rose from its last ditch and struck Mackensen into impotence.

Had they been formed into one strong Ruman State, they might have escaped vassalage, even when the utter collapse of Hungary had exposed their flank. And, even as it was, they had so won the respect of the Turk that though Hungary became a mere Turkish *pashalik* the Ruman States never had any but Christian princes, nor was any mosque ever erected on Ruman soil. But the Turk bound them to him so closely that for centuries the Rumans were exposed to the contagion of his corruption, and provided, moreover, with the bad example not only of the necessarily devious policies of their princes of their own blood, but also of the degenerate manners

and the cynicism of the Byzantine Greeks who later on were set over them.

And when, in the eighteenth century, Austria and Russia, those belated and dubious crusaders, moved down to the Danube, neither took the interests of the Ruman peasant into consideration, and neither provided the boyars with any thorough corrective of their long schooling in how not to govern. And both assaulted 'Rumanism.' Austria stole Bukovina, the very cradle of the Moldavian State, and though she ruled there with moderation, she brought in many Germans and hosts of Ruthenes. Russia stole the Bessarabian half of Moldavia, settled there Bulgars, Ruthenes, Russians and Germans, decanted many Rumans into the Ukraine (where their descendants now form the Autonomous Moldavian Republic), and proceeded to attempt to russify the remainder by methods as brutal as futile.

In Transylvania, meanwhile, the Magyars, while preserving all their contempt for the Ruman, had begun to try to magyarise him. The only result of the effort was the destruction of the Hungarian State. 'Rumanism' was attacked through the Rumans' Church, and through the Ruman schools the pennies of the peasants maintained. When the Rumans, who outnumbered all the other races of Transylvania combined, and the Magyars by two to one, were at last granted political rights on paper, the all-powerful minority so managed things that, as late as 1910, 3,000,000 Rumans were represented in the Hungarian Parliament by five. But, though the assault on 'Rumanism' completely failed, a kindly race had become embittered, and a people of great intelligence had been taught the whole art of gerrymandering.

To become acquainted with the story of the Ruman people is, then, to learn two things—that all the misfortunes and injustices of seven centuries have failed to shatter or to corrupt their loyalty to each other and to the things they cherish; and that many of their shortcomings—even some that have come to be regarded by the ignorant as 'peculiarly Ruman'—are merely legacies from a past in which the Rumans were exposed to everything calculated to handicap their material progress, stunt their cultural growth, and mar their morals. Few races would have emerged with so few and such slight defects. For, whatever may be said of the

mixed multitude of the towns, who have more of the Levant than of Dacia in their blood and their mentality, or of the professional politicians, who for too long remembered the tricks of the Turk or the electoral frauds of the Magyar, the simple Ruman retains his simple virtues, and is blemished by nothing that time and his own efforts cannot rid him of. If he is ignorant, his history explains why: and he is as ready to learn as capable of being taught. If he is backward, it is because seven hundred years have held him back—and because hitherto those who offered to 'improve' him demanded in return his surrender of his 'Rumanism.' If the political life of his State was in the past tainted by corruption, it was because of an evil tradition from that very recent past in which there was no Rumanian State; and the simple Ruman at no time had any share in either the sin or the profit. If nations with as many centuries of freedom as the Ruman has known of thraldom reproach him for his Rumania's many blunders, he can with justice reply that if he guides his plough awry it is because he has so lately staggered to it from a secular battle.

JOHN CAPEL.

RUSSIA AND STRATEGY IN THE BALTIC SEA

WHAT Moscow expects from Britain under the Triple Pact is mainly naval assistance in the Baltic in case of war. The doctrine of Peter the Great that that sea is her 'window to the West' is still true, and all the more so because her former western provinces have become independent States. If Russia is to survive as a European Great Power her fleet must have freedom of movement in the Baltic.

The Åland archipelago is not in itself important enough to justify the commotion it has caused in foreign affairs. It consists of approximately 6500 islands, the majority of which are rocky and so small that their only inhabitants are birch trees and seagulls. The larger ones are populated by fishermen and farmers—30,000 in all—who cling to their Swedish traditions in spite of centuries of Russian, and, latterly, of Finnish rule. It would be difficult to find anything there likely to attract general attention, except that the islands possess the last commercial sailing fleet in the world. But the group is of great strategic importance in what is likely to be one of the main theatres of a future war.

The Åland rocks dot the Baltic Sea at its narrowest point, between Finland and Sweden, thus dominating not only the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia with its many ports, but also the region north of Stockholm and the westernmost corner of Finland. Apart from that, the islands are washed by the waters of the Bay of Finland, where they enter the Baltic, and therefore control all movements of ships to and from Leningrad. For these reasons, when the frontiers of Europe were redrawn after the Great War and the archipelago came under Finnish sovereignty, it was decided to neutralise it for all time.

This is the essence of the Convention of 1921 entered into by Finland and Sweden and signed by the Great Powers and all other States interested in the Baltic. The only exception

was Russia, who was then still isolated. In this treaty the Finnish Government promised the Swedish-speaking islanders full autonomy, the preservation of their cultural rights and exemption from all services and taxes. But the main provision was that the archipelago was to be permanently demilitarised. The document was deposited at Geneva, and the unfortified neutrality of the Åland group was guaranteed by the League of Nations.

During the years of collective security Finland could be sure that this neutrality would be respected. But when the revival of 'power politics' demonstrated Geneva's inability to secure respect for international guarantees, the Finnish Government had to reconsider the position. In the light of the latest events they were alarmed lest a third Power might attempt to occupy the islands in a future war and thus to dominate all waterways and coastlines which they command. Under present conditions it was obvious that a mere declaration of neutrality was not enough to safeguard the islands. Their demilitarised state was like an invitation. The Finnish Government therefore decided to fortify certain zones at the outskirts of the archipelago, which would prevent the whole group from falling into other hands and jeopardising Scandinavian neutrality as a whole. This meant the reversion of the 1921 Convention. Finland got in touch with Sweden, the Power most directly concerned, since the Åland islands control the Swedish shore of the Gulf of Bothnia as well as the Finnish, and because the closing of that gulf by an enemy Power would largely paralyse both Swedish and Finnish sea traffic. Agreement as to the necessity of changing the status of the island group was reached by the two Governments as early as the beginning of 1938. The project of the fortifications and a plan of common action were devised, and in February, 1939, Finland made a *démarche* to all the signatory Powers of the Åland Convention, asking for their approval of a change in the status of the islands.

Apart from these Powers Helsinki also approached Russia, who, though not a member of the Convention, had made it plain that she took an interest in the régime of the Åland islands. Most of the States consulted expressed their agreement to the changes almost at once. So did Germany after some delay, but she could not resist asking ironically

why this question was referred to the League if the latter's ineffectiveness was the main reason for the changes, and making the reservation that her agreement with the League Powers in this one case did not imply in any way her general solidarity with the Geneva system. Only the Russian reply came as a surprise.

When, shortly before the League discussions, the Finnish Government asked Moscow in a special note for their support at Geneva, Russia at once addressed a questionnaire to Helsinki. The three questions were: For what purpose does Finland wish to fortify the islands? Of what will the fortifications consist? And what guarantees can Finland offer to Moscow that these fortifications will not be exploited by a third Power against the Russians? When no satisfactory answer was received, the U.S.S.R. decided to oppose the Finnish project, and it was her representative's protest at Geneva which prevented the Council from approving the fortification of the islands.

The third question is the best clue to Russia's attitude. A glance at the map shows that her anxiety is not without justification. The only outlet to the Baltic and the North Sea is the narrow Gulf of Finland. The mouth of the latter is dominated by the Åland archipelago. If an enemy Power seized the fortifications it could not only prevent the Russian fleet from entering the Baltic, keeping it paralysed at its base at Kronstadt, but it could use the islands as a jumping-off ground for military actions against Leningrad.

Of course there is no question of that now. Finland is a neutral country, whose relations with Moscow are correct. It is an open secret that Helsinki and Stockholm decided on the fortifications mainly from fear of Germany. The Finns are absolutely convinced of their ability to defend the islands if only they are fortified, just as well as the mainland itself. The Russians do not doubt their readiness to fight for their independence, but they fear, not without foundation, that Finland will not be strong enough to resist Germany. Should a major war break out, it is obvious that the latter will do everything to harass the Russians, and, therefore, the fortified Åland islands, if once wrung from the Finns, must be a godsend to her.

Moreover, Finnish political leanings have increased

Moscow's suspicion. Things would be different if she could participate in the defence of the archipelago, but Finland and Sweden cannot agree to that, for it would seriously contradict their neutrality and would give the Reich good cause to say that they side with the Russians against her. Besides, the Finns are very anti-communist at heart. Ever since 1919, when the German army helped them to fight the Bolsheviks, they have shown great sympathy for the Reich. There is a strong Fascist element in Finland, so that the Russians cannot be too sure whether they would not be on the German side when the destiny of the Åland group was thrown into the balance.

Finland points out that she cannot give them any better guarantee than her neutrality. But the Russians resent her close contact with Sweden and the fact that all fortification plans have been worked out by Finland and Sweden in common, whilst they are withheld to them as 'military secrets.' To the argument of Stockholm and Helsinki that their collaboration in this respect is natural since it is based on general Scandinavian solidarity, their answer is that the Åland archipelago is one of the most important keys to Russian security.

Paradoxically enough the Russians found support in the most unexpected quarter—on the islands themselves. The Ålanders, almost entirely of Swedish origin and strong home rulers, objected to the intended fortifications since it meant not only the introduction of military service, but the presence of Finnish troops on their soil and the beginning of finnification. In vain the Government pointed out that the islands' defence force will be composed solely of the islanders and that the officers which are to train them will be selected from the Swedish-speaking Finns. The stubborn islanders would not hear of it, and not satisfied with protracted negotiations with the Helsinki Government, they appealed for help to their compatriots in Sweden and sent a delegation to Geneva to protest against the fortifications, even before the Council started its deliberations.

In spite of this they will have to yield. Finland enjoys full sovereignty over the islands. Her only limitation in that respect was the Convention of 1921, but since its signatories have agreed to the change she is free to proceed. The

islanders naturally found a certain amount of support in Sweden, but this was academic. The bulk of the Swedes, after having ascertained that the rights of the Ålanders will be safeguarded, are behind the Government policy. For, apart from stategic considerations, Stockholm co-operates with Helsinki over the Åland archipelago in order to increase general stability in the Baltic Sea. They want to strengthen Finland's policy of neutrality, to bind her more closely to the neutral Scandinavian group and to prepare a common defence.

The Swedes know that this co-operation might entail more than mere diplomatic support, and they are ready for it. Already in the September crisis, when the Finnish Government asked whether they could count on Swedish help in case of war, Herr Sandler, the Swedish Foreign Minister, answered in the affirmative. Detailed plans were worked out for the Swedish navy and army to collaborate with the Finns in the defence of the Åland islands, and this collaboration will be still stronger after the fortifications are carried out. This is the main argument which the Swedes advance in answer to the Russian fears. They point out that the islands, if unfortified, would be much more liable to fall into German hands than now, when Sweden and Finland will defend them jointly. And the Russians need not fear German influence in Helsinki, for the latter's increasing solidarity with neutral Scandinavia has been illustrated by her refusal to sign a non-aggression pact with Germany.

The matter rests where it had been left in Geneva. Moscow prevented the League Council from coming to a decision over Åland. But since Geneva took note of the Finnish move and all signatories agreed to the project, Finland considers the question as settled from the legal point of view and feels free to act. There is, however, also a political aspect, so that Finland has to observe caution with regard to Russia. The Åland problem will not be referred to Geneva again—now it is an issue only between Helsinki and Moscow.

The disagreement over this problem has, fortunately, not produced an open conflict between the two States, but it has certainly not helped towards their rapprochement and not made Finland more amenable to Russia's intention to play the

part of a guarantor of her neutrality. Herr Erko, the Finnish Foreign Secretary, declared recently that they will not go back from their point, and there have been rumours that fortification works on the archipelago have already started.

But this cannot be true, since the Swedish Government announced their decision to postpone the co-operation with Finland over the Åland group until agreement is reached with Russia. The Socialist Government of Stockholm does not want a disagreement with Moscow, and hopes that a way out will be found. Negotiations are now going on. However, Russia is not likely to depart from her policy. She will watch developments with utmost attention. She can and will, naturally, do nothing if Finland should disregard her point of view. But she has made it clear that she will act in case of danger as her own interests demand.

WOLFRAM GOTTLIEB.

THE REFUGEE TRANSIT CAMP AT RICHBOROUGH

We stopped at the ancient toll-gate at the bridge over the River Stour. The Camp is beyond. A very old man stood on the bridge. It was a Saturday afternoon, the sun was bright and he was just standing there, obviously resting. We asked the way to the Camp.

'It must seem natural for this river,' pointing down, 'and this coast,' a vague gesture towards the sea two miles away, 'to have these foreigners here,' he said.

'Yes?' I said vaguely.

'If you know your history, miss,' he went on. 'There's Richborough Castle,' another gesture, 'the Romans were here. And in the Middle Ages we were one of the chief ports to the Continent. And then, you remember, Queen Elizabeth brought over those Walloons and settled them in Sandwich to show us the woollen goods trade. It's right and proper for Sandwich to welcome those foreign Jews from Germany.'

It all seemed to him natural, an act of Providence, that three thousand German Jews should have escaped Nazi persecution and concentration camps and found refuge in Sandwich. And when the huge green wooden gates to the Camp were opened for us and we walked into this smoothly running community we, too, tended to forget what tremendous labour has gone into the creation of this refugee camp which is now only six months old.

After the renewed persecution of the Jews in Germany in November, 1938, it became obvious to English Jews that a place must be found to house their co-religionists who were coming to England on their way to some permanent colonial home. Professor Norman Bentwich and Mr. Ernest Joseph, a well-known architect, were the moving spirits behind this scheme. They remembered hearing about a large army camp,

the Kitchener Camp, which had never been used since the war. This derelict camp was leased from the owners, Messrs. Dorman Long. None of the money for financing this scheme has come from the Baldwin Fund. The £20,000 needed to reconstruct the Camp and the money for its upkeep—about ten shillings a week per man—has been contributed entirely by English Jews through the Council for German Jewry.

One can imagine what this Camp, abandoned for twenty years, must have been like before the reconditioning began. Now the concrete huts are in perfect condition; there are modern sanitary arrangements, a huge hut with rows of shower baths, concrete roads leading from hut to hut, a hospital, a dental clinic, offices, a cinema, lecture rooms, an assembly hall—all built or reconstructed by the refugees themselves. I walked over the Camp with a refugee guide and a professor from a Northern University, a quiet man who said little, until his enthusiasm became very articulate. 'This reminds me,' he said, 'of a self-sufficient state in ancient Greece. Many of them had no more citizens than there are men in this Camp—three thousand.'

We passed one large low hut that seemed strangely deserted. All the windows were shut. I turned to my guide. 'That is our luggage hut. All our suitcases, trunks and boxes are in it,' he told me. Then, after a little pause, he continued with a slight effort, for he did not yet, as he had told me, 'master the English.' 'You see, we all have much luggage,' he explained; 'we enjoy this hospitality in transit. I am hoping to go to Australia. We are all wanderers.' He smiled at me. Obviously he was one of the men who, with that remarkable gift for adjustment which the Jews have, was enjoying the task of beginning an entirely new life at thirty-five or six.

We went to a sleeping hut. It had the words HANDWORKERS' REST painted on the door, and inside, in the large room, there were paintings above the top tier of berths. There are seventy-two men in each sleeping hut. They are divided into two groups of thirty-two each with a responsible leader, elected by the men, who passes on any suggestions to the staff.

When we came out of the sleeping hut, streams of men

were walking in twos and threes towards the dining-hut which can accommodate 1,500. The meals are served in two shifts, and they are good. I was asked to lunch in the staff hut where the refugee staff of twenty have their meals with the director. And no task of organisation seems to fluster the men responsible for the organisation of this Camp: two kinds of food are served, two huge sections function in the kitchen department; one for religious Jews, who only eat orthodox food, and one for those who were persecuted by the Nazis for their race and not for their faith.

After lunch, when we were again in the open, someone offered our guide a cigarette. He took it saying that he did not smoke, but that he would keep it for his comrade. For, naturally, these refugees, who had to leave Germany with no money at all, cannot afford to buy many cigarettes. Each man is given sixpence a week pocket-money—even this amount for 3,000 men means £300 a month. The staff members have ten shillings a week, quite apart from the great advantage of living in the married quarters with their wives.

A great effort is being made to help these men get their wives and relatives out of Germany. A special department at the Camp deals with this problem. There are now (middle of August) about 650 married men at Richborough, and 450 of their wives are now in England or have the permit and are expected soon. These wives are living all over England. Some are with friends, some are in domestic service, others are being cared for by the various refugee organisations. And the children are at schools, or camps, or in English homes. 'One of the most terrible things Hitler has done to us Jews,' one man said to me, 'is to separate our families. . . .'

'Yes,' another man who had joined us added, 'but it is so wonderful to have them out of Germany and safe in England that we can bear this easily.'

There are men from all classes in the Camp, and the obvious good fellowship between them is one of the most striking features of Richborough. Even the Austrians and Germans, so fundamentally different in their attitude towards life, get on excellently together. 'This,' so one of the Germans told me, 'was very difficult. The Austrians laughed when we wanted to weep, and they rarely saw the point of our jokes at first, but now we understand each other.'

The past, which since the Nazi régime has been so terrible for many of these men—large numbers have been in concentration camps—seems not to matter to them any longer. A man's background in Germany is of academic interest only. Their present life at the refugee Camp, their hope for a better future, unites them all. There are professional men and artisans, merchants, artists, hairdressers, mechanics, scholars, cooks and waiters; men who have been rich and who have been poor, men who have directed large business enterprises and men who have been clerks.

I saw a game of chess in progress in one of the huts, and I was told that one of the players had been the champion for a large district in Germany. When a national chess tournament was played in Margate recently, this man was asked to come. At the outskirts of the Camp a young athletic 'stunt' motor cyclist was practising hair-raising feats on his motor cycle; in the distance one could hear someone playing a violin. This musician had been a prominent member of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.

The professor from the Northern University again came up and spoke to me. 'These men could all earn their living,' he said. 'I have just been seeing their hairdressing hut. If they opened the facilities of the Camp to the public, they would be entirely self-supporting.'

I pointed out to him that this was a *transit* Camp, and that none of the men had a permit to work and replace British labour.

'Not even the doctors,' I reminded him, 'unless they have an Italian degree which is recognised by the profession in England, are allowed to treat their comrades in the Camp. The British Medical Association is as severe as any of the trades unions.'

Actually, of course, it is not the intention or desire of the committee responsible for the Camp to make it self-supporting. They want to give these men a training, a re-education, which will give them a chance to work in some relatively undeveloped foreign country. One former dentist, for instance, was urged to take up gardening, as this labour would not harm his hands in case he one day took up dental surgery again. He became passionately interested in making things grow on this derelict soil. Now the bright borders

and lawns in the Camp reflect how successful he has been in six short months, and he wants to become a professional gardener.

His case is typical. One member of the staff—and all but four or five of these instructors are refugees—is in charge of this work of readjustment. In his department all incoming men are interviewed. Then they are assigned to suitable training groups: agriculture, building, the group of film operators which manages the Camp cinema, the kitchens where they learn to cook, or the Camp offices where they are taught accounting.

The men work five hours a day on their particular job. In the afternoon two hours of instruction in English (given by more advanced refugees) is compulsory. They can have another English lesson in the evening if they wish. Many of them speak English with each other, and they issue a mimeographed *Kitchener Camp Review*. I have a number of the *Review* before me. The drawings in it are excellent, and the English reflects the tremendous effort they are making. I have opened the *Review* at random.

> At school I was no good at languages [one of the refugees has written], and I suffered much torture by my inability to acquire the most elementary knowledge of any tongue other than that of the land of my birth. A favourite of the mathematics and science masters, I was the butt of every rebuke or unkind word of the tutors of the English and French classes at the seminary at which I was educated.

I asked an English friend who knows the Camp well what were the rules and regulations, for I could not imagine a group of men, many of whom had served in the German army, living without cut and dried orders. 'Rules?' she said somewhat vaguely. 'I don't think there are any, except that everyone must be back in the Camp by ten fifteen in the evening.'

'Back in the Camp?' I asked.

'Yes, after they have finished their work, all the men can get permits to go out into Sandwich or where they like. Over 800 of them have bicycles. There is never any trouble. I think there have been infringements of the ten fifteen rule only about four or five times since the Camp has been in existence.'

When I went back to the Camp on the next day I looked more closely at the director who has achieved this self-imposed discipline. His name is J. A. May. He looks like many other young Englishmen of about thirty-five. One can see that he is in complete sympathy with the men. He respects them and he is never patronising. I asked him frankly how he did it. 'Oh, I don't know,' he said somewhat diffidently. 'It's nothing really, but they all realise that the success of the Camp depends on the co-operation of each individual.'

As a result of his attitude, and that of the men, they are very popular in the town of Sandwich—except among the members of a small discourteous Fascist group in the town. It is strange to see the refugees walking about in the old town—there are almost as many of them as there are inhabitants of Sandwich. The local people have been extremely kind. In return the Camp's orchestra and the dance band like to play for the inhabitants or for local charities. The men like to feel that they are doing something for the town.

The Mayors of Ramsgate and Sandwich [writes the *Camp Review*] extended an invitation to us to play on their bandstands recently, and, as we understand the bandstand at Sandwich has not been used for many years, we are sure that the concert made a pleasant Sunday evening's change for the large number of local inhabitants of that delightful old town who came out on this beautiful evening to listen to our musicians.

On the Sunday evening there was a concert in the large assembly hut at the Camp. The hall was crowded. We were struck by the consideration shown each other by the men. A man at the far end of one of the long wooden benches moved closer to the wall because he noticed that the man at the other end was slightly crowded. A youth of about eighteen collected several of his contemporaries round him and they found places for the older men. Obviously there was none of that carelessness which one so often finds among men who live in segregated groups.

A young pianist came out on to the platform and played Schumann's Novelette. The orchestra played some Beethoven and some Mozart under the leadership of the former conductor of a Stuttgart orchestra. Nothing has made them love German music less than they did. One felt, in fact, that they

have brought with them what was once the best in the country which has abandoned them. These Jewish refugees are perhaps the only representatives left of the old Germany, in which men like Schumann and Beethoven were respected. They are carrying on German civilisation as we once knew it. When the concert was over, the orchestra and the huge audience rose. The orchestra played *God save the King*. This was not a mere formality: there was gratitude on the faces of many of these men, gratitude towards a country which had given them another chance.

MARGARET GOLDSMITH.

COMMENTARY

At midnight on August 10th I bought a morning paper in Coventry Street, and read in it an account of the black-out which was due to begin in half an hour. I dare say there was some nervousness in Fleet Street over this black-out, for it had been postponed at the last minute the night before, and no newspaper (outside Germany) likes to carry a front-page description of something which did not happen. However, it had been officially stated that there would be a black-out on this night, no matter what the weather was like, and my newspaper was able to state safely enough that 'Piccadilly became a pool of blackness through which cars moved cautiously with only a glimmer of light from their wing-lamps.'

Standing with a crowd on the steps of the fountain in Piccadilly Circus, I waited for this to happen. What I hoped for was a sudden inky plunge as the clock hand touched the half hour, but the authorities were not concerned for dramatic effect, and the darkness came gradually. Leicester Square and Shaftesbury Avenue were already doused, and here and there a lamp went out in Piccadilly, until at length only the big triple-headed lamps in the Circus itself remained alight. Just before they went out I was moved off the island by a policeman, and when the final plunge came, and the crowd went 'Oooooh,' I was stamping in a fright among the bonnets of taxi-cabs half-way across the street, and missed the drama.

However, there we were in a pitchier blackness than has descended on Piccadilly Circus for some twenty years, spoiled a little by a red advertisement left on in Shaftesbury Avenue. Almost at once a fight started. Somebody shouted 'Police!' there was a noise of hitting, blurred figures swayed about on the pavement, and at length a beam from a policeman's torch picked out a little vignette of a man hitting another

man in the face. After a time peace was restored, and one was able to attend to the black-out.

It was not really so black once you got used to it, not in Piccadilly at all events, for buses were still running, and though they had contrived a spectral sort of lighting inside, most of them had their numbers and destination signs fully lighted; and, contrary to the forecast in my newspaper, the wing-lights of cars and taxis cast a great deal more than a glimmer. A cab rank at the top of Haymarket shed its light nearly to the bottom of the hill; and the little crosses in the traffic signs let through enough light to read by. Away from the main traffic routes the black-out was impressive. Walking towards the deeper gloom of Leicester Square, I was unnerved by the doorway of Messrs. Lyons: with the word OPEN glimmering on a black screen, under some arrangement of ghastly greenish lights, it was like a doorway out of Edgar Poe. Leicester Square, momentarily free of taxis, might have been a sleeping village, but the blackest place was Charing Cross Road; here one had to walk carefully to avoid collisions, and one recalled vaguely that sandbags were once used for other purposes than A.R.P.

It had turned out a moderately fine, starry night after all. Now and then three lights—red, green and amber—would pass with a steady purpose across the sky, coloured stars among the brushing searchlights, but there were not many aeroplanes about.

At the corner of Tottenham Court Road I bought another morning paper and, by the light of a traffic sign, read another prophetic account of what was going on. By this time the buses had stopped, and Oxford Street was a pretty perspective of winking colours. In a snack-bar nearby, people were crouched like conspirators under hooded lamps. Walking back towards Shaftesbury Avenue, I passed another snack-bar in which the lights were dark blue, presenting a momentary, nightmare spectacle of corpses on stools, eating buns. Halfway down Shaftesbury Avenue a shop window blazed boldly in the faces of a worried group of officials, casting up enough light to steer a squadron by, I should think.

Now there were only taxis on the street, and in the surrounding darkness their side lamps were quite dazzling. I had, in fact, begun to have a headache with all this flashing

and winking of lights. I got into a taxi and plunged through the outer darkness of Bloomsbury into a square as black as a coal-hole. By comparison with this oubliette, in which apparently I lived, Piccadilly was like a display of fireworks. Up here I was afraid even to light a cigarette, and terrified lest I should forget and turn on a light switch. I had some difficulty in finding my way to bed.

Apart from the squares and side streets, I should say that the black-out was a fiasco, and that unless some other lighting system is found for vehicles, we shall provide our enemies with an illuminated diagram of our main thoroughfares. We should certainly have several more rehearsals, but perhaps there is not time. The première is said to be imminent.

* * * * *

Saturday, August 19th

It seems incredible, but the sun is shining in a steamy blue sky, there is a soft breeze, and it is warm enough to sit out of doors in a shirt and trousers. Summer came back a day or two ago, with the effect of spring after a long winter.

Here, in Regent's Park, there are so many cricket matches going on that you have to pick your way carefully among them; dodging cover point in one match, you are liable to collide with fine leg in another. Some of the pitches are near the paths, and now and then a six just misses a perambulator. This is intimate cricket, but exciting to watch, for one is near enough to follow the flight of the ball and the whole movement of a stroke—and the strokes in Regent's Park are worth watching. Here and there one notices a lack of equipment; sometimes one pad and one glove are all that a batsman has to protect him from the demon bowler, and I should think it is no joke to face a demon bowler who begins his run under a distant tree and flings the ball at you down a slope. Sometimes the dress worn at the wicket is unconventional, so that one hears, among the spectators, such a dialogue as:

'Who hit that?'
'The one in white.'

The pleasant sound of batting mingles with the bark of sea-lions in the Zoo on the other side of the railings. (The

spectators at one of the matches include a couple of llamas.) Now and then a bomber snores through the lazy sky, but this is all there is to remind one of the 'situation'—this and the see-saw roar of the lions at feeding time, which exactly resembles the roars of *Sieg Heil!* at a Hitler broadcast.

The sun sets, but the cricket matches go on in the dusk; nobody appeals against the light; maybe there won't be another fine day this summer; maybe somebody will get his fifty. As I go out I stop by the railings to watch a kangaroo feeding on a plot of grass, with a small head hanging out of its pouch and feeding on the plot of grass too. In a field near the tea-house the 'situation' suggests itself again, but good-naturedly, in a barrage balloon tethered to the ground, ears deflated, like some big beast turned out to graze.

Outside, in the streets, the news-bills announce: 'England All Out'; 'Campbell Smashes Record'; 'Amazing Seaside Cloudburst'—not a word about Danzig, Hitler, the 'war of nerves.' It's a fine day, it's a Saturday, there's a Test Match going on, and as far as this city is concerned, apparently, the war of nerves is off.

* * * * *

The 'situation' remains, none the less. Some days ago, during the air manœuvres, a news-bill appeared which read: '"Enemy" Planes come up Thames' and, looking at it, one realised the importance of quotation marks. One realised, too, that the margin between peace and war just now might fairly be represented by a couple of inverted commas.

Alex Glendinning.

POEMS

WINTER GARDEN

THE season's anguish, crashing whirlwinds, ice,
Have passed, and cleansed the trodden paths
That silent gardeners have strewn with ash.

The iron circles of the sky
Are worn away by tempest,
Yet in this garden there is no more strife ;
The Winter's knife is buried in the earth.
Pure music is the cry
That tears the birdless branches in
The wind. No blossom is reborn. The stare
Of the small pond is blind.

And no-one sees
A restless stranger through the morning stray
Across the sodden lawn, whose eyes
Are tired of weeping, in whose breast
A savage sun consumes its hidden day.

INHUMATION

Where everything sinks down,
Is petrified in its descent, as still as vast
Perspectives full of ragged mountain and
Black forest of mortality
And azure air,
Sink swollen slowly downward frozen tears.

All is reflected in that Angel's eye
Who sees beyond the inward depth
Into the glittering schist of the far floor.

Naked the beautiful remembered limbs
And downward clustering hung
And mirrored in the dark encircling floods,
Suspended like a wreath and tremulous
In the mysterious wind of their blind flight and fall :

Unnumbered wings : and oh ! voluminous
The cloudy chasm like a gasping mouth
From whence the last deep cry so thoroughly torn
Unseals the sepulchre of holy rock.

THE OPEN TOMB

VIBRANT with silence is the last sealed room
That fever-quickened breathing cannot break:
Magnetic silence and unshakably doomed breath
Hung like a screen of ice
Between the cavern and the closing eyes,
Between the last day and the final scene
Of death, unwitnessed save by one:

By Omega! the angel whose dark wind
Of wings and trumpet lips
Stirs with disruptive storm the clinging folds
Of stalagmatic foliage lachrymose
Hung from the lofty crypt, where endlessly
The phalanx passes, two by three, with all
The hypnotising fall of stairs.

Their faces are unraised as yet from sleep;
The pace is slow, and down the steep descent
Their carried candles eddy like a stream;
While on each side, through windows in the rock,
Beyond the tunnelled grottoes there are seen
Serene the sunless but how dazzling plains
Where like a sea resounds our open tomb.

DAVID GASCOYNE.

SCULPTURAL ALBINISM

The renovations now proceeding of coloured sculpture and architecture in Canterbury Cathedral and Westminster Abbey have aroused public interest in the question of polychromy in these arts. We have so long been inured to the sight of colourless marble in both, that departure from this usage is apt to awake a sense of strangeness or even dislike—and yet it seems difficult to believe that anyone who has admired such monuments as (for instance) that of Lady Dudley in St. Margaret's, Westminster, would prefer them colourless.

From the earliest times the Church was, in England, the repository and the pioneer of art and cultivation. Until the Reformation the love of colour which is reflected in the illuminated pages of manuscripts is predominant in the arts, but from that moment it cooled off, and under the Puritans almost died out. We have generally now to put up with bare or whitewashed church walls which not even the most brilliant stained-glass window can warm into friendliness.

How did this change come about? According to Ruskin, it was more or less inevitable in the new spirit born of the Renaissance. The Gothic spirit, he says, 'shows quaint fancy, rich ornament, bright colour, sympathy with men of ordinary minds and hearts.' The Renaissance, on the other hand, was 'rigid, cold, incapable of glowing, highly trained and deeply erudite . . . bound by the new precision and accurate law of the classical forms.'

Ruskin was, of course, fanatical in his preference for the Gothic as against what he calls the 'pure insipidity and subtle vice' of the Renaissance. But without following him all the way, we may, I think, agree that the change of thought was revolutionary in art as well as in religion. In architecture, the decorative employment of marbles rendered colour less

important, and the Carrara quarries flooded the studios, not only of the Pisan School.

In Italy the grandiose style, both of architecture and sculpture, seemed to postulate a cold tranquillity rather than a warm and glowing vitality; effect was obtained by the interplay of various marbles, and the occasional use of the still surviving mosaic. The sculptor working in colourless Carrara gets his effect either by size or splash, by tricks of perspective, or by contrasted surfaces; this is apt to give an impression of self-conscious skill, which mars the sense of fullest æsthetic satisfaction. The discoveries of classical remains on which any colour that may have been there had naturally perished, coincided with a fashion for pure white marble, and to these circumstances are mainly due the modern unreasoning convention and acceptance of monochrome sculpture. It is, in fact, a curious phase of colour-blindness which permits us to tolerate what may be called 'albinism' in portrait sculpture. But whereas in life an albino is regarded as a freak of nature and rather to be pitied, we have come to accept a staring white marble effigy as a necessary artistic conventionalism.

On reflection it seems odd that we have accustomed ourselves to portraits in sculpture rendered entirely in monochrome. Although the human face, while living, has colours distinguishing the hair, the eyes, and the lips, to say nothing of the flesh tints, we accept a monotone effigy in marble, bronze, terra-cotta or wood as a semblance of the person; even though these features may be essential in portraiture, as the distinguishing characteristics of that person. It is a curious paradox that feminine fashion to-day accepts the use of lipstick and rouge, and even artificial enhancement of the eyebrows and eyes, the salient features of the face, and yet our sculptors adhere to a convention which in this respect is purely negative.

The anomaly has always been recognised, and throughout the history of sculpture artists have constantly attempted to overcome it. For this purpose various methods were adopted, and where the material of the model was not in itself attractive, such as wood or coarse stone, the artist might employ an actual covering of paint. The ancient Egyptians almost invariably coloured their portrait sculpture, usually

with a somewhat startling effect; but in the strong sunlight of Egypt, and, among a people whose complexions are

'the shadow'd livery of the burnished sun,'

the effect would not have appeared so remarkable as it does in our modified conditions of climate. The same applies to the remains which we possess of the Mesopotamian sculpture. As for the primitive sculpture of the Greeks, the question is difficult to determine, since the soil in which specimens have generally been found is calculated to destroy, rather than to preserve, the surface of materials. But, if we may judge from isolated examples, Greek sculpture of early date was certainly coloured; not only did the colour enhance the imitative effect, but it often served to conceal poverty of material.

Where sculpture formed a part of the decoration of architecture, its colouring was so arranged as to conform with the general colour scheme of the building, or to stand out from it. Thus, in the case of the pedimental groups which decorated the temple that preceded the Parthenon, the giant Typhon is given a green beard. This may have been partly due to the desire to accentuate the supernatural nature of the monster, but it also indicates that, in principle, colour was intended to differentiate, rather than to imitate, the features.

The selection of colour, particularly for the hair, was indeed frequently a matter of convention. In the case of the Tanagra and other terra-cotta statuettes, the hair is almost invariably coloured a Venetian red. It cannot be supposed that every Greek woman could, like Queen Elizabeth, boast Titianesque red hair, although this was certainly a colour that the Greeks admired.

We know that the reliefs of the Parthenon Frieze stood out in colours against a background of blue. In the Parthenon, at any rate, this colouration was not confined to architecture. The cult-statue of Athene Parthenos was a figure of which the flesh parts were rendered in ivory (no doubt tinted), and the drapery in gold. The effect of this, to the devout worshipper in the semi-darkness of the temple-interior, must have been singularly impressive. The goddess herself would radiate a 'dim religious light,' as in a veil of

awe and mystery. The same effect seems to be intended in many Roman Catholic churches, where the focus of the lighting is concentrated on the coloured statue of the Virgin, illumined only by the altar-candles.

In regard to draped figures standing free (non-architectural), it was customary both in classical and mediæval sculpture to give the nude flesh a high polish, and thus to distinguish it. The drapery might be covered with a thin coat of gesso, on which minute patterns were indicated by stamping, or the insertion of foreign substances, such as glass or enamel. In the Nottingham alabasters, such 'touching' is sparingly applied, so that the beauty of the marble is thereby rather enhanced than otherwise.

The crux of the question seems to be this: if it is agreed that some tinting of marble sculpture is desirable, how can this be effected without detracting from the natural beauty of its surface? The answer is, I think, to be found in Nature, of which the colouring is often to be found *below* rather than *upon* the surface.

Passages in classical literature leave little doubt that the sculpture of the Greeks and Romans was toned or coloured. But a distinction must be drawn between, on the one side, the earlier instances and architectural figures, in which the *surface* was painted, and, on the other side, those in which the human form was rendered in marble and subjected to special treatment. In the former case it is a question mainly of preservation; in the latter, of artistic refinement of a very special character. It seems probable that the writers themselves were not always alive to this distinction, for they employ the word '*ganosis*' (γάνωσις) indiscriminately in both cases. Thus we are told by Plutarch that it was the first duty of the Censors at Rome 'to provide for the feeding of the sacred geese, and for the *ganosis* of the statues in the temple of Capitoline Jupiter,' for he says, 'The vermilion with which statues were anciently coloured quickly fades.' Here the reference is clearly to the archaic figures (possibly in terra-cotta) such as are found, for instance, in Etruscan art, where the male flesh tint, following perhaps Egyptian custom, is generally vermilion.

Now the word *ganosis* can mean either 'sheen' or 'refreshing'; and we are also told that for its purpose 'Punic wax'

was employed. This, Pliny tells us, was specially prepared; 'after being boiled three or four times in sea-water, to which natrum has been added, it is bleached in the sun.'

It seems hardly likely that the Capitoline statues demanded any special treatment with such specially prepared wax. Probably the Censors, after having the faded parts 'refreshed,' applied a very thin coating of wax as a preservative; the Greek word is also used in the sense of 'lacquer'; but this is a very different matter from the treatment which marble portraits seem to have undergone in the best Greek period.

Plato, in his *Republic*, gives us the true position: 'It is not,' he says, 'by applying a rich or beautiful colour to any particular part, but by giving its local colour to each part that the whole is made beautiful.' The judicious application of colour in this sense evidently demanded peculiar skill. Sometimes the sculptor himself would undertake this task, but it usually was assigned to craftsmen who made a speciality of it; these are referred to as the 'human-statue painters.'

Bearing these facts in mind, we can more easily understand Pliny's statement that the sculptor Praxiteles, when asked which of his statues he most admired, replied: 'those to which Nikias [the famous painter] has lent his hand.' There is obviously no question here of a mere coating of paint; the implication is that of a refined use of colour, such as needed the skill of a great painter. The principal effect would probably be dependent on the eyes. There is in the British Museum a marble head of a woman which, though faded, is an undoubted instance of Græco-Roman coloured sculpture. In this the eyes are so treated as to impart a languorous, dreamy expression; and one is tempted to think of the portrait of Helen, in whose eyelid, we are told, was depicted the whole tragedy of the Trojan War.

Now, as to the method of the colouring or tinting. We know, first, that a specially prepared wax was required; also, that where methods of colouring are specially mentioned, the allusion is to statues or busts in *marble*. The Greeks were too artistic to select a material for its beauty of surface, and then to conceal that surface with a coat of paint. How, then, was the colouring applied?

The answer is indicated by a passage in Plutarch which, while distinguishing *ganosis* from mere 'colouring,' explains



the former as the 'encaustic' treatment of statues. This can only mean that the wax was burnt in. It would therefore appear that, in the best period at any rate of Greek sculpture, the artists used melted wax (tinted as required) and applied this to the face and flesh of their figures, forcing it by heat below the surface. By this means they not only approached nearer to Nature—since, as I have pointed out, the colouring of human flesh is not *on*, but *below*, the surface—but they also produced a less meretricious effect; and, best of all, preserved, over the tinting, the gleaming beauty of the marble surface.

Exactly a century ago a serious attempt was made to convert public opinion to the colouring of sculpture. In the year 1839 John Gibson, sculptor, who had recently been elected a full R.A., produced a marble statue of Cupid which achieved considerable popularity. He must have been an authority on the subject chosen, for his first commission had been a group of 'Mars and Cupid,' and another of his works was the 'Cupid disguised as a Shepherd,' which had been repeated no less than eight times.

The matter evidently obsessed his imagination, for he was able to persuade himself that Cupid appeared to him in person and expressed dissatisfaction with the statue; not, apparently, with the *motif*, but with its technique. He objected to being represented in 'dull, cold marble,' for all the world as if he were bloodless, instead of the lively little person that he really was.

So John was directed by the god to colour his effigy. The original had been executed for Lord Selsey, but a replica, duly tinted, became the property of Mr. Holford. In a statue which Gibson modelled shortly afterwards, of Queen Victoria, some colour was introduced, and by 1840 he had become so converted to the principle that he wrote: 'My eyes have now become so depraved that I cannot bear to see a statue without colour.'

In accordance with his now rooted conviction he produced the famous 'Tinted Venus.' The figure was for some time a subject of artistic controversy, and Gibson enjoyed a notoriety greater than the intrinsic quality of his work could have otherwise attained. His well-meaning experiment was in the nature of a protest against what he considered an unnatural conventionalism; he was convinced that the

Greeks were infallible in matters of taste, and that they would never have approved of uncoloured sculpture in marble.

What Gibson did not understand was the Greek process of colouring, and that perhaps explains why his innovation died at birth. His was an age of severe classicism in art, and he was an enthusiastic devotee. He had, when younger, dreamed that he was carried by an eagle to Rome, the Rome of Canova and Thorwaldsen. In these days of more complex aims in art, we may perhaps smile at the simple idealism of that age; but many will still believe that Greek sculpture, although not 'Nature in the abstract,' has lessons to teach us in technique as well as in taste. It would be interesting to see whether a portrait bust coloured in the true Greek method would to-day prove a successful departure from our accepted conventionality.

CECIL HARCOURT-SMITH.

GOOD CAPTAIN HARDY

It is a hundred years ago (September 20th, 1839, to be exact) that Thomas Masterman Hardy, Governor of Greenwich Hospital, died, and a week later was buried in the cemetery there.

'The oddity of friendships is a frequent guarantee of their lastingness,' which may account for the fact that this modest, unassuming sailor, Nelson's opposite both physically and mentally, was nevertheless his closest and most intimate friend. Certainly of all that gallant company of sea captains whom Nelson drew around him, the one who attracts us most is the sturdy Dorset seaman.

Yet, so independent of time is immortality, though Hardy lived to the ripe age of seventy, the friendship to which he owes that immortality covered only a brief ten years. Were it not for Nelson's friendship, Hardy would have joined that great rank of men who have served England well and faithfully, but whose fame does not outlast their day. For Hardy had no brilliant qualities to push him into the limelight, and though he was to find himself immortalised for his share in that unforgettable scene in the *Victory's* cockpit, he possessed none of that dramatic instinct which Englishmen, with their curious perversity, so condemn in themselves yet so admire in their national heroes. 'I defy anybody—even that ornament of contemporary literature, the lady-novelist-biographer—to write a lively account of his professional career,' says Mr. John Gore. And it is true. There is plenty of material about Hardy, but, like the man himself, it is solid rather than lively matter.

Born at Kingston Russell, Dorset, in 1769, the same year as Napoleon and Wellington, Hardy was eleven years Nelson's junior. He came of a well-known Dorsetshire family of which, apart from the great novelist, Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, who was Hawke's second-in-command at Quiberon,

is perhaps the best known. Like many of his contemporaries, including Nelson himself, Hardy joined the navy as 'captain's servant' at an early age, served for a time in the merchant service, and then returned to the Royal Navy. He rose steadily, and was promoted Lieutenant at the age of twenty-four. It was now that he first came in contact with Nelson, for the *Meleager*, his ship, was attached to Nelson's small squadron off Genoa during the first years of the French Revolutionary War. It was during this period that the two men became acquainted, though the actual foundation of their friendship was not laid till three years later.

Tall and massive, with plain and rather heavy features, Hardy might easily have stood for a portrait of John Bull, were it not for the mingled strength and sweetness of his expression, which redeem his face from the commonplace. Sir William Parker, one of Nelson's captains, described Hardy as 'the soul of truth.' Even that critical officer, Codrington, admired Hardy. 'From the first day that I saw him on board the *Victory* I was captivated by his manner, so unusual and yet so becoming to his situation as confidant to Lord Nelson; and I gave in to the general good opinion of the fleet,' he wrote. 'He has not beauty or those accomplishments which attract sometimes on shore . . . but he is very superior.'

Hardy was the perfect friend. He worshipped Nelson without flattering him. Steadfast, reserved, he was also a sensitive man of honour, with a simplicity and an almost womanly gentleness which appealed to those same traits in Nelson; while the two men, so dissimilar in many ways, were above all bound together by their zeal for duty—in the one a steady quiet glow, in the other a bright startling flame, but in essence the same.

It is because this plain, solid man for all his simplicity had in him some element of greatness which enabled him to become the close friend of England's great naval genius that Englishmen still remember him. Gallant Troubridge, bull-dog Berry, Blackwood, that prince of frigate captains, the studious Ball, all these have passed into oblivion. Few Englishmen remember them. Even Collingwood, who led the lee line at Trafalgar, and who was united to Nelson by

ties of friendship extending from their early days in the service, must take second place to Hardy.

Perhaps the reason lies in the fact that Hardy was a typical Englishman. That, no doubt, was why he attracted Nelson, who, though he may be our national hero, is yet in many ways the antithesis of all that an Englishman is popularly conceived to be.

Hardy, on the other hand, was English to the backbone. He was slow-moving, inarticulate, and unintellectual, but reliable, cool-headed, and possessed of a sense of humour. He was also a most competent seaman and knew his job thoroughly. 'I am resolved to learn everything as fast as I can,' wrote young Hardy at the age of thirteen, begging his father to find a good school for him where he might 'learn navigation and everything proper for a sailor.' He kept to that boyish resolve. 'I never knew Hardy wrong upon any professional subject, he seems imbued with an intuitive right judgment,' said Nelson of him—high praise, indeed, coming from such a source. Elsewhere Nelson writes home, 'Hardy was bred in the old school, and I can assure you that I have never been better satisfied with the real good discipline of a ship than the *Vanguard's*'; while of a young officer's progress he writes, 'Hardy is his great pattern about ship, and a better he could not have.'

It was his reliability, his steadfastness, his sound good sense and refusal to be 'rushed,' that in part drew Nelson to him. Nelson, irritable, over-excitable, and temperamental, found in Hardy's common sense and unruffled temper a refreshing contrast to his own fretful nerves. Nelson lacked a sense of humour, but Hardy could be gently humorous, though rarely unkindly so. His sense of humour peeps out here and there in his letters, particularly in his occasional references to Lady Hamilton. Hardy was one of the few people who took a sensible view of that affair. Hardy had abundant common sense.

Perhaps it was this trait in his nature, a refusal to become excited, that enabled him to remain good friends with Lady Nelson, Nelson himself, and Emma. The three principals in that affair all struck histrionic attitudes according to their several natures. So, with less justification, did many of

their friends. Several of them spoke their minds, took sides, and in so doing estranged themselves from Nelson. Hardy's attitude was a refreshing contrast with that of many of Nelson's friends, and with many of his biographers. He sympathised with Lady Nelson—' she is certainly one of the best women in the world '—but his deep affection for Nelson gave him an understanding of the latter which one hardly expects from one of Hardy's unemotional temperament. At the most critical stage of their relationship between Nelson and his wife, Hardy played a difficult part with singular sympathy and tact.

Nelson landed in Yarmouth at the beginning of November, 1800, after a journey across Europe which had set all the scandal-lovers gossiping. His wife and father were waiting for him in town, but Nelson tarried at Yarmouth. Few of Nelson's friends would have had the temerity to interfere at such a moment, but if Hardy had qualms he did not show them. ' Should he not arrive to-morrow, I think I shall set off for Yarmouth *as I know too well the cause of his not coming*,' wrote Hardy to his brother-in-law, and there is no doubt that he would have done so. However, Nelson arrived in London before Hardy had started out.

Even after Nelson had separated from his wife, Hardy continued his friendship with the latter. There is even a tradition that just before setting out for Trafalgar, Hardy visited Lady Nelson with her husband's knowledge. At the same time Hardy visited Merton, and was on friendly terms with Lady Hamilton. Nelson gave Hardy ' one hundred acres in any part of his estate at Bronte that I chose to point out, with apartments in his House, a Knife and Fork, etc.,' about this time. ' The former part I certainly have accepted and intend to keep, but the latter I have not yet determined on, nor shall I till I know the Company that will attend him there,' wrote Hardy with dry humour.

The death of Sir William Hamilton provoked another half-humorous comment. ' How her Ladyship will manage to live with the Hero of the Nile now, I am at a loss to know, at least in an honourable way.' Hardy understood Nelson thoroughly. ' It is as much impossible for him to remain at home as it is for him to be *happy at sea*,' Hardy told his brother-in-law in 1801, and it was, no doubt, his sympathetic

understanding, neither condemning nor condoning Nelson's conduct, which drew the latter to him.

Moreover, in Hardy's quiet strength and gentleness Nelson found the background which his creative spirit so sorely needed—something to steady his flights of genius, something to rest on when he came to earth with a bump. Neither Troubridge nor Ball, Berry nor Collingwood, were capable of filling that particular need. His mother might have done so had she lived, his wife might have done so had her nature been other than it was. It remained for Hardy to take their place, and admirably he filled it. He gave Nelson unswerving loyalty and devotion. 'I do not wish to serve under any other Flag but Lord Nelson's' is the burden of many of his letters when he was kicking his heels waiting for a ship in 1801; and a rumour in December of that year that Nelson had been given a command without telling him of it, drew from the unemotional Hardy the unusually pessimistic remark, 'There is nothing certain in this life but Death.' The rumour proved a false one, and Hardy was able to inform his brother-in-law a few weeks later, 'I had a letter a few Days ago from Lord Nelson, when he says he had not the smallest intention of going to the West Indies; the other Day therefore (as I have often told you) lampblack and Oil cannot always be depended on. . . .' The relief at not having been intentionally cold-shouldered by the 'Hero of the Nile' shines through the rather involved grammar. Excitement generally robbed Hardy, at no time ready of pen, of the power of expressing himself gracefully.

Hardy was Nelson's junior by eleven years. The friendship between the two men arose from an incident characteristic of Hardy's cool-headedness and innate loyalty, which attracted Nelson to him. Any act of bravery and coolness made an immediate appeal to Nelson. His friendship with Berry, Ball, and Blackwood, in each case arose from or was cemented by some gallant act. It was so in this case.

In 1796 Hardy was attached to the *Minerve*, a fine new frigate in the Mediterranean. He was then a lieutenant. Nelson was a commodore, with his spurs still to win, flying his flag on board the *Minerve*. She and her sister frigate, the *Blanche*, fell in with two Spanish frigates. One of the Spanish frigates was commanded by Don Jacobo Stuart, who had

Stuart blood in his veins. The Spaniards put up a good tussle and only surrendered after some hours hard fighting. Hardy was sent over, together with another lieutenant and a prize crew, to take possession of the capture. The *Blanche* and her opponent were by that time out of sight.

At this moment another much larger Spanish frigate suddenly appeared. The *Minerve* hastily cast-off her prize and prepared to tackle her new opponent. So well did she fight that the second frigate was on the point of surrendering when three Spanish line-of-battle ships appeared in the offing. With a prize in tow, half-crippled by her two successive engagements, there seemed small hope for the *Minerve*. If Nelson had been captured and made a Spanish prisoner of war then the future of England might well have been different. Hardy, naturally, could not foresee the future. He did, however, perceive the danger of the Commodore and a fine English frigate being captured. So he and the lieutenant with him held a brief consultation—Hardy was never a man of many words—and then promptly hoisted the English colours over the Spanish ones on their prize. Such an insult was not to be ignored. The Spaniards at once set about retaking their own ship, and thus gave the *Minerve* a chance to slip away. Hardy and his crew became prisoners of war, though not for long. An exchange with Don Jacobo Stuart was arranged very shortly, and Hardy was able to rejoin his Commodore. As a consequence he was in time to take part in the Battle of St. Vincent, though necessarily not in the fighting line.

Shortly after this he distinguished himself in a neat little cutting-out expedition, and was given command of the *Mutine*, the captured brig which was the result of the affair. He accompanied Nelson in the historic chase to the Nile. Short of frigates owing to a misconception on the part of the frigate captains, the *Mutine* brig was all Nelson had to rely on for scouting purposes unless he took the risky course of detaching one of his line-of-battle ships. Hardy rendered invaluable work in his steady, quiet way, and Nelson took the first opportunity that occurred of promoting him. When the flag-captain, Berry, was sent home with despatches after the Nile, it was Hardy whom Nelson chose to fill the vacancy created. Fortunate Hardy! He was not yet thirty.

From that time forward the friendship between the two men strengthened and deepened. For two years Hardy served in the *Vanguard*, and later the *Foudroyant*, off Naples. They were difficult and arduous years; and Nelson, suffering severely from reaction and the head wound he received at the Nile, torn by his own inner emotions, was in a difficult mood. The combined strength and sweetness of Hardy's nature tided over what must have been the most critical period of their friendship, and when Nelson on his return to England was sent as second-in-command of the Danish expedition, he had no hesitation in choosing Hardy as his flag-captain.

They sailed in the *St. George*. She was too large a ship to be able to take part in the actual Battle of Copenhagen, and Nelson had to shift his flag to a ship of lighter draught, which must have been a disappointment to both of them. Hardy, as usual, put in much quiet behind-the-scene work, and it is said that had the careful soundings he took been followed, fewer English ships would have grounded.

In addition to his official duties, Hardy took on the task of mothering his fragile Admiral, who was suffering severely from the Baltic cold after his prolonged sojourn in the warmth of the Mediterranean. Indeed, all his captains gathered round their little Admiral to cheer him up, and we have a pleasant picture of one bringing him lozenges, another tip-toeing into his cabin with hot milk in the early hours of the morning; though, as usual, Nelson, usually so articulate, gets no further than 'Hardy is as good as ever' to describe the latter's care. Nelson's inarticulateness indeed may be said to be the measure of their friendship.

In 1803 Hardy sailed in the *Victory* for the two long weary years of blockade outside Toulon. The *Victory*, we know, was a 'happy ship,' and one of the pleasantest pictures of Nelson we possess is that given us by Dr. Gillespie of life on board during those weary months when, in gale and storm, those gallant ships and yet more gallant seamen clung tenaciously to the enemy's ports.

Hardy was the only one of Nelson's close friends to be present at all the four major engagements of the latter's career, and his close contact with the great seaman must have given him an unrivalled opportunity for studying Nelson's

methods, though his inarticulateness has prevented him from giving the knowledge he acquired to the world. But though Hardy looked up to Nelson, he was of essentially too true a nature to allow his reverence and affection for the other to swamp his own native good sense and judgment. 'Our good Commander-in-Chief's great zeal and activity pushed us in rather too fast,' he told his brother when they were chasing the escaped Toulon fleet to Alexandria and back, from which one may judge that Hardy would have acted less swiftly, although he allowed 'the error was on the right side.' Nor did affection warp his understanding of Nelson's character. 'I think since the thoughts of a Spanish War our Commander-in-Chief looks better and I conclude as troubles increase he will mend,' he remarks shrewdly about the same time.

On the *Victory's* return to England after the unsuccessful chase to the West Indies, both Nelson and Hardy went ashore on sick leave, but on Nelson rejoining the *Victory* three weeks later, Hardy hurried down to Portsmouth to prepare the ship for his reception. He was with Nelson when the latter embarked from Southsea beach, and witnessed the unforgettable sight of the crowd pressing forward to obtain a last glimpse of their dearly-loved Admiral.

He was with him, too, as the *Victory* crawled into action under a hail of shot on that glorious October 21st. It was Hardy whom Nelson called to witness the codicil to his will, and Hardy to whom he entrusted his last messages to the two he loved above all else on earth—Emma and his little Horatia. Those last scenes in the cockpit of the *Victory* are indelibly engraved on the heart of every Englishman. Captain Blackwood, writing home to his wife after the battle, said of Hardy that his 'despair and grief for the loss of such a friend is touching.' Hardy himself wrote nothing.

To Hardy's lot fell the difficult task of visiting Emma and delivering Nelson's last messages, together with his unfinished letter. Emma endorsed it in words which still wring the heart. 'This letter was found open on His desk, and brought to Lady Hamilton by Captain Hardy. "Oh, miserable, wretched Emma! Oh, glorious and happy Nelson!"'

Hardy lived another twenty-four years after Trafalgar.

They were years full of honour for him. He rose to be Vice-Admiral, to win the trust and affection and respect not only of the navy but of the nation. He married Louisa Berkeley, the daughter of Admiral Berkeley, and here again this unassuming stolid seaman surprises us. His marriage was as unlikely a combination as his friendship, for Hardy's wife was a vivid magnetic personality with a taste for society. Probably he married because he desired a home and family as background to his career, while Louisa, considerably his junior in years, was doubtless captivated by the romantic glamour Trafalgar had thrown over him. The glamour did not last, but, despite 'incompatability of temperament,' the marriage did. Hardy was a sailor first and a husband a very long way second. He spent most of his time at sea, striking his flag, appropriately enough, on the anniversary of Trafalgar in 1827.

In 1830 he became First Sea Lord, a post he held with much distinction. 'He took a large and comprehensive view of all subjects, and clearly foresaw the many changes which must inevitably take place in the navy,' wrote Sir James Briggs, who served under Hardy at Whitehall, and he went on to state, 'He was unquestionably thirty years in advance of the opinions held by the admirals of that day.'

In 1834 he was made Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and spent his last years caring for the men who had fought under Nelson—a fit ending to a life of service. He died in 1839, and was buried in the hospital grounds. A small print of Nelson, of which he was very fond, was buried with him.

I. Shipton.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Defence of Democracy, by John Middleton Murry (Jonathan Cape, 10*s*. 6*d*.)

Mr. Murry is introduced by his publisher as 'this logical and progressive thinker.' The second of these two adjectives has ceased to have any meaning in contemporary usage, but 'logical' is about the last description that it seems appropriate to apply to his work. Mr. Murry's treatment of philosophical and political questions is marked, like his literary criticism, by a remarkable absence of objectivity. We have the reactions of a sensitive—or hypersensitive—mind, to books and things, so that his considerable output may be regarded as so many chapters in a psychological autobiography, telling us a good deal about the author's mind and little about his subjects.

There is room for a defence of democracy, comparable with the best contemporary intellectual criticism of it, as represented, let us say, by Charles Maurras. We get nothing of the kind here. Democracy, for Mr. Murry, is intelligible only as a mystical religious faith, which means that there is not much room for arguing about it. He tells us that it is 'rationally intelligible only as an attempt to create a Christian political society.' Considered as a statement of objective fact, this is simply not true. There are half a dozen rational defences of it, including 'the sincere and partly sorrowful conviction' which Mr. Birrell attributed to Matthew Arnold, that no other form of government is possible. Mr. Murry, however, is not concerned with a rational defence. By democracy he means the existing state of affairs in the Western countries, which can be rationalised only by his own mysticism, and the sense in which he wishes to defend it is that of securing its existence and the fulfilment of what he regards as its destiny. In terms of practical politics, the way in which he

would do this is by reducing the armed forces of the democratic countries to a police level and announcing to the world that in no circumstances would our aircraft attack another country: 'We will be bombed, but we will not bomb.' He believes that a strike against war in the democracies would be imitated by the Totalitarian States.

The roots of this mystical approach of Mr. Murry are to be found in his chapter, 'The Politics of Repentance,' and there is an unmistakable flavour of auto-punition about the whole book. Its author has swallowed whole the German case against the Treaty of Versailles. He tells us that the 'shameful peace' weighed on his soul for five years and he owes his escape only to a 'mystical illumination.' The question he is still unable to answer is whether the consequences of our national crime and sin can be expiated without a 'terrible humiliation' of this country.

Mr. Murry's Christianity seems to us to be a morbid development of one aspect of the total gospel—that of self-mortification. A search for systematic theology in his pages will be unrewarded. Although in one place he tells us that his faith is not primarily of this world, his position is clearly chiliastic. The term 'revelation' is used in a way which makes it impossible to attach any precise meaning to it, and we are told that 'faith is not certainty nor indeed ever can be.' Such a statement seems to imply an identification of the first theological virtue with the second—faith with hope.

The greater part of the book is taken up with an argument that a synthesis between Christianity and Marxism is necessary to both. Now the very terms of such a proposal show a fundamental failure to grasp the claims of the Christian gospel. To treat it as one of a number of systems to be dovetailed into each other is to stand outside it. However benevolent the attitude, it is a non-Christian one. But Mr. Murry seems to us to do equal violence to both the systems he is discussing. His criticism of Marxism is on familiar lines. We are told that its postulates are invalidated because society has developed on lines that Marx did not foresee. Capitalism has given place to post-capitalist democracy. Marx was not the 'founder of scientific socialism,' but an intensely religious thinker, and the essential part of his

teaching was precisely the religious element which is fundamentally identical with Christianity. This is a line of argument which makes it necessary to save Marxism not only from the Marx-Lenin Institute but from Marx himself. It ignores the cruciality of the economic interpretation of history and says in effect that all that is relevant in the author of *Das Kapital* is the benevolent white beard.

This Santa Claus version of Karl Marx has not had to wait for Mr. Middleton Murry and Professor John MacMurray. Lenin protested as long ago as 1917 against the bourgeoisie who were 'adulterating Marx' and turning great revolutionaries into 'harmless icons.' We are bound to sympathise with him, and he answers a good deal that Mr. Murry has to say in this book. There is a considerable violence of interpretation in seeking to harmonise the economic interpretation of history, the teaching that 'man cannot be good in capitalist society' with that of the Teacher who, having said: 'Be ye perfect,' refused to interest Himself in a property dispute. Between the *Diesseitigkeit* which Marx flung defiantly at the Right Hegelians and *Regnum meum non est de hoc mundo*, there is a gulf which it is sheer perversity to ignore.

That Marx's Jewish background gave an apocalyptic colouring to his vision of the mission of the proletariat is true, and trite enough, but the identification of Marxism with Christianity on this point is about as useful as Freud's assimilation of the Christian sacrifice to the supposed primitive totem-feast. Nor are we impressed by the statement that, for Christianity 'the purpose of history is to approximate human society ever more closely to the condition of the Kingdom of God.' Its Founder refused to say whether there be many that shall be saved. 'Wars and rumours of wars' are to be marks of the approaching end of the dispensation. Nowhere in the New Testament are the Church and human society identified. The theory of the gradual perfectibility of human society, whether by a mystical faith in democracy or by the revolt of an oppressed proletariat, may be 'Christian Socialism,' but it is not Christianity, nor do we see any answer to the riddle of our tormented age in the blend of a desupernaturalised gospel with an emasculated Marxism.

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

World Affairs and the U.S.S.R., by W. P. and Zelda Coates (Lawrence and Wishart, 6*s*. net).

This is a piece of propaganda portraying not so much the Foreign Policy of the Soviet Union as World Policy regarded from the official Soviet point of view. As a collection of diplomatic documents, speeches and declarations it is doubtless of use, but one has the impression that the authors have taken the job a little too easily.

In the Introduction, certainly, any claim to be an 'exhaustive study' of the foreign policy of the Soviets is denied. One might, however, have assumed that the authors would of themselves inevitably have stumbled on the question of the background to the evolution of Moscow's foreign policy. It seems, however, that the acceptation by the authors of the official standpoint rules out the possibility or the necessity for any such questioning.

The book, in fact, deals with all problems which have been agitating Europe and the world since the beginning of the Fascist offensive—Abyssinia, Spain, China, Austria, Czechoslovakia, etc. But in every case it deals solely with the history of the diplomatic negotiations, while any discussion of the essential nature of the foreign political problems involved is carefully evaded. Half the chapter on the relations of the Soviet Union and Germany to the Baltic States consists of speeches by Litvinov. But we learn nothing of the reasons for the remarkable reserve of the Soviet Government during the Memel crisis in March of this year. And the whole problem of the Baltic, so important to the relations of Russia and Germany, remains entirely unilluminated.

The chapter dealing with the projected 'Eastern Locarno' is also very inadequate. This is a question of nothing less than the genesis of the Franco-Russian Pact of May 2nd, 1935. This would also have been the place to discuss the Berlin-Warsaw-Moscow diplomatic triangle. But apart from a few official phrases, nothing whatever is said about it.

By far the largest space in the book is taken up by the chapter on the 'Martyrdom of Spain.' Any expectations, however, of enlightenment as to the relationship of Moscow to the various turning-points in the Spanish Civil War, and in particular to the connection of Stalin with the Spanish

Republican Government, are doomed to disappointment. Here one finds detailed reports of the meetings of the non-Intervention Committee, speeches of the Soviet delegates to this committee, as well as the relevant speeches of Litvinov in Geneva. Whether it is so important from the historical point of view and from that of immediate policy to prove that the Non-intervention Committee was a farce, and that the Soviet diplomats were the only ones who saw through and exposed the comedy is doubtful. Instead of running through doors already wide open it would be more helpful and interesting if the authors had contrived to say something substantial about the accusations of the anarchist and Trotskyist Press—and not merely this Press—as to the fateful rôle played by Moscow in the Spanish War.

The basic theme of the book may be formulated thus: there is in the world only one Government which is prepared to strive honestly and energetically for peace against Fascist aggression, and that is the Soviet Government. All other non-Fascist Governments are at the best only half-heartedly in the struggle, at the worst they support and promote Fascism by all the means in their power. That the Governments of the Western Democracies in their fight against the foreign policy of Berlin and Rome have so far shown themselves to be weak and unreliable is, again, a thesis which to-day, particularly in Left Wing circles, surely no longer needs to be proved. In a book on the foreign policy of the Soviet Union one might, however, justifiably have expected an explanation of the singular ineffectiveness of Moscow foreign political strategy, too. For, after all, Russia is a Great Power, and—according to Soviet propaganda—one of the most powerful. The Soviet Government, however, was not in a position to give any decisive help either to Spain or to Czechoslovakia. How is it that Moscow has allowed the Soviet Union to be completely excluded in recent years from European foreign politics? And is this fact to be traced solely to the ill-will of London and Paris? One looks in vain in the Coates' book for an answer to these questions, of such great importance in these days when Moscow is once more universally recognised as one of the principal factors in the international diplomatic game.

G. Bienstock.

Japan and China

Imperial Japan, 1926–1938, by A. Morgan Young (George Allen & Unwin, 12*s.* 6*d.* net).

Japan in China, by T. A. Bisson (Macmillan, New York, 12*s.* 6*d.* net).

The Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution, by Harold R. Isaacs (Secker & Warburg, 18*s.* net).

A. Morgan Young is the publisher over many years of the *Japan Chronicle*. He studies events from his editorial chair as they pass in daily procession before him. He himself characterises his book as 'a chronicle of events,' that makes no claim to be 'a philosophic treatise.' He describes the evolution of Japanese policy, above all her foreign policy, since the accession of the present Emperor. This epoch has the official name 'Showa,' that is, 'Peace made manifest.' The involuntary irony of this title becomes clear when one remembers that this epoch has been characterised in domestic policy by an uninterrupted series of political murders and in foreign policy by a systematic peace-breaking and a cynical contempt for all the rules of international conduct.

Young's book presents the evolution of Japan from pseudo-constitutionalism to a more or less open military dictatorship, and the simultaneous degradation of her foreign political methods. Young seems, however, to forget that this brutality already became evident in the period of the old Genro Yamagata, who dominated Japanese foreign policy from 1895 to 1922. This brutal or 'positive' policy was actually only interrupted for a short period between 1922 and 1927 under pressure from the Anglo-Saxon Powers. This pacifist pause came to an end with the fall of the Minseito Cabinet of Wakatzuki-Shidehara in April, 1927. The Tanaka Cabinet inaugurated the new epoch of brutal foreign policy which, fundamentally, has remained unbroken until the present day.

Young gives a series of portraits of Japanese statesmen and generals, and here it must not be forgotten that generals are the actual statesmen of Japan. He portrays politics behind the scenes, the green-room bickerings of cliques, concerns

and clans. It is in any case not perfectly clear where, in Japan, the statesman ends and the political gangster begins. Even the relatively respectable Minseito Cabinet of Hamaguchi, which actually represented the last attempt to keep the military camarilla apart from the Government, had in its ranks a man like Adachi Kenzo, who in his time had deliberately organised the horrible murder of the Queen of Korea.

One defect in Young's interesting book arises from his too great nearness to the men and events concerned. He slides over many problems because to him they do not seem to be problems at all, but matters of course. Thus we hear practically nothing of the secret and half-secret societies which play an exceptional part in Japan's most recent history. Such figures as, for instance, the old super-patriot and assassin-in-chief Toyama Mitsuru, who has influenced a whole generation of Japanese statesmen, are hardly mentioned. In this connection Young could certainly have related much that is interesting about the present-day premier, Hiranuma, and also about other members of the present Government, the greatest number of whom have some sort of connections with secret societies. But, as we said before, Young knows his business too well to see the questionable in present-day Japan. Such chapters of his book, however, as that on 'The Deterioration of Thought,' where he speaks of the 'Other Japan'—the opposed, the revolutionary Japan of unspoken and dangerous ideas, or the one on 'Bigger and Better Murders,' in which he demonstrates the background and sociology of the institution of political murder, so important in the life of Japan, give one more than a brief glimpse behind the scenes.

T. A. Bisson's book is of quite another character. He, like A. M. Young, can look back on many years' experience of the Far East. Here, however, we are not dealing with a journalist but with a scholar, who seeks to give us a general picture of the relations between the two enemy Asiatic Empires. Bisson was in Northern China in the decisive summer months of 1937, and was able directly to watch the first phase of the conflict. He, however, filled out his own personal experiences by a thorough-going study on the spot; all his views and conclusions are well founded and reliable.

In an extraordinarily vivid manner Bisson has worked out a picture of the 'peaceful' penetration of Japan into Northern China. Anyone wishing to study in its purest form the sociology of this newest and yet age-old method of fighting, with no declaration of war and no 'cannon's opening roar,' as we in Europe have also experienced it in the last three years, will find in the corresponding chapters in Bisson's book not only rich material but also an acute analysis. From these chapters it becomes clear, too, that the present Chinese Government in no way forms a monolith, and that their policy towards Japan is anything but unequivocal. Marshal Chiang Kai-shek pursued for years a policy of 'appeasement,' of capitulation and accommodation to Japanese militarism, until finally, owing to the pressure of public opinion and Japanese intransigeance, he was forced to resist.

The situation of the ruling *bloc* in Japan is equally ambiguous. The two chapters devoted to political development in Japan contain without doubt some of the most instructive material that has appeared in European speech. One would only doubt whether it is legitimate to liken the working of the Japanese sham-constitutionalism to such a specifically European and altogether Occidental phenomenon as Fascism. Certainly the great part played by 'Financial Capital' and Big Industry in the development of Japan away from parliamentary government cannot but be recognised. But Japanese parliamentarianism has never been more than a façade behind which the clans and the secret societies fought their battles. Fascism is in the West a product of a decadent democracy; in the Orient, on the other hand, this democracy has never even begun to exist, so that one can hardly speak here of fascistic development. One must, however, admit that the foreign political methods of Japanese militarism have without question served as models for Hitler and Mussolini, while, on the other hand, the Japanese clans have learnt much from the technique of enslavement as practised by European fascism. Particularly informative is the chapter on Manchukuo, as a colony of Japanese imperialism, which not only must be understood as a prototype for the fate of China under Tokyo's domination, but also for future European 'protectorates' under that of Berlin and Rome. *Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*. . . .

While A. M. Young and T. A. Bisson have no axe to grind, the voluminous work of Harold R. Isaacs is devoted to proving the theory that the failure of the Chinese Revolution was caused by the betrayal of revolutionary Marxism by Stalinist bureaucracy. I must at once say that I deplore this attitude, not because I consider it to be false; on the contrary, much would seem to indicate that Moscow policy in China, as in Germany, Spain and many other places has played a fateful part; but it is a pity that the lavish material and conscientious and honest work of the author should lose by being forced into the narrow boundaries of a theory. Isaacs has spent five years in China as a journalist, and has seen and learned much. The two first chapters of his book are a proof that he has thoroughly studied the history and economic structure of China. But he cannot forget that he is a 'Trotzkyist'—the book, by the way, is provided with an introduction by Trotzky—and believes that the whole history of China only receives significance if it can be made to prove the rightness of the theory of 'permanent revolution.'

The last phase of the second Chinese revolution, from 1925–1927, the development of the alliance between Moscow and the Kuomintang party up to the 'treachery' of Chiang Kai-shek, is the actual theme of the book, and is presented in a one-sided manner, but very exhaustively and with good documentation. Here, however, the bias of the book appears with specially disturbing effect. As Isaacs from the beginning sets his face in a certain direction, he makes no attempt to understand the motives of the opponents of 'permanent revolution.' Marshal Chiang seems to Isaac a classic scoundrel, the agent of the bourgeoisie, only meditating 'betrayal' of the people's interests.

The most interesting chapter in the book is devoted to the 'Rise and Fall of Soviet China.' Here Isaacs must have had at his disposal material that would hardly be available to the average journalist. The chapter is a highly interesting contribution to the history and sociology of the now submerged and, in Europe, almost unknown figure of 'Soviet China.' But here again Isaacs is disturbed in his analysis by the urge to prove the fundamentally evil nature of the Stalinist Komintern.

G. Bienstock.

Journal under the Terror, by F. L. Lucas (Cassell, London, 367 pp., 10*s*. 6*d*. net.)

The policy that led to 'Munich' is indictable. The policy that followed 'Munich' is open to criticism. But no one with any knowledge of the facts, with any sense of responsibility, and with any awareness of a dilemma as tragic as any in the history of our people, will lightly challenge the decision taken by Mr. Chamberlain, a decision as hard as ever fell to any man.

Those who hold that Mr. Chamberlain was wrong, that he should have rejected Hitler's terms, or not have gone to Munich at all, must face the alternative. It is not enough to denounce the peace that was—it is necessary to justify the war that might have been.

Around the terrific drama that culminated in 'Munich' a varied literature has grown up. Nearly all of it is worthless, and Mr. Lucas' book is no exception. Without the slightest understanding of what politics are about, without any knowledge of the facts, without any consideration for those who had to bear a fearful responsibility, Mr. Lucas passes judgment on men, on policies, and on nations with all the shallow arrogance of the Parlour Bolshevik or Boulevard Litterateur.

His book is ignoble to the last degree. He exploits the genuine fears and apprehensions of ordinary decent men and women and the hard decisions of statesmanship merely to let a supercilious and maudlin sentimentality spread itself over more pages than there are days in the year.

He professes to feel shame at what he regards as his country's shame (he has no recognition of the fact that she alone of all the countries involved in the drama was prepared to fight in fulfilment of all her pledges). 'What is left for any honest Englishman to do but hide his face,' declares Mr. Lucas on October 1st, though before the end of the year he was back in France and not in the least inclined to hide his face. But, like most Parlour Bolsheviks, he does not want to see his country honoured, for that would give him no pleasure. His country's shame is much more pleasurable for it enables him to puff himself up, froglike, with that moral indignation which he, and his kind, love so much, seeing that it makes them feel so superior, so virtuous and so coy, *especially* in the presence of foreigners.

Even Mr. Lucas' literary sentiments are false and shallow. We simply do not believe him when he says that he would prefer to have a tree as a memorial when he dies, rather than a tombstone. We feel sure that such a thing would never have entered his mind if Ronsard had not written :

> Mais bien je veux qu'un arbre
> M'ombrage en lieu d'un marbre.

Of course everybody who disagrees with him is a rogue, a traitor, or a fool. The nations as such are 'stupid,' even when they 'really want peace'—if they were not so stupid they would combine in a 'real League.' Mr. Lucas leaves us to guess what his 'real League' would look like.

There are the usual denunciations of *The Times*, of 'Scrutator,' of Flandin, of the 'Cliveden set.' Mr. Lucas ruins every case he champions, for those whom he derides have at least worked and studied, have at least tried, for good or ill, to play their part in the drama, which is more than he has done (except for a belated attempt to get a job in the War Office).

He seems to have spent most of the time walking about in France, enjoying the scenery and the architecture :

'September 21st : Even here the thought of Czecho-slovakia haunted me. . . . Rheims a little disappointing. . . . Chalons. Interesting churches ; but even lovelier were the quiet banks of the fateful Marne, with their green avenues slowly darkening in the evening light. . . . Slept at Nancy.'

And why *Journal under the Terror*? Some people living in Poplar and other crowded quarters *were* terrified, understandably so. But throughout his diary Mr. Lucas does not reveal a single emotion as genuine as fear.

On September 28th he was still wandering over the French countryside, placing on record all that seemed of moment to him :

At Plainfaing 'we stopped for a citronade.'

He was in London on the 29th : 'Things still looked bad. Offered services to War Office,' but on the 30th he is back in Cambridge where he observes that the 'sale of European decency is completed.'

We go on wondering where 'the Terror' comes in. Clearly, it is just one of those literary sentiments which with

Mr. Lucas pass for true emotion. He works them off by physical exercise—by walking, to be exact:

'December 25th: The more salt water goes in sweat, the less is left for tears.' Presumably Mr. Lucas would be sitting on the edge of his bed, blubbering until the tears formed a pool, which would trickle down through the floor-boards of his room in the French inn to the guest-room below, if strenuous walking had not allowed his literary emotions to exude so profusely through the pores of his skin.

PETER GURNEY.

Light out of Darkness, by Clarence Hatry (Rich and Cowan, 8*s.* 6*d.*)

In reviewing Mr. Hatry's attempt to solve the problems of the world, I cannot hope to write a better or more delicately phrased introduction than that on the dust-cover:

'During his nine-and-a-half years of enforced seclusion Mr. Hatry applied himself to the intensive study of economic and world problems. For this he was particularly well equipped by reason of his previous association with so many of the leading industrial undertakings in this country, and his wide experience in commercial enterprises at home and overseas.'

Briefly, Mr. Hatry's plan is to reduce the causes of war by organising mankind into economic units as nearly as possible self-sufficient—to give each unit, in fact, so much *Lebensraum* that no possible further grievance could exist. The means to be used are balanced, and apparently also self-sufficient, mass settlements in sparsely populated areas of those sections of humanity which are superfluous to the momentary economic organisation of their own region, or are regarded by their neighbours as being so. Under this heading come, by a curious coincidence, Jews, Czechs, Ukrainians, and many Poles and Chinese, in fact all those peoples whose existence appears to be obnoxious to the Totalitarian Powers. To complete the conquest of our imaginations, Mr. Hatry asks us to believe that all these ideas arose in his mind before the present international situation existed, and this in spite of the continual references to that situation at every stage of the

argument. If so, why does he suggest for Japanese settlement not the wide open spaces of Australia, but the thickly populated country of China? Perhaps he was restrained by his patriotism?

So much for the solution; by what political machinery is it to be brought about? The answers to this question are even hazier than the rest of the book, but apparently there is to be some sort of international league of Powers to direct the scheme as a whole through a series of profit-making corporations promoted by floating them in the investment market. Any objections to it on the part of the people concerned are to be overcome by means of propaganda on the Totalitarian model, for which Mr. Hatry seems to have an admiration. What he really means, and in places almost says, is that if people can once have Mr. Hatry's notions properly explained to them and be convinced that these are generally current, they too will be so overcome by the beauty of the conception that they will willingly abandon any national pride or sentimental tradition which has hitherto led them to cling to the lands of their fathers, and rush to take part in this company promoter's paradise.

Further indications of Mr. Hatry's mentality may be found in two remarks; he criticises American New Deal development schemes on the ground, among others, that they have hitherto 'lacked the authority by which they could have been enforced as in the Totalitarian States.' In the other he is discussing the ease with which such schemes could be financed. He writes: 'Even when the object was wholly one of investment we have shown our readiness to provide large sums in a generous disregard of the security offered.' But does anybody but Mr. Hatry think this a good thing?

ALAN M. WELLS.

Leonardo da Vinci. The Tragic Pursuit of Perfection, by Antonina Vallentin (London: Victor Gollancz, 1939).

Mrs. Vallentin has set herself a specially difficult task in choosing one of the most complex personalities, a man who was a forerunner in more than one branch of human activity, who fought against ancient prejudices in many others,

reached a level that could never be exceeded, and remained a dominating figure. She has avoided the danger of writing a biography that might have been a fiction or a historical novel—neither of these literary artifices were suited to her subject. She is all at once a psychologist with an exceptional gift of intuition and a historian who has acquired and mastered wonderfully rich information on art, science and civilisation. To these qualities must be added those of a writer, who, thanks to a very lively style, has been able to give back life to people who act, feel, speak and suffer before us, and has succeeded in transforming the readers of her book into contemporaries of Leonardo, of Ludovico il Moro, of Cesare Borgia, or Machiavelli; this achievement is all the more worthy of praise, considering that this *Leonardo da Vinci* comes a very long time after the big literary masterpieces devoted to the Renaissance by such men as Burckhardt, Gébhard, Gobineau. Mrs. Vallentin's book will bear comparison with these ancestors.

What Mrs. Vallentin has felt deeply is that two selves are struggling in Leonardo, two tendencies between which he hesitates or seems to hesitate, one leading him to think and meditate, the other one to realise and give a material shape to his ideas. In art, an antagonistic force implacably follows his masterpieces, unfavourable political circumstances prevent him from casting the giant horse of Francesco Sforza's monument, the rough model of which in the yard of the castle is used by the viceroy Charles d'Amboise's arquebusiers as target.

The colours of the huge frescoe of the Palazzo de la Signoria are melting in an indescribable mess owing to the overheating of the room in which they are kept to dry. Even with death this fate did not subside. The 'Last Supper' is crumbling to dust more and more in spite of the learned and scientific devices which Leonardo used to protect his work. The 'Léda,' a painting in which one would like to see the zenith of his skill as a painter, is vanishing, and it can only be judged on the famous copy of Sodonia. Even the 'Mona Lisa' fades from year to year as if men had become unworthy to admire her. The artist's work, such as it has come down to us, is perfect, but the quantity is in inverse ratio to its quality. A most intense intellectual

activity too often hinders his artistic activity. And like a recurring theme reappears from time to time in his life (and, of course, in the beautiful echo of his life which is Mrs. Vallentin's book) a summon from this Maecenas with reduced financial means, Isabelle d'Este, who sends him a messenger or an epistle reminding him of his never-fulfilled promise to give her a small picture.

He is only seldom in the mood to abandon his meditations on problems concerning life and technical questions for what he—contrary to posterity—only considers as a secondary occupation, unless it becomes the solution of a small problem like the picture made for the Servites in Florence, actually in possession of the Louvre Museum, which represents the Virgin with St. Anne and the Holy Child, or the horses of the Battle of Aughiari. For Leonard everything becomes a problem, whether it be the skilful disposition of groups, the Apostles' attitudes, or Christ's hands, or even the 'Mona Lisa.' And he unconsciously introduces in his paintings these masterpieces of genius, these smiles, these remote looks in which we see not the expression of the model's inmost soul, but that of the women and youth of all humanity. In the description of these paintings, owing to her psychological discernment and to her intuition, and also to her gift of always using 'the right word in the right place,' Mrs. Vallentin's essay reaches a rare perfection.

The rhythm of her sentences summons forth, so to say, the waving rhythm of the lines, gestures and the clouded look that the artist so much likes. In such a light should we consider the pages describing the 'Mona Lisa' as a real masterpiece of criticism worthy of the picture to which they are devoted.

Every complete study of Leonardo's genius must include a technical part for which a vast scientific knowledge is necessary, seeing that this great artist is at once geometer, philosopher, civil and military engineer, urbanist, stage manager, a scholar well up in geology and botany and—a builder of aeroplanes.

The difficulty lies in showing him under different aspects without falling either in pedantry, in communicating his anxiety in all his various researches—researches undertaken

by the scholar eager to conquer the obstacles which stand between him and an almost superhuman intelligence. There, too, Mrs. Vallentin is a reliable guide. She is as well acquainted with Leonardo's cryptic writings as with his pictures. These writings form a sort of encyclopædia of all the knowledge of his age; but, whereas the encyclopædists of the eighteenth century were very self-confident and positive, Leonardo is always a man involved in research, always seeking himself, a man whose tense face we can discern between the lines.

He is indeed a Faust before his time; a man who has outgrown the Middle Ages by a method of reasoning which differs from that of the Humanists, whom he regards as adversaries. But he is also the man who sets himself to go beyond Greek and Roman Antiquity, which, according to the Humanists, is only open to the scholars, seeing that they regarded Greek and Latin remaining for them the alpha and omega of all science.

After the biography of a politician and a realist like Stresemann, after that of a poet and a dreamer like Heine, Mrs. Vallentin now gives us that of a man for whom there exists no frame. He cannot be placed in any category, for he transcends all categories by the strength of his vision, and by the loftiness of his ideal. Having penetrated his mind and inspired by his wonderful and gigantic spirit, Mrs. Vallentin has deepened our understanding and appreciation of her hero. She invites us to live in the company of a man who amidst the political struggles and constant plotting, amidst the usurpations of wars and injustices, follows his dream of a humanity that will overcome matter by the power of the spirit.

WILHELM FRIEDMANN.

Tragedy of Errors, by Count Hans Huyn (Hutchinson, 10*s*. 6*d*.).

Although this book is written in a very personal manner, it has the quality which shows the author to be a man for whom history is not a matter to be tampered with according to the necessity of the moment, as it is for so many. Germany is something that remains alive in him, is not to be discarded at the crossing of the frontier for the purpose of easier

adaptation in new surroundings. His reminiscences fall into the lap of our mind as the mature fruit of that German spirit which has given so much to the world in its time and is now rapidly vanishing. They are an expression of German idealism at its best, maybe its last, spark.

The home of Count Huyn's youth was the old Habsburg Monarchy. Members of his family had for centuries occupied a prominent position in Imperial Austria and were closely linked with the life of the Empire. All the following events, from German democracy to the Islam of National-Socialism, are treated from the same humanist point of view. His chief protest against National-Socialism is that it destroys the mechanics of the German soul, kills all that is most valuable and brings out the worst. These following quotations illustrate well his idea :

'Thus Germany was divorced from her ancient ideals under political, economic, and propagandist pressure. The ideal of a national state was blended with the ideal of racialism and given an aggressive and consciously anti-European tendency, which necessarily led to the mental and political isolation of the German people. In the place of the ancient Christian God and of the supernational idealism preached by the great German poets and philosophers, an idol was raised : the idol of the Nation—the nation as a community of blood, fate, labour, and principles. In the first few months following the *Gleichschaltung*, Germany resembled a block of ice slowly separating from the ice-field, of the rest of Europe. At first there was only a crack, then a fissure growing gradually wider—and to-day Germany, following laws of her own, is drifting away into the sea of Time' (page 173) ;

and

'I have always detested the notorious Prussian attitude of the Wilhelminian epoch, which had already once caused Germany's mental and political isolation ; its proletarian complement could not please me any better. You may disagree violently with the political reasoning of an officer in the guards, but that does not mean that you admire that of an N.C.O. Only too soon I realised that Wilhelminianism and National-Socialism were merely two facets, distinguished only by the difference of class, of the identical mental outlook, which, full-steam ahead, was heading for new disaster. Again the admirable energies of the German people were being misdirected on a gigantic scale.'

Count Huyn, in his description of the so-called German 'living space,' also speaks of Czechoslovakia and Poland. He spent about twenty years of his life in the latter country, his father having been Governor of Galicia, and later he went *en poste* to Warsaw. His chapter on Poland is, therefore, really the work of an expert. It gives a cross-cut through the whole of Polish mentality, allows one to penetrate into all its intricacies, its depressions and enthusiasms.

The unification of German peoples has always been a part of Count Huyn's political creed, but on reading his book one understands what made him leave the German diplomatic service in 1934 and return to his native Austria. Since then he has been in close touch with Austrian politics up to the *Anschluss*. All his friends know that already in 1934 he predicted Austria's ultimate downfall.

MARIE BUDBERG.

My Cousin Justin, by Margaret Barrington (Cape, 7*s*. 6*d*.).

In novels by women the most rare quality (although the one you would perhaps most expect) is tenderness. Instead, the flavour of their expression is usually either over-sweet, whimsical or tart: flaunting their femininity like a taffeta petticoat or acidly trying to hide it altogether.

An unselfconscious tenderness pervades this story of a woman's fight for real life. Born in the Ireland of a dying class, Justin's cousin escapes the big house, and the barricades it represents, and gets a job on a Dublin newspaper, only to lose herself again by falling in love with one of the boys from her native village who is become the kind of man to whom the excitements of politics and liquor are more necessary than human relationships. *My Cousin Justin* is really a sensitive portrayal of a woman's failure to solve herself and, in the end, wiser but emotionally broken, she goes back to her birthright: her cousin Justin who is so faithful, so inescapable. Margaret Barrington's is an outstanding first novel. With unusual directness she conveys physical and political scenery so you can feel and smell it: so that you understand why her characters are as they are and how they came to grow that way. Whether she is describing their childhood

on the North Coast of Ireland before the war—or their later life in Dublin during the Troubles—there is a telling, honest-to-God humanity about her writing. You'll look up from the book quite often to think : this woman knows her stuff. From the outside and from within her bones.

Zoë Farmer.

CORRESPONDENCE

LETTER FROM A GERMAN INDUSTRIAL WORKMAN

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

SIR,—May I put before your readers the thoughts of an ordinary workman on the present situation?

We are all thinking about war and are always talking about it. And yet the word 'war' hardly ever occurs in our conversations, not because the word is prohibited, like so many other things in Germany, but because the word itself is enough to make us shudder, now that the fearful nightmare is, so to speak, in the air. We are asking when will 'it' begin ('wann geht es los')? During the Sudeten Crisis the question was a new one; now it has become habitual, but is none the less accompanied by intense anxiety.

Opinions do not differ very much as to how 'it' will begin. German propaganda has created terrible confusion. Men and women are as though hypnotised. They think of the horror of war and the danger to lives and property, but it occurs to very few that the end might be disastrous. They fear war instinctively and are against it, but, if it begins, they hope and believe that it will end successfully. The Poles are hardly accounted enemies at all; they are disposed of with a shrug of the shoulders, because, so it is believed, they will be overrun. The French will be kept busy in front of our western defences ('Westwall') and will remain stuck there. And what about the English? They are talking big at the moment and then, as always, they will shirk the issue (so people say). Many, indeed most, are so influenced by propaganda that they do not believe in the bitter gravity of English assurances.

What the English want is to do business—and there is no business to be done in Danzig, any more than in Austria, Czecho-slovakia and Memel. Russia is hardly considered at all in this connection. The Russians do not want to pull chestnuts out of the fire for England and France, or else the negotiations would have come to something long ago. If the Russians do not agree on a new partition of Poland with Germany, they will not count very much as a military factor. They cannot get at us; they are not good

soldiers and have got enough to do elsewhere and in their own country. This is roughly what ordinary Germans are thinking to-day. Even the ordinary Germans who reject Hitler and National Socialism, that is to say, the masses, think this way, absurd as it may seem.

There is, in contrast with these masses, a small politically schooled and intelligent minority who are well informed about the international situation, thanks to the wireless and to foreign newspapers. But of what use is their knowledge and insight to them, seeing that every incautious utterance may mean prison, penal servitude or concentration camp? They are condemned to silence, and can, at the very most, engage in 'whispered' propaganda, but only with caution and again caution.

There is another, but very small group, who absolutely reject war and fear it, because they have experienced modern warfare—I mean those who fought in Spain. It does not matter whether they went for adventure or for gain, or what the reasons were, they are all 'fed up.' And, in contrast with other Germans, they greatly respect the Russian aviators and the Russian tanks.

Hermann Goering has told an English journalist to go amongst the people to find out how they really feel. I should advise against this, and for two reasons. In this land of fear and horror no one tells the truth to strangers. And if a stranger did find someone who told him the truth the journalist would be expelled and his informant would be tried for treason and be executed.

Yours, etc.,

X Y Z.

The Ruhr.

August, 1939.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING

I

The 'war of nerves' continues, but the British public is notoriously phlegmatic, and shows no sign of cracking under the strain, although Dr. Goebbels has been indulging in a lot of wishful thinking to the contrary. We are a peaceful people, but we are not a nation of pacifists. The majority of our countrymen now realise that Germany's rulers interpret any sign of concession on our part as a sign of weakness, and the realisation has strengthened their resolve to resist any further aggression, whatever the risks involved. We have fought before. Some time ago an old lady of my acquaintance remarked: 'This man Hitler has the same ideas as William II. He wanted to rule the world too, and had to be put in his place. But at least the Kaiser was a gentleman.' I suppose that few people to-day care whether Hitler is a gentleman or not, but it is precisely this feeling that his policy is identical with that of the Kaiser's, and aims at the same ends of world domination, that has convinced the British people that he must be stopped at all costs. 'Lord knows I don't want to see another war, I had enough of the last one,' said a Cornish fisherman with whom I talked recently. 'But if Germans are bent on making trouble—why, let un come on. We licked un once and can do it again, I reckon, in spite of all their big talk. We got guns as well as Hitler, and butter too! I only hope that next time we get a peace that makes it all worth while.' The same spirit of optimism is reflected in a story which is enjoying considerable popularity at the moment: What is the definition of misfortune? The answer is: To be a Jew in 1939, a soldier in 1940, and a German in 1941.

The bomb outrages of the past few weeks have provoked a good deal of criticism of Irishmen in general, and the I.R.A. in particular, but I have heard very little discussion concerning the rights and wrongs of Eire's claim to Ulster. 'Why

do they do it?' a barmaid inquired, after reading a front-page account of the explosions at King's Cross and Victoria last month. 'What do they think they're going to get out of it? A chap came in here the other day and gave me an Irish penny among some coppers. I nearly threw it at him, I did straight. "We don't want none of that money here," I says to him.' An office worker declared that in his opinion all I.R.A. prisoners at present held by the Government should be treated as hostages and shot if there were any repetitions of the bombings. 'I'm not an admirer of Hitler,' he said, 'but we could do with some of his methods over here. He wouldn't stand for any of that nonsense.' Accused of sympathising with dictatorship by one of his companions, this man stoutly affirmed his faith in democracy; he protested that it made him get 'a bit hot under the collar when innocent people were killed.'

Comment on I.R.A. activities overhead in a public bar followed much the same lines, except that among working-class people the exasperation aroused by the bombs seems to be accentuated by an economic grievance. 'Chuck the lot of them out of the country, that's what I say,' said a coalman to his mate. 'Coming over here and working for starvation wages like they do, while our own chaps can't get a job. Our government's a lot too soft, I reckon.' The barman, joining in the conversation, said that he could never get on with Irishmen, they were too fond of fighting. 'If you built a wall round Ireland,' he said, 'so high that no one could get in or out, they'd all be dead at the end of ten years. Killed each other off they would have.'

One of the few men I heard advance the Irish viewpoint was himself an Irishman; he had been working in England as a labourer for a number of years, and did not approve of I.R.A. methods. 'But if Mr. Chamberlain signed over the Sudetenland, which didn't belong to Germany,' he asked, 'why can't he sign over the six counties, which do belong to us?' This claim evoked a furious protest from a man standing nearby. He announced himself as an Ulsterman, and I left hurriedly.

After the I.R.A., A.R.P. was another organisation that came in for a certain amount of criticism last month. The public appears to have little confidence in the Anderson

shelters which are being issued to householders in certain districts, and which are popularly known as 'dog kennels.' 'Wouldn't get me into one of them things,' said one shopkeeper. 'Proper death traps they are in my opinion. A pal of mine over Islington way has turned his upside down and filled it with water for a duckpond, and that's about the best thing you can do with them—take it from me. As for them bell-shaped things they call police shelters, I'd like to have a few words with the chap that invented them. If a bomb goes off within half a mile the blokes inside will be killed deader than mutton. I was in the last war, and I seen something of what concussion will do, even if a bomb don't land on top of you.' Another speaker criticised a woman who had not applied for a gas mask because she did not believe that poison gas would be used in the event of an attack on London. 'It's all very well for you to say that gas won't be used, you can't be so sure. And if they do use it some poor devil of a man might lose his own life through giving you his mask out of a mistaken sense of chivalry.'

If recent incidents in the Far East have made Mr. Chamberlain's blood boil, there are indications that some British housewives have also been irritated by the indignities our nationals have suffered at the hands of the Japanese, and are conducting a boycott that may well prove more effective than any number of diplomatic protests. Waiting in a grocer's shop the other day, I heard a woman ask for a tin of salmon. 'And mind it's not Japanese,' she added. I asked the grocer whether he had many similar requests, and he said, yes, he did. 'Mostly from middle-class folk though,' he went on. 'Not all working people can afford to discriminate about their food.'

Speaking of food, do one-half of the people in England realise how the other half live? Evidently not, judging by the remarks of a doctor who recently broadcast on the subject of storing emergency rations. He told his listeners that a man, his wife and three children could lay in enough food for a week for only 31*s*. Railway employees in this country are considered fortunate by many who do not enjoy the privilege of regular work, yet in this class of workers alone there are more than 120,000 who receive only 42*s*. a week. No wonder some of the comments on the doctor's broadcast

have been rather hostile. 'Like to have a few words with him, I would indeed,' one man remarked. 'I'm out of a job. I've got a wife and three kids, and get 36*s*. a week relief, out of which we pay 10*s*. a week rent. So that before I put a penny in the gas meter to start cooking I'd be in debt. I'd like to see the week when we've got that money to spend on grub. I reckon there's something wrong with this country when people can talk as silly as that bloke on the wireless. He ought to come down and have a meal of fish and chips with us, and see what we have to live on.'

JOHN LEPPER.

The English are reputed to preserve complete calm in every crisis. Whether this is always so, may be a little uncertain. But there is an extraordinary calm now that war seems imminent. The Russo-German Pact came rather as a shock and produced some mental confusion, especially amongst 'Left Wingers.' But it was not taken too tragically. A bus conductor seeing the Pact announced on a placard in the morning said, 'That's a nice breakfast, ain't it!'

With regard to the general outlook, a chauffeur whose fare remarked that a thunderstorm was drawing up replied: 'It's nothing compared with the storm that'll be coming in a few days' time.' Full realisation did not come until the Prime Minister had made his statement in the House. Deep concern was plainly visible in all faces. A shopkeeper, asked how people were taking the news, replied, 'They take it very serious, sir, very serious.'

The general feeling can be reduced to one phrase that is heard again and again: 'This kind of thing has got to stop'—meaning that Hitler and his Germany with him have got to be stopped.

The foreign observers are deeply impressed by the calm fortitude of the people and by the high principled determination of the Government.

PETER GURNEY.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING

II

Switzerland

During the last few months the national life of Switzerland has revolved—almost exclusively—around three related questions: the major and minor events of the political scene; the problem of the country's military preparedness in the face of the present extended international crisis; and the national importance of the Swiss Exhibition which is being held at Zürich. With seeming tirelessness these three questions are being discussed. They seem to dominate completely the thoughts and actions of the entire population, merely personal problems being pushed back into second place.

Those Swiss men and women who have not already visited the National Exhibition must be very few in number. Workers from the industrial districts, peasants and farmers from the valleys and the high Alps, artisans, middle-class city dwellers and gentry, all are making pilgrimage to Zürich to pay homage to what is after all a great undertaking—created under difficulties during a period of economic distress —a National Exhibition which presents, faithfully and yet modestly, in microcosm, the whole political, cultural and economic life of the Swiss people. The natural beauties of the lake shore, where the Exhibition has been laid out, have been used to the full, and the halls and pavilions have been made to blend charmingly with their surroundings. But over and above everything else the Exhibition has become a national rallying point. The pavilions which display the historical growth of the Swiss nation, its military strength and the political and military preparedness of the Swiss people for self-defence, are daily the scene of moving patriotic demonstrations. Schoolchildren from every part of the country sing patriotic songs in their native speech, boys from every Canton of the Republic salute with bended knee their

country's flag, and their parents, the men and women of Switzerland, are a proud audience.

Every evening visitors to Zürich are leaving for their own homes in crowded trains and coaches. As the city is left further behind their thoughts turn away from the particular sights and sounds that impressed them as they walked through the Exhibition grounds. Their conversation gradually—but invariably—reverts to the larger national lesson that the Exhibition teaches. Again and again one hears the phrases: 'There'll be no talk of a "Munich" here,' 'We are able and ready to defend ourselves,' 'If anyone attacks us we will know how to repel the invader.' This mood is by no means the expression of a momentary enthusiasm awakened by the Exhibition, nor is it the expression of a mistaken and exaggerated opinion of the strength and military preparedness of the country—for the Swiss has a good idea of his 'worth' as a soldier and realises fairly well both what he can and what he cannot expect to accomplish. The resolute mood of the country is far more the outward sign of a new national consciousness, an awakened sense of unity, which have their roots in many centuries of history, and in the conviction that Swiss soil and Swiss freedom are still worth fighting for. It is in this context that the conversations in bus and train find their real importance. One hears little self-commiseration but a great deal of simple and straightforward talk expressing genuine self-assurance and self-reliance. There is nothing chauvinistic about this feeling, nor is the Exhibition of a kind to stimulate such a reaction in its visitors. Rather does it leave an unforgettable impression of gradual and wisely-directed democratic development, an impression that fortifies, but does not degrade, the true patriotism of the Swiss people.

The Lord Mayor of London, who paid an official visit some weeks ago to Zürich and the Exhibition, and to the capital, Berne, was particularly impressed by the simple and deeply-felt patriotism of the Swiss. The Swiss themselves made the Lord Mayor's visit the occasion of great political demonstrations. He was greeted by the people with extraordinary enthusiasm both in Zürich and in the rich agricultural areas lying around Berne. This particularly warm welcome which the official English party received wherever they went was primarily due to the fact that ordinary folk in Switzerland

insisted on placing a definite political interpretation on the visit. And the visit was in fact given political meaning quite simply by the extreme pleasure shown by the Swiss and by the cordiality of the Lord Mayor's reception. Even after his departure he was made the topic of innumerable conversations. People told me how much they liked the 'nice old gentleman' from England. Someone else observed that 'some other people' must have been made mighty angry that 'this Lord Mayor had come and been fêted and not some unbidden guest from across the southern or northern border.' For, in making a political demonstration out of this visit, the Swiss people were less concerned with welcoming the Lord Mayor of one of the world's largest capital cities than with greeting, through him, the people of that nation which to-day stands at the head of the Defensive Alliance against physical and mental terrorism in Europe. For this threat is nearer on the Continent, is possibly more dangerous there, and is more keenly felt there (or so most Continental people think) than it is in the island kingdom of Great Britain.

The question of national defence, of the military preparedness of the country, is another topic of unceasing interest to the Swiss. Everyone has something to say on this great question, and no technical or political aspect of the matter is left untouched. That this should be so is understandable enough, particularly as the older classes of soldiers—men between forty and fifty—are being called up in large numbers for supplementary training to accustom them to the use of new weapons and equipment, and are therefore affected personally by the question under discussion. Few of these men, most of whom served with the frontier defence forces during 1914–1918, can have imagined that they would again be called up, twenty years later, to form part of the so-called 'territorial units' for national defence. The military authorities seem to be highly satisfied with the results already attained in re-training the upper age-groups of the army, although the standards set are relatively high. The territorial units as a whole are undergoing their training with great spirit and willingness, and seem very keen to make the best possible use of their comparatively short period with the colours. The readiness of the population to make personal sacrifices in the cause of national defence is shown in small matters as in large.

Some concern is naturally expressed, in ordinary conversation, as to how the extraordinary material costs of the national defence programme can be met out of a normal budget, but this consideration is not allowed for a moment to impair the national resolve that everything humanly possible in the way of defence preparations shall be carried out; and the far-reaching measures that have already been taken certainly receive the unanimous approval of the population. Although 1,000,000,000 Swiss francs have been spent during the last three years on perfecting an already highly competent defence machine, the average Swiss citizen holds that: 'Of course, it's a lot of money, but all the same not too much to spend on putting our defences in a position where they'll be able to deal with any kind of an emergency.' One hears this point of view expressed all over the country. There may be certain 'regional' differences of outlook, disagreement on some questions of internal policy, even of foreign policy: as to the existence of a serious threat, from neighbouring territories, to the integrity of Switzerland itself, a threat against which the Swiss must make resolute provision, there is no disagreement whatever. In face of the present international situation, so all Swiss realise, lesser disagreements must be put aside, and an impressive unity take their place. For the Swiss fully understand that, guaranteed neutrality notwithstanding, any threat to the country must be met in the first place by the strength of the country itself, by its military preparedness and power to defend itself. It is the recognition of this fact—by the Government, and perhaps even more decisively by the common people—that explains the readiness of the whole population to incur every last ounce of the burden that must be borne if the national defences are to be made sure. A striking example of this readiness is the way in which men who are already past military age are voluntarily registering themselves for service, so that, within the scope of their abilities, they too may make their contribution to the defence of their country.

If we analyse 'what people are saying' in Switzerland, we find ourselves disentangling two themes, one moral, the other political. The first can be referred back to history—the will of the Swiss people to be independent and free. The other is a reasoned appreciation of the nature of the

threat that exists to-day to Swiss freedom and independence. Travelling in Switzerland and talking to people, one cannot but be impressed by the way in which ordinary men and women show that they understand both the goals of National Socialist policy and the tactics and strategy with which that policy has been pursued. The Swiss have always been close observers of the European scene. They have learnt, too, from their own experience of political disputes, which in Switzerland have often been heated. The average Swiss has a fairly clear picture of the present situation, and in that picture Herr Hitler is coming more and more to symbolise the forces of evil that have broken loose in Europe. A year ago one heard occasional voices raised in Hitler's defence. To-day never. German propaganda, working with all the resources of Press and radio, and assisted also by paid agents in Switzerland itself, has proved a boomerang. The Third Reich, from being disliked, has come to be hated. Hitler is generally regarded as a war-obsessed politician, self-perjured and a trickster, a bully given to sudden and unprovoked attacks on his smaller neighbours. The arguments of his propagandists have been emptied of all their meaning by the actions of the Leader they serve. And who will say that the Swiss people, with their political instinct, and with their experience of the last few years, are not thrice justified in their mistrust of National Socialist Germany ?

This sort of summing-up of German National Socialism is at all events at the present time the characteristic attitude of most Swiss people, revealed a thousand times a day in their ordinary conversation. It would be difficult to find a parallel in the whole history of Switzerland's cultural relations with Germany to this state of affairs, which has arisen because of the deliberate rejection by the Swiss people of a policy and philosophy which stands revealed by every act of Nazi brutality and aggression as an embattled doctrine whose final aim is the destruction of the moral order in Europe.

Together with this rejection of the new-model Germany the Swiss are naturally displaying an increasing interest in the nations which are showing their readiness to oppose aggression. A people like the Swiss, by their geographical position, are inevitably constrained to take a 'Continental' view of European problems, and a certain apprehension

persists lest Britain and France again pursue a policy of 'appeasement' to the disadvantage of the smaller Central European States. The citizens of the smaller countries have found it more difficult to forget the fate of Czechoslovakia than have some of their fellow Europeans. A lively fear of the possibility of a new 'Munich' also exists, accompanied by the realisation that any such development would seriously impair Switzerland's own ability to defend itself. Nevertheless, where Anglo-French policy is concerned, the Swiss are still ready to make the attempt to understand even where they cannot agree. Their willingness to make this effort at understanding is, however, subject to two conditions: that Switzerland's right to dispose of its own destiny—for the Swiss a law of their national existence—be recognised; and that further attempts to subvert the Continental order in Europe at the expense of the territorial integrity of the smaller European States—by the methods of Munich or otherwise—be terminated, now and for ever.

M. Wolf.

WORLD OPINION

A Press Summary

The European Crisis

The general discussion on the present European crisis—ostensibly caused by Germany's demand for an unconditional incorporation of Danzig into the Greater German Reich—is proceeding on very much the same lines as in previous months. In fact, there does not appear to be a single argument that is new and original. The daily crop of editorial comments seem to exhaust themselves in untiring repetition of a few stock phrases—and scrutiny of the international Press is becoming a very tedious business indeed. The only apparent development, as compared with preceding months, is that the language of German comments is reaching an ever higher pitch of violence. Yet even in other countries (as for example in Poland and France) the general tone of the Press is becoming sharper.

Germany

The anti-British Press campaign started in November of last year. The following extracts are a fair example of its increasing aggressiveness.

Angriff (July 18th) contains an article signed by Dr. Ley, in which he says: 'England wants to use her money bags and her economic supremacy to starve you, German workmen, to conquer you, to force you to the ground. England will kill off to-day our old men and women and children just as she did during the World War. . . . England buys Poland as cannon fodder and would love to buy Russia if she could. . . . What business have the English in Danzig, Malta and Gibraltar? Are those towns not German, Italian and Spanish? England indulges in the base capitalism which marches over nations out of sheer lust for money.'

Angriff (July 31st) writes: 'The mistake that is being made in England is the failure to understand the force and intensity with which Germany intends to wage war in future. . . . It is not likely that we shall waste any time in discussing submarine warfare. With the help of the Italian and Japanese submarine flotillas we shall be able to command a much more extensive area of the seas than in the last war. . . .'

Boersen Zeitung (August 1st), referring to Mr. Chamberlain's praise of Poland's restraint, writes: 'A cool cheek is necessary to praise the Poles for their present attitude. This can only encourage them to further excesses. . . .'

The main topic during the past four weeks was, of course, the future of the Free City of Danzig.

Völkischer Beobachter (July 24th) contains a long article by the Danzig Gauleiter Förster which must appear as a fairly reasonable statement if one compares it with more recent comments: 'London is apparently more ready to lead hundreds of thousands to the battlefield than to give 400,000 Germans the right which they would always concede to England if it were a case of an English city wishing to return to England. The Poles have made it quite clear that they want to have Danzig entirely under their control. And the people of Danzig cannot know whether it might not some day occur to a Polish General—as in 1923 in the case of Vilna—to try a surprise attack on Danzig. . . . What enables us to look calm and confidently into the future is the sacred conviction that the great German Reich stands behind us. . . . It is our unshakable belief that Adolf Hitler will also lead the 400,000 Germans of Danzig back to the Motherland and thereby abolish another injustice of the Versailles Treaty. . . .'

On the occasion of Herr Förster's visit to Herr Hitler *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* (August 8th) says: 'If it had not been for the British policy of encirclement of Germany, then perhaps a peaceful settlement of outstanding international questions might have been possible. But events have shown that, as a result of British intrigue and encouragement, an enmity against Greater Germany has been fostered which reaches its crest in the present threats of war from Poland. We really can place little reliance on a Power which on one side holds out the hand of friendship and on the other side

encourages one of Germany's neighbours to indulge in war hysteria.'

An article which appeared in the Conservative Warsaw paper *Czas* on August 7th (see below) was not only the signal for an increased anti-Polish Press campaign, but also for a fresh outcry against Britain.

B.Z. am Mittag (August 8th) writes: 'Ever since England presented a blank cheque to Polish megalomania and chauvinism, which has caused Poland to run amok against peace and justice in Europe, Polish war agitation has increased to the latest peak represented by the remarks of *Czas*. Therefore, let it be said to those who have set Poland upon this course that the patience of the Great German Reich, which in recent months has been continually tested to the utmost, is at last exhausted. . . .'

Hamburger Fremdenblatt (August 11th) contains an article by its diplomatic correspondent under the headline 'The Hour Draws Nigh.' In it he writes: 'The full and unlimited right of German Danzig to self-determination was proclaimed last night against Poland and the members of the Geneva machine, which took to itself the right to interfere in Danzig affairs—merely on the grounds of the dictated peace-of-violence of 1919.'

National Zeitung (August 14th), the organ of Field-Marshal Göring, contains a remarkable passage implying the necessity for another partition of Poland. It reads: 'Poland was liquidated by its neighbours at the close of the eighteenth century because it had lost its right to live an independent national life. Liberalistic historiography and clever propaganda turned this event into an historic injustice to the Polish people. . . . Yet Prussia and Austria acted as the defenders of Central European civilisation when they placed a section of the Polish people under their protection. Poland in 1939 is what it was in 1762: a blot on the world's civilisation, a danger to Europe's peace, and a disaster for its own inhabitants.'

Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung (August 13th) writes in the same vein: 'A few years after Pilsudski's death Poland, as so often before in her history, is once more becoming dependent on foreign nations, a condition which has already so often destroyed her national organisation. "Poland is not

yet lost." In this phrase lies Warsaw's opportunity. There is still time for Poland to withdraw her hand from the property of others, and not once again to provoke history by her intemperance.'

The suggestion that the Danzig problem might, after all, be solved by means of negotiation has found no response in the German Press.

Lokal Anzeiger (August 16th) says: 'No conferences, no compromises! . . . Danzig is not a question; it is a German city which must be returned to Germany. The corridor cutting through German territory is not a problem; it is an absurdity and must be abolished.'

Nachtausgabe (August 16th) says: 'There is no compromise possible over Danzig or the Corridor. These two questions must be solved in accordance with German views. . . .'

Boersen Zeitung (August 16th) writes: 'We know these ideas behind these suggestions of a conference. . . . It is surprising that our opponents should believe these old manœuvres are any use to-day, when Germany's standpoint that Danzig and the Corridor are purely German matters is so well known.'

Frankfurter Zeitung (August 16th) contains a leading article which bears the marks of an inspired statement. It reads: 'The Axis Powers desire peace. But they also turn against any attempt to support a situation by force which has become untenable. The question concerning the preservation of peace is therefore quite simple. The reply, which is fraught with responsibility, depends on whether the Western Powers realise in time the dangers and risks which their policy has produced, and no longer refuse to make their own contribution to a lessening of the tension.'

Italy

In the Italian Press, too, there has been little change. Italian newspapers continue to support Germany's standpoint on the Danzig problem. However strongly many Italians may dislike Germany's influence on the Axis policy—there are no signs of veiled or open criticism to be found in the columns of the Fascist Press.

Corriere Padovano (August 11th), an important provincial paper, writes : 'Nobody should ignore the fact that Germany has now taken up her stand as regards Danzig and that Italy supports her, just as Germany supports the natural aspirations of the Fascist Government.'

Giornale D'Italia (August 16th), the official Government organ, comments in a leading article : 'The democratic newspapers, after the talks at Berchtesgaden and Salzburg, speak of possible compromises and conferences, but there are certain rights which have no need of being recognised by any conference but must be satisfied, such as those of Germany regarding Danzig and those of Italy regarding the Mediterranean and in Africa. . . . What sort of help can Poland expect from England and France? In case of a conflict it is not Danzig that will be at stake but the liberty of Poland, which would be easily invaded and conquered. Poland is to-day the arbiter of her own destiny. She can treat with Germany to recognise German rights in cities and territories which are German or otherwise declare an open war against Germany. . . . If instead of treaties they choose a war . . . they must bear in mind . . . that Italy will do her duty, as she has always done, and that the Axis will remain unbreakable.'

Telegrafo (August 15th), the mouthpiece of Count Ciano, writes : 'The situation is one of the gravest since 1918—as grave as that of last September. Ever since Mr. Chamberlain's famous guarantee the Danzig question has ceased to be a purely national one and has become a banner to mobilise anti-German and anti-Fascist forces. . . . If, when faced with a German annexation, the Polish militarists brandish Chamberlain's blank cheque, we arrive at a general war. . . .'

Poland

The tone of the Polish Press, reacting to the verbal attacks in German newspapers, has been as sharp and embittered as might be expected under the circumstances.

Express Poranny (July 25th) refers to the Hudson-Wohltat talks and says : 'You cannot hire peace. Supposing Germany is paid so much for not attacking Belgium and so much for not attacking another State, would she keep her word?

. . . The money, if given to Germany, would be used only for more armaments and more war materials. . . .'

Kurier Czerwony (July 23rd) writes : 'We do not know how German diplomacy proposes the annexation of Danzig by the Reich. We do know, however, that no violation of the *status quo* in Danzig would be tolerated. . . . Regardless of any tricks of German propaganda we say : "Danzig will not be annexed by the Reich ! " '

Czas (August 7th), a leading Conservative paper, contains an article from which the following passage has been taken. It reads : 'Danzig can have peace. It can enjoy prosperity and its population can enjoy full freedom, but it can also become the terrain of a fight for life and death, if its rulers of to-day will not turn back from the dangerous road which they adopted. . . . To all attempts to restrict her rights Poland has one definite reply—a reply which will not be a diplomatic note. . . . Polish guns stand guarding Polish honour, pointing directly at Danzig, and let all realise that in case the rulers of Danzig, in spite of the interests of the population in the Free City, make any attempt to face Poland with an accomplished fact, Polish guns are certain to shell Danzig. They will fire in spite of all the sentiments the Poles cherish for the old walls of Danzig, in spite of our love for the historic, with which Danzig history is intimately bound up. . . .'

Kurier Czerwony (August 9th) writes : 'Germany is obviously not seeking a conflict as yet, but at the same time she does not give up her demands for the Anschluss with Danzig, although by now the Germans must have realised that there can be no talk of an annexation by other methods than by war.'

France

The French Press, which normally reflects an infinite variety of views, seems more than ever united in the belief that Germany's further aims of expansion in Eastern Europe must be stopped by the collective resistance of the 'peace front' nations.

Action Française (July 29th) contains a passage which is particularly interesting in view of the ultra-right wing policy of the paper. It says : 'One cannot help thinking : if Hitler

were reasonable he would stop now and be content with what he has accomplished (and that is not exactly negligible) and he would not at once stake all he has gained in the past. Only—is he still capable of being reasonable? That's his secret and no one else can answer that question.'

Le Temps (August 4th) writes: 'Germany speculates that Poland will collapse as she has too long speculated on British and French reluctance to intervene in a conflict over the Danzig problem. . . . However, a war for the political and economic independence of Poland is a war for an essential factor of the European equilibrium. . . . The question is therefore whether the totalitarian Powers, after they have exhausted all means of intimidation in vain, will still be able to make the necessary retreat in order to prevent a catastrophy? . . .'

Journée Industrielle (August 11th) says: 'It is the duty of all of us not to waste time or words over incidents or lies whose repetition or diversity are only intended to confuse the clear issue. . . . The entire world is waiting to see if the German attempt to dominate the world has really been blocked by the belated opposition with which it is meeting. In spite of the repeated assurances of France, England and their allies the world cannot but entertain some doubts after the violent shocks of the events of September and March. Danzig is the test case. . . .'

Petit Parisien (August 13th) contains the following comment: 'Although directly threatened, Poland remains perfectly calm. Supported by France and England, assured that the alliance which guarantees her territorial integrity and her vital rights in Danzig *will come into play automatically* if the Reich risks an attack on Danzig or any other point, she has excellent reasons to watch the development of the German newspaper campaign without getting nervous.' (The italicised part appeared in bold type.)

More interesting than all other comments were the reactions of the French Press to the suggestions (emanating from Rome) for a Four Power Conference.

Le Temps (August 14th) says: 'Such a conception might still foster illusions if we had not experienced Munich and all the changes in Central Europe which resulted from it. The situation is no longer what it was last year, and any peace

plan devised in advance by Berlin and Rome would necessarily meet with the most serious reserve.'

L'Ordre (August 14th) writes: 'It is the usual procedure of the totalitarian dictators—and a wily one—to follow a war offensive with a so-called peace offensive. By that means they judge the reactions of the democracies and their powers of resistance. It is the touchstone of our will. . . .'

Figaro (August 14th) says: 'We have fallen ten times for the trap, and ten times over peace has only been the more precarious in consequence. Nothing can be got out of us or our allies by intimidation, ruse, or bargaining. The totalitarian States must adapt their policy to reality—that is, to good sense—or else they must fight. Henceforth there is no escape from this alternative.'

Soviet Russia

It is worth noting that the few comments which appeared in the Soviet Press dealing with the subject of the European crisis were, on the whole, less critical of the Western Powers than they used to be.

Izvestia (July 30th) writes in a leading article: 'The second imperialist war threatens to encompass the whole world. The Bolshevists in 1914–1918 were not pacifists, and all the more are not to-day. . . . They stand for the creation of a general peace front capable of halting the further development of Fascist aggression—a peace front founded on full reciprocity, and repudiation of the disastrous policy of "non-intervention." They are ready at any moment at the head of the 170 million strong Soviet people to crush utterly any Fascist incendiary who ventures to bring the conflagration of the second imperialist war to the frontiers of the land of the Soviets. . . .'

Pravda (July 31st) contains almost literally the same statement in its leading article. It reads: 'The second imperialist war has begun. But war against the aggressors in defence of national independence is a just war—that is the opinion of hundreds of millions of workers in every quarter of the globe as it is also the opinion of the workers in Germany, Italy, and Japan. The Soviet people watch quietly the activities of the Fascist war-mongers, but this tranquillity has nothing in common with the cowardice of bourgeois

"isolationists" who try to hide in the bushes from the danger of war. . . .'

HUNGARY

The *Gleichschaltung* of the official Hungarian Press has reached a remarkable extent. Critical comments appear occasionally in papers of lesser importance. The following extract is an example.

Magyar Jova (August 15th) publishes an article by General Sandor Szabo, in which he writes: 'We must be ready to fight to the death against any State or any group of people who try to damage the moral or material independence of Hungary. I cannot imagine what I would do to the man who would denounce or ridicule such readiness for sacrifice. I do not know how long the Hungarian Government will tolerate offences against the Hungarian national spirit, but the embittered Hungarian people demand the creation of an organisation above all politics which will punish such crimes.'

Pester Lloyd (August 15th), the official Government organ, is in many ways indistinguishable from any German newspaper. Speaking of alleged German plans to exercise greater economic pressure on Hungary, it writes: 'In Berlin and Budapest one can no longer seriously consider these products of excited phantasy. . . .'

THE

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AND AFTER

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY *AND AFTER*

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CAUSES AND PURPOSES

How many of us, in the last few weeks, have woken in the autumn dawn to feel the misery of the world crash down upon us with its weight of lead! Our days are consumed in activity and our nights shrouded by exhaustion; but in the early morning, when our light is low, we lie there revolving in our aching brains the causes and the purposes of this gigantic war. Our thoughts, at such hours, are confused and dark.

Those of us who have too little faith, or too sharp a sense of reality, to find refuge in the doctrine of Christian pacifism, are confronted with an acute dilemma. To resist evil we must practise evil; to combat violence we must commit violence; in fighting the thing we hate we must do the thing we hate. It is not surprising that civilised men should flinch from this dilemma and should seek, as we have sought all these years, to escape from it by devious paths. There have been those who since 1935 have denied that the dilemma existed. They have consoled themselves with a belief in the friendly feelings and fundamental pacifism of the German people. They have contended that Herr Hitler's demands were not in themselves unreasonable and that the errors of Versailles could easily be repaired. Others have preached

isolationism, defeatism or appeasement. There have been those who have found comfort in the thought that the Nazi doctrine is after all less destructive than the Communist doctrine and who have tried to see in Herr Hitler humanity's champion against bolshevism. There have been blind mouths who have stubbornly refused to inform themselves of events and who have thrust the dilemma from them by murmuring that foolish incantation: 'There will be no war; I promise you that there will be no war.' And there have been some who have found comfort in the Christian pacifism of Mr. George Lansbury and the Peace Pledge Union.

I confess that there have been moments when I also have envied the conviction of these Christian pacifists. For them there exists no chequered nightmare of certainty and doubt; their thoughts, though sorrowful, are continuous and uniform; their conscience is serene. How happy might we be if we could abandon the mists of our own perplexity for the calm clarity of such single-mindedness! How sweet a self-indulgence to feel that we alone had seen the light; that we alone, in an insane world, were correct and good! How comforting to escape in this manner from that incessant foghorn which hoots within our minds: '*Ought* we to have done this?' '*Ought* we to have done that?'

I have always found myself in the end incapable of grasping this solace or of escaping from the thorns and briars of life into the sacred grove of Mr. Lansbury. Were I to do so, my comfort would be disturbed by doubts of intellectual honesty. I do not possess that burning faith which enables Mr. Lansbury to be magnificently sincere in his denials of all reality. Were I to sign the peace pledge I should fear lest in doing so I had been influenced, not only by my dislike of war, but also by my love of the comforts and the pleasures of peace. I should feel guilty of egoism were I to refuse, in spiritual pride, to share the ordeals of my friends. And I should know that by advocating non-resistance I was exposing my country, not merely to the loss of her authority, her wealth and her possessions (a loss which is conceivably preferable to the death of men and women) but above all to the loss of her independence. For, in truth, were Germany or France again to be conquered they would remain, as they remained before, Germany and France. Were this island to be conquered

she would cease to be Great Britain; she would become something else. I prefer quite certainly to die than to live by Nazi sufferance.

The days of escapism are now over and the dilemma holds us in its iron grasp. Even the most ingenious optimist must be convinced to-day that Herr Hitler's motives are not idealogical, racial or even national. No longer is it a question of equality of treatment, of racial unity, or of *Lebensraum*: it is a question of *Weltmacht*. The Führer, as he informed our Ambassador in his frank but illiterate Note of August 25th, is a man of '*ad infinitum* decisions.' His aims are indefinable since they are illimitable. This dynamic revolutionary will not pause until he has subdued France and England and conquered half the world. It is not for our wealth or our possessions that we are now fighting; it is for our very life. We must therefore accept the dilemma with unflinching will; and we must say to ourselves: 'Yes, to resist evil, we must commit evil; to combat violence, we must employ violence; in fighting the things we hate, we must do the things we hate. But when we have conquered, then we must avoid vindictiveness or greed and devote our whole energies to devising methods such as will ensure that we do not make a second mistake.'

The errors which we have committed since 1933 have to some extent been due to optimism, selfishness and indolence; but they have been due even more to ignorance. We failed—in spite of the warnings of that Sibylline book *Mein Kampf*—to understand the inevitable implications of the Nazi doctrine. It was more agreeable to persuade ourselves that Herr Hitler would be 'satisfied' with the Rhineland, 'satisfied' with Spain, 'satisfied' with Austria, 'satisfied' with the Sudeten Germans, 'satisfied' with Danzig. We now see that he is insatiable. Should he win this war he will not be 'satisfied' with Africa and the whole of Eastern Europe. He will demand our money and our fleet. He will demand our independence.

Herr Hitler and Marshal Goering seem unaware that the scales have fallen from our eyes; they still hope, in so far as Western Europe is concerned, to conduct a war of appeasement. Their present plan is obvious. They will refrain from provoking unduly either France or England until they

have secured the complete capitulation of Poland. Hitler will then say to us, as he said to Sir Nevile Henderson: 'I accept the British Empire and am prepared to pledge myself to its continued existence. I accept the present frontiers of France. Such colonial demands as I may have against you are limited and can be negotiated by peaceful methods. You, on your side, must accept my annexation of Western Poland and the Protectorate I shall establish over the Warsaw Republic. You must accept my trade agreement with Rumania, as well as the treaties which I propose to conclude with Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Greece. You must also pay reparation in gold for the damage done to my interests by your intervention in my dispute with Poland. If you agree to this proposal, I pledge my word of honour to maintain the peace for sixty-two years. If you refuse, London and Paris will, within two hours, be reduced to rubble. My decisions are *ad infinitum*. The peace of the world rests in your hands. *Schluss!*'

This inevitable stratagem will, he believes, place us in an awkward position. He hopes that Signor Mussolini, the Pope and President Roosevelt will support his pacific demands. He may hope even that certain sections in France will respond to his advances. He is quite certain (since no less a man than Herr von Ribbentrop has given him assurances to that effect) that the governing classes in Great Britain will acclaim this olive branch with glee. And he will then place upon the shoulders of the British Government the responsibility of having to exchange the war of appeasement for the war of endurance. It will then be that the second German War begins.

Herr Hitler possesses the slyness of the paranoiac. He well knows that we loathe war and that we should pay a high price for peace and comfort. He well knows that there is a streak of self-delusion in our character and that we like to think that pleasant things may happen. He well knows that for some of the more elderly and prosperous of our escapists there may exist the temptation to welcome a temporary accommodation in place of a final settlement. But there are some things that he has not yet realised. He has not realised that his breach of the Munich agreement came as an intolerable affront to every Englishman; he has not realised that his

pact with Russia has lost him the sympathy of his escapist friends; and he has not realised that whatever promises he may make hereafter will be credited neither upon Tyneside nor in the Carlton Club. He has deprived himself of all power of negotiation: eventually, and by slow and agonising stages, he will have to face a world in arms. Eventually he must disappear.

It will be a relentless struggle and we must expect our opponents to become progressively relentless. Towards those neutrals who in the past have shown themselves to be honourable people we must behave with scrupulous consideration. There may be other neutrals whom we know to be untrustworthy and towards whom we must adopt the attitude of a banking house which only allows credit to the clients whom it can trust. There may be moments even when we must insist, in dealing with clients of proved fraudulence, upon some security and guarantee. Our command of the seas enables us to exact those guarantees. We must not allow optimistic considerations to weaken our determination to protect ourselves. This war will be won, not in Flanders, but in the Mediterranean. It is only through our sea-power that the enemy can be outflanked.

We must apply all our intelligence to prevent any dislocation on the home front. The present rationing of information and suppression of criticism merely creates a vacuum which is filled by rumour and suspicion. If in truth we are fighting for liberty of thought, we must encourage liberty of thought. Our enemies will inevitably distort and misinterpret all that is written in our Press or spoken on the wireless; at times this will cause us much inconvenience since it will suggest that our unity has been impaired; yet such inconvenience will be as nothing compared to the poisoned gases which would be generated by any hermetical sealing of a public opinion which for generations has been accustomed to wide open doors.

The *cause* of this war is, I am convinced, sufficiently understood by the British public. They know that the war is due to the 'senseless ambition of one man.' The *purposes* of this war are less apparent. Are we merely fighting for our possessions and our might? Are we fighting only for the destruction of an evil system and theory? Are we fighting

for 'democracy' and 'liberty,' and if so what is the true meaning of these empty words? Are we fighting for our independence? Are we fighting for our very life?

Certainly we are fighting for these things, but we are also fighting for something more. In the course of human evolution man has discovered for himself that certain things are 'good' and certain things are 'bad.' This evolution has proceeded in sudden spurts and rushes and we are able to isolate and define some at least of these leaps in advancement. The Greeks taught us the lesson of the liberated mind. The Romans taught us the sanctity of contract and the benefits of law. The Christians taught us the virtues of lovingkindness and the hatred of cruelty. The age of chivalry taught us tolerance and generous dealing. The French taught us the value of logic, taste and intellectual integrity. And we ourselves have added to human evolution the conception of 'decency,' of truthfulness and of loyalty. These are the six great stages of advancement which we can recognise in the development of human nature. Each one of these six stages is denied and vilified by Nazi philosophy. Herr Hitler and his disciples crush the liberated mind, they violate the sanctity of contract, they practise cruelty, they have no conception of generosity, they despise logic or intellectual consistency, they are disloyal and untrue. We are not fighting therefore merely for material things, nor yet for the triumph of any particular brand of doctrine; we are fighting for human evolution; we are fighting to prevent mankind from relapsing into a purely animal condition. We are fighting for the destiny of the human race.

It is essential, to my mind, that we should train ourselves to view this present struggle in these gigantic proportions. If we permit ourselves for one moment to regard this war as analogous to previous wars, then the eventual peace settlement will be analogous to previous peace settlements. If we adopt the limited notion that we are concerned in a mere historical episode affecting the power and possessions of certain European nations, then the final peace will itself be no more than an historical episode. If we allow ourselves to think only in terms of warring States, then when it comes to peace we shall find ourselves thinking in terms of victors and vanquished. But if we believe, as I believe, that we have

reached a crisis in human evolution, then I am convinced that our conception of war-aims will transcend accustomed thought and will become a vision of the future of mankind.

In the last war we proclaimed that we were fighting to destroy German militarism and to make the world safe for democracy. Such ideals were neither wide nor deep, and in the moment of victory we succumbed to predatory instincts. Our present war-aims must be based upon conceptions of a more revolutionary and religious nature. We must reach a state of mind such as will create, not merely a change of frontiers, but a change of heart. It is not European conditions which we must reform; we must reform the world.

The human brain is a small and fallible organ and the development of this state of mind must proceed by stages. We should begin by examining in a scientific spirit the causes and the prevention of war.

It will be of assistance in any such examination to devote careful study to the real, as distinct from the supposed, errors of the Paris Conference and the resultant treaties. It is clear to-day that the peacemakers of Paris suffered under certain disabilities which must in future be avoided. In place of a conference of victorious Powers imposing their will upon their defeated enemies, there must be a congress of neutrals and belligerents alike. That congress must be held in some locality, such as Washington, which is not impregnated with the poisonous gases of war memories. The time factor is also of great importance, and some method must be devised under which a preliminary treaty (allowing for demobilisation) should rapidly be concluded, whereas the final treaty should be postponed for the period of twelve months. The disadvantage of prolonged uncertainty is less terrible than that of hurried and impassioned decisions. All empirical doctrines, such as self-determination, should be regarded with suspicion, and decisions should be reached upon careful consideration of what adjustments are most likely to contribute to the economic and political comfort (and therefore the peace) of the territories concerned. No small humiliations or injustices should be imposed upon the vanquished, nor should conditions be exacted which the negotiators themselves know to be impracticable, but which are inserted for the purpose of satisfying popular passions at home. The victorious Powers

must demand no acquisitions for themselves but must enter the conference determined that their sole purpose is the stabilisation of peace conditions and that for this end, if need be, they must sacrifice their national privileges and sovereignty. If these preliminary conditions are established there may be some chance of the congress coming to wise and durable decisions.

Two special problems will call for decision. The first is impredictable; it is the problem of Germany. Were it conceivable that Germany would emerge from an unsuccessful war with her social system more or less unimpaired, it might be possible to devise some settlement under which she would acquire national self-satisfaction in terms other than those of aggressive expansion. Such a settlement would be framed to encourage the centrifugal elements which are always endemic in the German body politic. It is not fantastic to suppose that a new German Empire could be created on a federal basis with its capital in Vienna and with the former German States enjoying local autonomy. Everything possible, including the restoration of the Hapsburgs and of some colonial possessions, should be done to safeguard the self-esteem and happiness of this Fourth Reich. Its economic future should be assured by a customs union with a Danubian Federation in the East. I fear, however, that this picture of a contented Catholic Germany as a balance to the eternal discontent of Prussia, is little more than the shadow of a dream. In the first place it comes too late. In the second place the defeat of Germany will be accompanied by a revolution so devastating as to shatter all remnants of previous culture and tradition. It is possible that her experiences of war and revolution will leave Germany too exhausted for any external adventures. If the Allied Powers have the wisdom not to impose conditions of peace so onerous as to lead to a second revival it is possible that Germany may remain quiescent for a generation. And during the thirty years thereby vouchsafed the democracies must create a League of Nations which shall in fact, and not only in theory, be the centre of world law and order. This brings me to my second problem.

It is easy to recognise, and tiresome to recapitulate, the errors which have led to the failure of the first League of

Nations. Four changes must be made in any similar organisation which is constructed in the future. First, all members of the League must surrender something of their national sovereignty. In the second place the League must be possessed of an armed force greater than that of any European Power. I admit that the difficulty of creating, organising and maintaining such a force is almost insurmountable; yet if peace is to be secured that difficulty must be surmounted. It is not inconceivable that a congress might decide that no European country may possess an air-force and that the sole air-force in Europe must be a League air-force capable of enforcing its decision. Since if the League is to become the Tribunal of world order it must be able to coerce recalcitrant members. Its powers of punishment must be drastic and unquestionable. Without that we shall merely enter upon a further cycle of revenge.

In the third place, some means must be devised by which the peoples of Europe can be induced to look upon the League, not as a diplomatic areopagus at Geneva, but as a valued organisation of their own. There must, in other words, be some system devised by which the League shall be brought into direct and continuous contact with the life of the average man and woman. One method of achieving and maintaining this contact would be to identify the League with the amenities of ordinary life. I can conceive, for instance, a vast organisation being created under League auspices upon the analogy of the Nazi *Kraft durch Freude* organisation. Payment of small individual subscriptions would entitle men and women in all countries to benefit from the travel and other holiday facilities which the League could offer. Large touring liners would be acquired by the League and regular cruises organised from which countless men and women in all countries would derive benefit and exchange experiences. I see the League developing into a gigantic co-operative on the lines of our own working-men's clubs, and thereby arousing in individual adherents that sentiment of possessive pride which is so striking an element in our club movement. Unless some such system of direct contact be established even the revised League will degenerate into something aloof from the thoughts and experience of the ordinary man and woman.

The fourth condition is of fundamental importance. The new League should have the avowed purpose and aim of creating, by gradual but determined stages, a Federal Europe. Our present conception of the inevitability of sovereign States must be replaced by some wider conception of the United States of Europe. If we are to avoid an epoch of fragmentary revolutions, we must initiate this universal revolution. And to this aim, from this moment, we should devote the energies of our mind and soul.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

AIR DEFENCE: THEN AND NOW

By 'air defence' is here meant active defence only; passive defence—A.R.P.—is not dealt with in this article—which does not imply that it is not vitally important too. The purpose of the article is to show that in the last war the air menace to this island was mastered, and that there are good grounds for expecting that it will be mastered again in the present war, and probably in a much shorter space of time. It was really mastered in three stages in 1914–18. First, we had taken the measure of the bombing airships by the end of 1916. Secondly, when the day-flying bombing aeroplanes took their place, we put paid to their account by the late summer of 1917. Thirdly, the night-flying aeroplanes—the Gothas and Giants—which then appeared had been well and truly beaten by the summer of 1918. History has a way of repeating itself. The Junkers and Heinkel bombers will be beaten too. Of that there is little doubt.

The achievement of the defence in 1915–18 is the more remarkable because it started from scratch at a time when the attack was already well in its stride. It was more or less an improvisation. It was built up of scraps and pieces. Home defence was a side-show. The first call on equipment and men was for use and service with the armies in the field. We at home had, naturally enough, to take second place. It was only when the needs of the front had been satisfied that home defence was allowed to have its share. The success of the defence was the more noteworthy on that account. To-day the 'home front' is regarded, properly, as being no less important than the front in the field, and it is no longer starved, as it was then, in order that the forces overseas may be fully fed.

What the machine of silver spruce accomplished twenty-one years and more ago, that the machine of aluminium alloy or stressed skin can accomplish to-day. It is true that

improvements in design, construction and armament benefit the bomber as well as the fighter. As hereafter explained, however, they have probably been of greater advantage to the attack than to the defence. It ought to be an easier matter to beat the bomber to-day than it was in the last war.

Those of us who lived through the last war can remember how the early Zeppelins—we called them all Zeppelins, though there was an odd Schutte-Lanz among them—appeared to come and go at their good pleasure. The defence seemed at that time to be entirely to seek. The B.E.2C, the machine used for many months by our defensive aircraft, could not ordinarily reach a height of 10,000 feet, and the airships usually flew at a greater altitude. Further, the searchlights were few and not very effective and the aerodromes were badly lighted. The result was that the pilots who went up to attack the airships usually failed to find them, and return from a night flight was a perilous adventure. Three of our machines crashed on landing, for instance, after the raid of the night of October 13th, 1915, when five airships attacked London.

During 1916 the anti-aircraft defence was materially strengthened. Eleven squadrons were created for home defence, the first being No. 39 Squadron, which had its headquarters at Hounslow and later at Woodford, and its flights at Sutton's Farm, Hainault Farm and North Weald Bassett. It was to this Squadron that Lieutenant W. Leefe Robinson belonged when he shot down the first airship in England on the night of September 2nd, 1916. He was using incendiary (Brock) and explosive (Pomeroy) bullets in his machine-gun, and to the use of this special ammunition was due in large measure the doom of the airships. An important part was played also by the searchlights, which were essential if contact was to be made with the raiders and which had lately been placed under the control of the local squadron.

The menace of the airship passed, but a new one arose in its place. In March, 1917, the Germans created a special unit, No. 3 Bombing Squadron, for raiding Britain. Its headquarters and two flights were at Gontrode and the two other flights at St. Denis Westrem, in Belgium. This squadron carried out many raids, including the two spectacular attacks on London on June 13th and July 7th, 1917. After the former raid the most famous of the fighter squadrons of the Royal

Flying Corps, No. 56, was brought back from France to England for a short time to stiffen the defence. It returned to France just before the second raid of July 7th, and after that raid the services of another squadron, No. 46, were borrowed temporarily from the command in France. At the same time three new squadrons, equipped with newer types of aircraft than the existing Home Defence squadrons, were added to the establishment. The two raids, almost insolently launched in broad daylight on the capital, had brought home the realisation that we had in England not a single specialised fighter squadron to meet the invaders. The bombers went absolutely unscathed on June 13th. On July 7th they lost one of their number, rather luckily shot down by a reconnaissance machine. One out of the forty bombers which took part in the two raids was a poor bag.

The result of the daylight raids of mid-1917 was the placing of the defence of south-eastern England under the command, for the purpose of anti-aircraft work, of Major-General E. B. Ashmore, the defending squadrons being under the immediate command of Brigadier-General T. R. C. Higgins, of the Royal Flying Corps. One or two further daylight raids were attempted in August, 1917, but none reached London. In the final one, on August 22nd, two bombers were shot down by the anti-aircraft guns in Kent and a third was brought down by one of our single-seater machines near Dover. The Germans began to see that the game of daylight raiding was not worth the candle.

In September, 1917, they began a series of night raids. The first occurred on September 2nd, and between that date and the end of the year London was attacked nine times, four of these raids being on successive nights at the end of September. Our defending aircraft again rose to the occasion. Now equipped with Sopwith ' Camels ' they showed that flying by night was as practicable for the defence as for the attack. The improvement in the ground organisation also bore its fruit. Separate zones for the air and gun defences were established and an outer gun zone was instituted. At the same time a balloon barrage was erected around London. This barrage, of the apron type, reached a height of 8,000 feet, the purpose being to force the bombers to fly above that height and thus to enable the defending aircraft, patrolling at about 10,000

feet, to deal with them. The number of searchlights was also greatly increased.

Slowly, but surely, the new measures began to yield results. Not until January 28th, 1918, indeed, did one of our defending aircraft succeed in shooting down a Gotha at night; this feat was accomplished by Captain G. H. Hackwill and Lieutenant C. C. Banks, flying a 'Camel.' The new menace was, however, being mastered. The greatest and last raid upon London, on the night of May 19th, 1918, showed that the defence had now the measure of the attack. On that night thirty-eight Gothas, three Giants and two Reconnaissance machines set out to raid London. Only thirteen reached their objective. Three were brought down by anti-aircraft guns, three by the defending aircraft, and one landed with engine failure in Essex, the survivors of its crew being captured. The loss was therefore 16 per cent. of the force which started. A rate of 10 per cent., if regularly suffered, is sufficient, as Air Vice-Marshal W. Sholto Douglas said in an address to the Public Schools Air Wing on August 4th, 1939, to bring raids to a stop. 'That is a rate of casualties which no Air Force can stand,' he said. London was safe after that final raid of May, 1918.

When will it be safe again? How will the fortunes of the conflict of the bomber and the fighter go? The attack has been strengthened enormously and the weight of bombs which could be dropped is far beyond anything imagined in 1918. But the defence has been stiffened, too, probably to a still greater degree. The development of wireless telephony aids the bomber, but the interceptor still more. It was only in the summer of 1918 that wireless control of defending aircraft began to be used at Biggin Hill. The system was not actually in operation while the raiding was in progress.

Now it is practicable, from the operational room on the ground, to switch a powerful concentration of fighters in the briefest space of time against any given bombing formation and thus to make it possible for the defence to have the necessary superiority at the decisive point. The means of detecting and reporting the approach and movements of hostile aircraft have also been improved almost beyond recognition. Night flying, flying in bad visibility, blind landing after a patrol have all been perfected by practice, aided by the adoption of devices

unknown twenty years ago. The task of the interceptor pilot has been made much easier and the bringing of the raider to action much less a matter of chance.

It is true that the Junkers and Heinkels of to-day are far faster and more formidable machines than the Gothas and Giants of 1918. The advance which the new bombers represent upon their predecessors is not, however, so great as the gap between the fighters of the last war and those of to-day. After all the German Giant and our Handley Page were each able to load nearly a ton of bombs; we dropped bombs of 1,650 lb. in Germany in 1918. On the other hand, the volume of fire which a modern fighter can bring to bear on an enemy aircraft is a scorching blast of flame which far surpasses anything known in 1918. The Hurricane, the Spitfire and the Morane 406.C would have shot the Snipe, the S.E.5A and the Spad to pieces in a few seconds. The latter had two machine-guns firing through the air-screw. Our new fighters have eight machine-guns in their wings, firing twenty-five rounds a second, that is, 200 rounds from the battery of eight guns. The Morane has a cannon as well as two machine-guns. No bomber could live against the attack of a well-handled fighter coming upon it from behind.

A few years ago it was confidently asserted that 'the bomber will always get through.' Many of our misfortunes of the last four or five years are traceable to the too ready acceptance of that assertion. It is certainly not true to-day. 'There was a time,' said Lord Chatfield, in the House of Lords on March 15th, 1939, 'when the problem of dealing with the bomber was regarded by the people of this country with something akin to despair. Such feelings are no longer justified, if, indeed, they ever were justified. Developments in recent years have undoubtedly reduced the old supremacy of the offensive over the defensive.'

The air exercises held in this country in the middle of August confirmed the truth of Lord Chatfield's statement. They showed, as an Air Ministry announcement of August 11th stated, that 'the fighter aircraft is more than a match for the raiding bomber, if it succeeds in engaging it.' In a broadcast after the exercises, Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, Commander-in-Chief of the Fighter Command, stated on August 12th: 'I confidently believe that serious air attack on

these islands would be brought to a standstill in a short space of time.' 'Successful defence,' he added, 'depends mainly on what happens to the enemy when he is intercepted. I can confidently say that I am satisfied in this respect.'

Experience in Spain has led to a similar conclusion. Indeed, an expert observer, Capitaine Didier Poulain, French Air Reserve, goes so far as to state that it has shown that the bomber is practically defenceless against the fighter. Unless it is escorted by fighters it is doomed, he considers. 'The supremacy of the fast single-seater, so easy to manipulate in combat, is certain.' The pilot of the latter is protected by the whole mass of his engine from the fire of the machine-guns of the bomber, which he attacks from the rear, then swinging away sharply out of fire.

'The fighter is to the bomber,' said General Sir Walter Kirke, at Middlesbrough on October 16th, 1938, 'as the hawk to the heron. Bombers unescorted by fighters are highly vulnerable, and, though the range of bombers might be ever increasing, that of fighters remains small and can only be increased at the expense of fighting efficiency. If, then, an enemy cannot establish aerodromes close to our shores, the danger is immensely reduced, since his bombers must come unescorted with the certainty of heavy casualties.'

In the last war the enemy aeroplanes were able to take off from bases in Belgium, near Ghent, for their raids against England. The military airships also had their sheds in Belgium, at Evere and Berchem St. Agathe, until their position there was made untenable by the attacks of the Royal Naval Air Service, from Dunkirk. The naval airships, by which most of the airship raids against Britain were conducted, had their bases at Nordholz and elsewhere in north-west Germany. In the present war the German bombers will have to start from somewhere in the latter area also. Belgian bases will not be at their disposal now. It is improbable in the extreme that a land invasion of Belgium—the necessary preliminary to the establishment of bases in that country—would be attempted by even Herr Hitler and his advisers; the lesson of the consequence of the outrage of twenty-five years ago is still too fresh. Nor are German bombers very likely to fly over Belgium or Holland. If they did so we should naturally claim a similar right, and our bombers could then strike more

effectively at north-west Germany than could the German bombers at south-east England, air passage through the neutral zone being assumed to be open to both. Self-interest, not assuredly any scruple of conscience, will probably prompt the German rulers to respect international law in this particular sphere. The remembrance that some of their aircraft were shot down by the Dutch gunners when they tried to fly across Holland in the last war will be an additional reason for caution.

The German bombers which started from Gontrode or St. Denis Westrem in 1917–18 usually made their English landfall near the mouth of the Crouch in Essex or came up the Thames. They usually returned *viâ* Kent. Bombers starting from north Germany would naturally make a rather more northerly landfall, after skirting the coast of Holland for a time. They would have a greater distance to cover when striking at south-east England than had their predecessors of 1917–18, and this handicap would offset to some extent the advantage of increased range. In the last war the necessity for escort had not in general been recognised, nor, probably, will the German bombers be escorted now; their true fighters, such as the Messerschmitt 109, are unlikely to have sufficient radius of action to accompany long-distance raiders. In any case, escort fighters having the required radius, such as the new Messerschmitt 110, would be likely to be inferior in performance to the fighters of which the raided country would dispose and which would not need a large tankage capacity. Escort, it may be added, is probably more important for the German bombers than for our own, which are understood to have better protection in themselves.

The interceptor in the air is not the only lion in the path of the invading bomber. It will have to pass the den of the anti-aircraft artillery also and will probably feel its fangs. Even in the last war our 3-inch guns and the corresponding French 75-mm. guns had their occasional successes. The present anti-aircraft weapons—of 3·7 and 4·5 inch bore—are far more formidable; and the Bofors gun, of about 1·6 inch, for use against dive-bombing attack, is also a very effective weapon. Indeed, Sir Samuel Hoare stated in the House of Commons on January 26th, 1939, that we had the most modern and effective types of anti-aircraft guns in the world. The

larger guns owe their effectiveness largely to the use of the predictor, a separate instrument which enables its 'crew' to track with great precision the course of an aircraft flying at a great height and transmits to the gun-crew electrically the information necessary for aiming the gun. The predictor was unknown in 1918. The height-finder is another essential instrument which has been perfected since that date.

Our 3·7 inch is the counterpart of the German 88-mm. gun, which was very successful in Spain. Until it arrived in Spain the losses of the Republican bombers had been practically *nil*. After its arrival they could venture only at their grave peril over the Nationalist lines. Indeed, an expert (M. C. Rougeron, *L'Aviation de Bombardement*, I, 113) holds that no aircraft whose ceiling is of the order of 16,500 feet (5,000 metres) will be able to survive the fire of the modern anti-aircraft gun in clear weather. It may pass unnoticed in the clouds at altitudes above 20,000 feet. 'But the instant it is seen within range its destruction is assured. The progress already made in artillery is such that bombing aircraft will have to resort to stratospheric flying.' That, other experts would say, is claiming too much for anti-aircraft artillery, but there is no doubt that the strides made by it since 1918 have been immense.

The whole science of long-range anti-aircraft gunnery had been transformed, said Mr. Shakespeare, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, when introducing the Navy Estimates on March 16th, 1939. The volume of fire created by the anti-aircraft guns of a modern battleship was, he said, two hundred times as large as the debating chamber in which he was speaking. Into that space 'an aeroplane could not enter without a high probability of its destruction.' He would himself choose, if he had the choice, to be in a battleship which was being bombed rather than in the aircraft that was bombing it. The fact that our airmen bombed the pocket battleship in Schilling Roads on September 4th, 1939, and registered two direct hits does not disprove his assertion; the Germans were taken by surprise on that occasion.

At the date of the Armistice in 1918 we had something approaching 500 anti-aircraft guns in this country. What the number is now cannot, obviously, be disclosed, but that it is considerably greater is a safe assumption. Provision of search-

lights and observation posts is also on an altogether more ample scale. Still more impressive is the change in the position of the defensive air establishment. In 1918 there were sixteen squadrons for home defence, eleven of these being in the London Air Defence Area (which covered the eastern part of England up to the Wash) and five in the Northern Air Defence Area. They had on charge a total of 376 machines, first-line and immediate reserve. How many machines we have for home defence cannot (again) be stated, but it is very obviously a much greater number. It was announced in the summer that the 125 squadrons of the Metropolitan Air Force had been completed. That force includes bombers and reconnaissance machines as well as fighters, but the fighter constituent of it must clearly be a very formidable force in itself. It may be assumed that its strength is growing steadily. The machines themselves are the best in the world and the pilots are second to none.

When the great Nazi onslaught on Poland has been able to achieve its object, which, unfortunately, it may within a fairly short time, we may expect the full fury of the German air attack to be directed against this country. Can we 'take it'? Most assuredly we can. Our defences are magnificent, but a proportion of the raiders are certain to come through. They will give us a battering, but it will not be as catastrophic as the pessimists forebode. It will not endure for long. Gradually and surely the defence will master the attack. The losses inflicted on the bombers will become heavier. The morale of their pilots will suffer. Just as in 1914–18 we were able to bring each of the three successive stages of Germany's air attack to a standstill, so we shall be able to smash the worst that she can do now. We are in an immeasurably better position to do so now than we were then.

J. M. Spaight.

STALIN'S RENVERSEMENT DES ALLIANCES

THE *renversement des alliances* brought about by the Russo-German Pact of August 23rd, 1939, signifies without any doubt a new adjustment of forces in Europe and in world policy. The astonishment aroused by the Pact between Hitler and Stalin can only be compared with that felt by Europe in 1756 when France broke away from her traditional anti-Habsburg policy and made an alliance with Austria. Is it not possible, on the other hand, to identify in the history of Russo-German relations a certain tradition of approach?

Friendship with the Habsburgs was already an integral part of Russian foreign policy before the time of Peter the Great. Peter, who clearly discerned the Swedish, Polish and Turkish problems as the three most important in Russian foreign policy, laid at the same time great value on good relations with both German Great Powers—Austria and Prussia. He also actually succeeded in establishing very friendly relations between Russia and these two Powers.

It is very questionable if Peter, a crass empiricist, had any particular system of foreign policy. Ideas were subsequently ascribed to him of which he could hardly have been aware. For instance, A. P. Bestuzhev-Rjumin, foreign minister of the Empress Elisabeth 1741–1761, formulated the foreign political system of Peter the Great as follows: 'One must never leave one's allies in the lurch. These are, however, the maritime powers of England and Holland, the King of Poland and the Queen of Hungary. This is the system of Peter the Great.'

In reality neither Peter nor his successors had a 'system' of any kind. Peter I, who inaugurated the acceptance by Russia of European civilisation, was fundamentally as sceptical towards Europe as the Czars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The declaration: 'The European Powers need me but I can do quite well without them,' is authentic.

Petersburg was like ancient Moscow in regarding herself as an outsider in Europe. The policy of Imperial Russia towards the European State system vacillated in accordance with the momentary necessities of the Petersburg Government. Empress Elisabeth was drawn into the Seven Years' War and fought on the side of Austria against Prussia. Her nephew and successor, Peter III, a worshipper of Frederick the Great, strove for an alliance with Prussia, while Katharine II reverted to neutrality but very soon afterwards concluded a formal alliance with Frederick II (1764). At the end of her reign, however, she returned to the traditional friendship with Austria.

In the nineteenth century friendship with the two German Powers, especially Prussia, was part of the iron schedule of Russian foreign policy. Both Alexander I and Nicholas I were in close touch with the Court of Berlin. One may say that this was as much a 'geo-political' as an 'ideological' friendship. Ideologically since the French revolution a certain tension had begun and had become more and more noticeable during the first half of the nineteenth century, between conservative Russia and the two liberal Western Powers of England and France. On the other side, Russia was, historically speaking, linked with the German Powers by the common wrong done to Poland in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. (The three partitions of Poland by Russia, Prussia and Austria between 1772 and 1795.)

But already since the beginning of the nineteenth century a further line of Russian foreign policy manifested itself: Russia gradually rose to the position of a World Power, and thus encountered the other two World Powers of the period—England and France. In judging the European constellation at any given time one must always take into consideration the world political situation in which the European situation is imbedded. This has to-day become a platitude, but also in judging of past history one must always see the European situation in relation to the world situation of the period. There has always been a world policy which has influenced the European situation, but it is only in the last quarter-century that Europe has become aware of her dependence on world policy.

In its relation to world policy, that is to England and

France, Russian policy felt its way painfully and with many hesitations to an independent attitude. Radical *renversements des alliances* occurred repeatedly during the process and seem to be, in general, a tradition of Russian foreign policy. Paul I (1796–1801) cut loose from the alliance with England against France and formed a union with the First Consul Napoleon Buonaparte which had as its object to destroy English power in Europe and the whole world. His successor, Alexander I, went back to the English alliance, only to forsake it a few years later with apparent finality and agree with the French Emperor upon a partition of Europe. This new alliance of the two continental Empires against England was inaugurated in Tilsit in 1807. Alexander at that time received from Napoleon Finland, Bessarabia, and a part of Eastern Galicia. Russia kept the two first for more than a century and only lost them after the war of 1914–1918. It is significant for the permanency of the geo-political tendency that Russia's aspirations towards Finland and Bessarabia are again being discussed, and are said to have been the subject of an agreement between the rulers in Moscow and Berlin in case of a new division of Europe.

As we know, however, Alexander I, at last uneasy in his friendship with Napoleon, swung back to England—a third *renversement des alliances* in fifteen years!

With Nicholas I (1825–1855) the ideological motive of legitimism played a decisive rôle in his relations to Prussia and Austria. This ideology robbed him of any understanding of the world political situation, so that he finally found himself against an alliance of the two European Great Powers, England and France. Enmity against these two Powers was opposed both to the old tradition of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which prescribed friendship with England, and to the new tradition of friendly relations with at least one of these Powers at any given time. In the Crimean War, in which Russia was fighting against an English-French-Italian-Turkish coalition, the two German Powers attacked her diplomatically in the rear. This was the thanks paid by the Germans to Nicholas for his support of the monarchic principle in Europe. After that time the friendship between Berlin and Vienna on the one hand and Petersburg on the other cooled noticeably.

With Alexander II (1855–1881) a withdrawal of Russia from European politics took place hand in hand with an expansion in Central Asia. The British Empire emerges at this time as Russia's chief antagonist. From this situation sprang the efforts towards an approach both to France and Germany. The Petersburg Cabinet at this time sought to play the part of arbitrator between France and the new German Empire with the object of covering Russia's rear in Europe in order to realise her plans in Asia and the Balkans.

The triangle France-Germany-Russia might, in Petersburg's opinion, serve at a critical moment as an instrument for paralysing Britain. There were, however, many objections at this period to an approach to France. Far more important than the ideological barriers to friendship between a republic and an absolute monarchy, and the popular idea of France as the arch-enemy who had attacked Russia twice in half a century, was the ancient geo-political fact of the friendship between France and Poland. Poland since the seventeenth century had played an important rôle in the French system of East European 'counterpoises,' to which Turkey and Sweden also belonged. In the Napoleonic plans for dominating Germany the idea which Sieyès proposed to the Comité de Salut Public could for a time be discerned: 'To drown Prussia in the sea of Slavism, dissolving its connection with Germany and setting it against Russia.' After Jena Napoleon wished to offer Frederick William III the crown of Poland to compensate him for the loss of Westphalia. Nothing came of these plans, but the Polish question remained until well past the middle of the nineteenth century a wedge between Russia and France. It was one of the chief hindrances to the development of an alliance between Napoleon I and Alexander I. The Polish rising against Russia in 1863, which nearly led to French intervention on Poland's behalf, left behind it a tension between Paris and Petersburg of which Bismarck later felt the advantage. The Russian foreign minister Sazonov reminded the French ambassador Paléologue as late as 1916 of the fateful consequences of the French friendship for Poland. 'Remember what her Polish sympathies cost France of the Second Empire—the destruction of Franco-Russian friendship, our approach to Prussia and then Sadowa and Sedan. . . .'

Alexander III (1881–1894) was successful in definitely improving relations with France and finally in making the Russo-French alliance one of the chief props of the European system. At the same time, however, the Petersburg Government remained on the best terms with Berlin and Vienna. The Franco-Russian understanding counterbalanced the Triple Alliance but could equally well be considered as directed against England. For the opposition to England remained into the first decade of the twentieth century the basis of Russian foreign policy.

Russia's consciousness of herself as a World Power grew ever stronger. During the last quarter of the nineteenth century she became more and more an Asiatic Power. Petersburg's European policy expanded into the world political framework. In this framework Germany appeared firstly less as a rival than as chief antagonist of the actual world political rival of Russia—the British Empire. From this position sprang at first a friendly attitude to Berlin, thus bringing Germany and Russia together on the common ground of opposition to Britain. But still more important is the fact that under Alexander III's successor, Nicholas II (1894–1917), the centre of gravity of Russia's foreign policy changed for a time from the Balkans and Central Asia to the Far East. In Berlin this transference of Russian foreign policy was welcomed. At the beginning of the twentieth century William II. 'Admiral of the Atlantic,' greeted his friend Nicholas II as 'Admiral of the Pacific,' thereby alluding to a new partition of the world—Asia for the Russians, Europe for the Germans.

Between Paul I and Nicholas II the world situation fundamentally changed. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Russia had to choose between two World Powers in the world political arena—Britain and France. At the beginning of the twentieth she had once more to choose between two World Powers, two world political systems—the British and the German. It must be said that the Petersburg Government wavered considerably before finally deciding with whom to cast in her lot. Britain, we know, put out feelers towards Petersburg at the end of the nineteenth century. The Salisbury Government played with the idea of a very comprehensive *entente* with Russia, which actually

aimed at a partition of Asia between the two Powers. At the same time in Japan an influential circle of men under Marquis Ito Hirobumi's leadership were striving for an alliance with Russia. The Petersburg Cabinet, however, probably under the influence of Berlin, let slip the alliances both with Britain and Japan. In the year 1902 Marshal Yamagata, against the will of Marquis Ito, concluded an alliance with England which was directed against Russia. In 1905 Czarist Russia was defeated by Japan.

Meantime the situation in Europe had once more fundamentally changed. France approached Britain. The Franco-British Entente became a decisive factor in European and world policy. We have not forgotten, however, that the already century-old tradition of Russian foreign policy carefully avoided antagonising both Western Powers at the same time. The Russo-French alliance, a leading idea in Petersburg policy since the 'nineties, could only continue to exist if completed by a Russo-British Entente. After defeat in the Far East the swing of the pendulum from Asia to Europe, repeatedly noticeable in Russian history, took place, while the opposite swing from Europe to Asia was only just completed.

The *entente* with England (1907) was in the end also a *renversement des alliances*. It destroyed the *entente* with Berlin. The dream of William II of holding his friend 'Niki' on the bridle, and thus ensuring that Russia in the coming conflict would at least remain neutral, came to nothing. But during the whole World War the strands between Berlin and Petersburg were not all broken. The Berlin Cabinet strove for a separate peace both with Russia and Japan. The possibility of a Eurasiatic 'axis'—Berlin-Petersburg-Tokyo—was seen, though indistinctly, on the horizon. Such an axis could only have had an anti-Anglo-Saxon aim. The last agreement between the Czarist Government and the Tokyo Cabinet (July 3rd, 1916) had already a definitely anti-American tendency. One must not forget here that the Wilson Administration showed a more than benevolent neutrality towards the *entente* of which Russia and Japan were members.

The next *renversement des alliances* was brought about by the Lenin Government in November, 1917. Soviet Russia left the *entente* and concluded a separate peace with the Central Powers. She remained nominally neutral, but the fact of

her leaving the war meant a considerable easing of the military and economic position of the Central Powers. Lenin and Trotzky, however, never regarded Germany as an ally, and speculated on a future defeat of the Central Powers. Their defeat and the German Revolution brought Russia and Germany once more together. They both found themselves on the losing side, outside the League of Nations and the Franco-British condominion over Europe.

England and France first tried to destroy the Soviet Government by supporting all anti-Bolshevik forces. Later an attempt was made to draw Soviet Russia by one means or another into the economic and possibly also the political system of the Franco-British Entente. The culminating point of these efforts was reached at the Conference of Genoa in 1922, at which a great fuss was made of the Soviet Government, especially by Mr. Lloyd George. At the same time, however, secret negotiations were on foot between Germany and the Soviet Union, and into the midst of the friendly conversations between England and the Soviets crashed the bomb of the Treaty of Rapallo, concluded by the then German Foreign Minister, Walter Rathenau, and the Soviet Commissar, Tschitscherin.

The two treaties of Rapallo (1922) and Berlin (1926) were aimed on Russia's part at isolating Germany from the Western Powers and making her, should occasion require, into an operation base for Russia against Western Europe. On the other side Germany was to play the part of a dam against intervention by the Western Powers in Russian affairs. In this the Soviet Government carried on the tradition particularly of Nicholas I, who was interested in keeping Germany weak and divided in order to draw this weakened Germany into his anti-European plans.

Germany, on the other hand, even after the signing of the Locarno Treaty, was keenly interested in keeping her relations with Russia on a friendly footing. For the turn which German foreign policy had taken since 1924, after the final settlement of all Communist *Putsches*, and economic stabilisation with the help of America and the Western Powers, consisted in making use of Anglo-French help in order to grow strong, politically, economically and militarily. Gustav Stresemann saw the Locarno Pact merely as a step to the reascension of

Germany to the position of a world Power. In this ascent, however, Germany needed, above all on the military side, the help of Soviet Russia. Relations between Berlin and Moscow in this period presented a most remarkable picture: on the one hand the German Government, supported by the *Reichswehr*, suppressed the Communist rising; on the other hand, this same Government found itself in an alliance with the Komintern Government of Moscow, while the *Reichswehr* lived in closest friendship with the Red Army and was energetically supported by the Red General Staff in its secret reconstruction. Actually, German rearmament, in direct contravention of the Treaty of Versailles, was carried out with the help of Moscow. Parallel with it a political flirtation was going on between the most gifted Soviet publicist, Karl Radek, and the most honest journalist of the radical wing of the National Socialist movement, Count Reventlow.

Naturally Berlin not only coquetted with Paris and London, as Stresemann admitted in his famous letters to the Crown Prince, but also with Moscow. On the other hand, the friendship with Germany was also in Moscow linked up with a considerable number of mental reservations. Moscow was acting according to Lenin's famous prescription, 'Who whom?' (Who will prevail?) As is well known, Lenin issued this watchword when inaugurating his great economic retreat before capitalism. Lenin preached at that time close co-operation with capitalism inside and outside the Soviet State in the hope of winning by means of this co-operation the upper hand and destroying his one-time allies.

This peculiar relationship between Berlin and Moscow outlasted all changes in the internal policy of the two Powers. The Liberal-Socialist Government of the Weimar period gradually changed to the reactionary 'emergency' Government of Brüning, Papen and Schleicher. Finally, Germany drifted into the extreme nationalism and totalitarianism of Adolf Hitler. At the same time the Soviet Republic completed her evolution from the liberal Nep (New Economic Policy) policy of Lenin, Rykov and Bucharin to the 'pan-Socialism' of Stalin. During this whole period Germany, as well as Russia, remained in the real sense of the word outside the larger European policy. Neither the Berlin nor the Moscow Government was regarded by the Franco-British condominion as

an equal partner; and it was this that threw them together. But this 'aloofness' from European policy, linked on the German side with certain wistful glances westward, made it impossible for the Russo-German friendship to become a decisive factor in Europe. The Berlin-Moscow Entente was a 'static' phenomenon, serving chiefly the defensive of the two Powers, behind which, certainly, a strategic deployment was taking place. Neither Moscow nor Berlin, least of all Berlin, was resolute enough to turn the German-Russian Entente into an offensive instrument against the West.

It was left for Adolf Hitler to take the decisive step, wrench Germany free from her traditional connection with Russia, and decide for the British Empire against Moscow. In doing this Hitler hoped to strike out a new path in German foreign policy and complete the break-through to world power already attempted unsuccessfully by William II. The latter failed because he built on the foundation laid by Bismarck's principle, elevated to a dogma by his successors, of keeping in with both England and Russia and playing the two Powers against each other. Hitler decided for Britain against Russia. It would be an interesting task to analyse this turn in German foreign policy which also represents a *renversement des alliances*. But it is not with Hitler's *renversements des alliances* that we are here concerned, but with Stalin's. We may, however, say at this point that it was probably not a genuine alliance with Britain that Hitler had in mind, but to use Britain to crush Russia, to make himself into a paramount continental Power and then to take up the struggle with Britain for world power.

Stalin's *renversement des alliances* of 1934, the approach to France, entry into the League of Nations and the decisive turn against Germany was the consequence of the turn in Hitler's policy. It is possible that with this whole policy, including the beginning of the discussions with England and France over the military alliance, Stalin merely wished to exert pressure on Germany in order to bring her back to the *entente* with Russia. Stalin is a thoroughgoing opportunist who has brought the art of suiting himself to the situation of the moment, to the point of open cynicism. He is not the man to be debarred by any ideological considerations whatever.

It is, however, equally possible that Stalin, for whom Germany was growing too strong, actually had in mind a turn to the West and a union with Britain. If so, the plan was broken against the rigidity of the Western European Powers, that of Britain in particular. London probably took too seriously the world revolutionary ideology of Moscow. Perhaps also the idea of diverting Germany to the east and 'drowning her in the Sea of Slavism' (Sieyès) played a part. In any case, Russia was to play second fiddle in the future coalition, a part naturally objectionable to the awakened self-consciousness of the Russians.

In judging of Moscow's actions one must not forget that the aim of her whole European policy has been to secure her rear in order to be free for the inevitable settlement with Japan in the Far East. Britain, however, hoping if occasion arose to detach Japan from the Fascist Axis, was not prepared to bind herself to Russia in respect of the Far East. Stalin was probably not clear to the last what attitude Britain would take in case of a Russo-Japanese War. The old antagonism between Russia and the British Empire in Asia might at any time become acute. The only possibility of preventing this old rivalry from coming to life again was a general understanding between Moscow and London about all Asiatic matters, somewhat as proposed by the Salisbury Government at the end of the nineteenth century, and as actually took place in 1907. At that time London succeeded, if not in doing away with Russo-Japanese opposition, at least in bringing it into the framework of a general Pax Asiatica under British patronage. The greatest mistake of the Chamberlain Government in regard to Russia was probably the idea of a European alliance with Moscow, leaving out of consideration the Asiatic relations of the two Powers. London, strangely enough, once more forgot that Russia is an Asiatic Power, and definitely more so to-day than thirty years ago.

We are living in a world of romanesque fantasy in which grotesque detective-fiction heroes are ordering the destinies of mankind in unbelievably cruel fashion. It is therefore not astonishing if one credits Stalin with the devilish idea of provoking a world war in order to plunge Europe and the world into revolution. This idea cannot be entirely excluded, though the whole evolution of Stalin makes it appear somewhat improb-

able. Stalin has done away with the Communist ideology in Russia, and seems to be inclined to regard the Russian Revolution as ended. His chief aim is to consolidate the power in his own hands and in those of his circle. In this he is relying on a recently arisen class having nothing in common with revolutionary traditions. A world revolution would discredit the whole edifice of the Russian stabilised 'Total State' and the whole theory of 'Socialism in One Land.'

No, Stalin is not guided either in his foreign or internal policy by ideological considerations, but by those of power politics. He was not prepared for Russia to become a member on sufferance of a coalition under British leadership. In his eyes Germany is the weaker and therefore the less dangerous partner.

With his *renversement des alliances* Stalin has executed one of those brutal turns which are so characteristic of Russian foreign policy. It must not be forgotten that between 1796 and 1811—that is, in the course of fifteen years—the Petersburg Cabinet three times engaged in a radical *renversement des alliances*. Other turns in Russian foreign policy, equally brusque, we have also already mentioned in this article. But Stalin could not have brought off this *volte-face* if Hitler had not met him half way. Hitler, however, had completely to reorganise his policy when he saw that England and France had at last seen through him. It is interesting, moreover, that, according to the revelations of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the secret negotiations between Moscow and Berlin began in March of this year—that is, before Hitler's occupation of Prague—and that the final destruction of Czechoslovakia did not in the least disturb the course of these negotiations.

The advantages of the German-Soviet Pact for Hitler are clear: it neutralises Russia and places the economic riches of that country at the disposal of German military administration. Whether the Pact will have still other unforeseen advantages for the Nazis we shall probably soon know.

Now, what *Real politik* aims is Stalin pursuing in the Moscow Pact of August 23rd, 1939? We cannot of course refuse in advance to consider the possibility that by concluding the Pact Stalin wished to unchain a European war. As a matter of fact, the Russo-German Entente signified the removal of the last hindrance to such a war. One comes much nearer

to probability, however, if one ascribes to Stalin the *dolus eventualis*: he signed the Pact with Hitler, not *because*, but *although* he foresaw that it would inevitably lead to the unchaining of war. For Stalin it was a case of making once for all impossible the coalition between Germany and the Western Powers, so fraught with danger for Russia. This aim he has certainly achieved.

Now Russia is free to follow her own aims while Europe is torn by war. Above all, Stalin now has a free hand in Asia. He can use this freedom either to settle accounts with Japan once and for all, or, on the other hand, to achieve a far-reaching *entente* with Japan necessarily aimed at Britain. In one way or the other Stalin will consolidate his position in Asia.

It is open to question whether the Pact of August 23rd, 1939, foreshadows a partition of Eastern Europe between Germany and Russia. Such a partition would be thoroughly in line with traditional relations between the two countries. Russia would thereby obtain a common frontier with the Reich. Whether this idea is particularly attractive to Moscow is another question. An over-powerful Germany is hardly in line with Stalin's interests. It is doubtful whether Moscow will remain a passive onlooker at Hitler's attempt at smashing the Western Powers. It seems that in case of such an emergency a further radical turning in the policy of Moscow is highly probable. One thing is certain: the course of Moscow's foreign policy is unlikely to be influenced by any sort of ideological considerations. It will in the most completely cynical manner represent the power political interests of Russia as Stalin conceives them. That this policy is anti-European and anti-democratic is perfectly clear. In the end it will prove also to be anti-Russian. The best men of Russia—her thinkers and poets—have always seen the historical mission of the country as intimately linked up with the destiny of Europe. Sixty years ago the very nationalistically minded Dostojewsky said:

> Yes, the destiny of the Russian man is without any doubt all-European and all-World. To become a true Russian, fully and completely a Russian, means perhaps nothing less than to be the brother of all mankind. . . . For a true Russian Europe . . . is as dear as Russia itself. . . .

How far the present policy of the Moscow Government has wandered from the ideal of this great Russian seer!

GREGORY BIENSTOCK.

PALESTINE POLICY

The British Government has boxed the compass in its attempt to steer a fair course as the Mandatory Power for Palestine. And it has not yet found a Pole-star to guide it. For more than two years it has floundered and vacillated from one certainty to another. And the more insistently it has proclaimed its resolution to adhere to a new policy, the more completely it has repudiated that policy at the next turn of the wheel.

Two years ago, in July, 1937, it adopted, precipitately and almost enthusiastically, the report of the Royal Commission, which found that the policy of the Mandate, hitherto repeatedly affirmed, to train Arabs and Jews to self-government in one bi-national State, was unworkable; and that the best solution was to divide Palestine into two sovereign States—Jewish and Arab, with an area between them which would remain under British mandate. It accepted the conclusion of Lord Peel's Commission, that partition of the territory offered the best way to peace between the two contending peoples. Then, after six months, during which the Arabs had risen again in revolt against the proposals, and Arab terrorism stalked once more through the land, the Government had doubts. It sent out a second Commission, described as a technical body, to examine how the principle of partition could be carried out in practice, but tied it with terms of reference which prejudiced any fruitful outcome. The report of that body, published at the end of last year, was critical of the principle, and almost cynical about its application in practice. Their recommendations, if they can be so-called—since the four members produced three different schemes—were a travesty of the main ideas of the Mandate. The Cabinet rejected at once both the practical application proposed by the Commission and the principle recommended by its predecessor and adopted by the Government itself. A

new solution was to be found by a conference of Jews and Arabs under Government auspices; and to this conference there should be invited not only the Arab leaders of Palestine, but the heads of the neighbouring Arab States: and on the Jewish side, representatives of all sections of Jewry. The Government made great preparations for the conference. St. James's Palace, where the Council of the League of Nations had, in 1921, adopted the Mandate document, was to be the place of meeting. Deputations arrived from the Orient, although the most powerful and most sinister influence amongst the Arabs, the late Mufti of Jerusalem, who was an exile in Syria, was excluded. Leading Jews from England, America, Palestine and the continent of Europe were gathered. The Prime Minister welcomed separately the Arab delegations and the Jewish delegations. For weeks the Colonial Secretary and other members of the Government sought to find some basis on which the Jews and Arabs could confer, but they failed utterly to get to the beginning of an agreement. And a conference of Jews and Arabs was not even attempted.

The Government had announced at the outset that, failing an Arab–Jewish agreement, they would formulate their own solution and impose it. A short time after the conference had broken down they announced a new statement of policy in the White Paper of last May. The statement purported to be a fresh interpretation of the Mandate that was no longer allowed to be unworkable. Briefly, the specific proposals were that:

(1) The Mandate should be brought to an end, and Palestine become an independent State, after ten years.

(2) For the next five years Jewish immigration should be limited to a maximum annual quota of 10,000, with an additional 25,000 refugees who should be admitted as soon as the Government were assured that there was provision for their maintenance; and after five years any further immigration should be subject to Arab agreement.

(3) The High Commissioner should have full powers of regulating the transfer of land from Arabs to Jews, either by the prohibition or restriction of transactions in any areas.

(4) Immediate steps should be taken to introduce self-governing institutions, Arabs and Jews being appointed to executive posts in the administration in the proportion of their population, which is

roughly two to one. And, after five years, a conference of Arabs and Jews should be held, under the auspices of the British Administration, to lay down the principles of the constitution.

While the Government professed to be applying the principles of the Mandate, it was clear to all that it was seeking to whittle down its obligations in the Mandate about the Jewish National Home to the barest minimum, without the direct repudiation of its trust. When the statement of policy was discussed in the British Parliament, many of its own supporters, among them those speaking with the greatest authority, roundly charged it with a breach of trust. They included Winston Churchill and Mr. Amery, each of whom as Colonial Secretary in turn was responsible for formulating the Palestine policy.

When, a little later, the statement of policy was brought before the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League at Geneva, for consideration, and the Secretary of State, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, appeared before them himself to justify the new interpretation, it was commonly reported that it had been received with the severest criticism. The report of the Mandates Commission, which was issued in August, showed that the majority of the members, four against three, judged that the policy of the White Paper was not in conformity with the terms of the Mandate, and that, in particular, the British Government would infringe its obligations in respect of immigration, land settlement, and the establishment of the Jewish National Home, if it carried out the new policy.

The majority of the Commission was composed of the Chairman, the Belgian M. Orts, Professor Rappard, the Swiss economist and social philosopher, formerly director of the Mandates Section of the League, Madame Dannevig, the representative of Norway, and M. Van Asbeck, the representative of the Netherlands. The minority consisted of Lord Hankey, the British member, who was sitting on the Commission for the first time, and the representatives of France and Portugal.

The British Government cannot lightly disregard the comments of the Commission as a whole, and of those members who have judged that it is not carrying out fairly its obligations under the mandate. The Chairman stressed the principle that no safeguarding clauses of any treaty or

constitutional provisions would be adequate to afford protection to a minority of an independent country, in which, as in Palestine, a spirit of intolerance reigned. Professor Rappard condemned the White Paper because it was contrary to the essential principle often affirmed at Geneva, that the dual obligations of the mandatory in Palestine, to facilitate the establishment of the Jewish National Home, and to safeguard the rights of the Arabs in Palestine, were equally important. In the White Paper Jewish and Arab interests were not considered on an equal footing as a matter of right. And the policy would place the Jews in Palestine on sufferance.

The Mandates Commission is only an advisory body; and the policy of the White Paper should have come up for consideration by the Council of the League at the meeting in September which was postponed. The Council has been known to modify the advice of the Commission on political grounds; but on this occasion it can hardly brush aside the comments that go to the root of the Mandate trust.

Whatever the finding of the Council, it can be said that the last statement of policy has failed, more completely than that formulated two years ago by the Royal Commission, as a means of ending strife in Palestine. It has proved itself already a fountain of bitter waters. The Administration of Palestine, which for three years, with very short periods of lull, has been contending desperately with an Arab rebellion has had to contend also with Jewish passive resistance and with a sustained effort to evade the restrictions on Jewish immigration. The Zionist Congress, which was held at Geneva in August, registered the unanimous rejection by the Jewish representatives of the policy. And Dr. Weizmann, President of the Jewish Agency, expressed the feeling of the Jewish people when he said:

In this solemn hour I must say that faith has been broken with us. . . . I would be disloyal to my people, disloyal even to the best traditions of Great Britain, faithless to the memory of the men no longer with us in our struggle for justice, if I did not declare from this tribunal, before the whole world, that a great injustice is being done to us. . . . We have not deserved this treatment. On the basis of a British pledge, which we have regarded all these years as sacred, a pledge confirmed by over fifty nations, we have for more than twenty years been rebuilding our National Home. With

the soul of our people for a cornerstone, we have put into it all the best we had to offer—mind, heart, blood, wealth—the 'wealth' of the poorest of the poor. An international obligation to the Jews in regard to a sacred land, undertaken before the whole civilised world, cannot be unilaterally destroyed, least of all by a nation like Great Britain, which has always striven, and still strives, to maintain respect for law, for treaties, for moral principles, in international relations.

The contrast with the feeling at the former Zionist Congress of 1937 was striking. Then the majority of the Jewish representatives accepted the principle of partition to which, at the time, all the Arabs were violently opposed. This year the Jewish representatives universally opposed, while a section of the Arabs was prepared to accept, the principle of the Government's policy.

Jewish feeling has been embittered by the action of the Colonial Secretary in announcing that, on account of the 'illegal' refugee immigrants who were attempting, and often contriving, to enter Palestine without certificates, he had advised the High Commissioner not to issue any schedule of immigration for the next half-year. In other words, legal immigration into Palestine, whether of the normal quota or of refugees, should be stopped as a penalty for the desperate efforts of those driven by brutal persecution from their homes to find an asylum in the Jewish National Home. The famine of justice engenders frenzy! And it seems intolerably hard, not only to Jews, that, in this moment of supreme agony for the Children of Israel, the British Government should at one and the same time exercise all possible measures to prevent the fugitives from landing, and stop those who have been preparing and training for years for life in that country from obtaining the means of legal admission. Some way out of this miserable *impasse* about immigration must be found, and the sooner the better. The Government might do worse than invoke the advice of the Mandates Commission on these points.

The majority of the international body was of the opinion that the power of the High Commissioner to prohibit or regulate transfers of land by Arabs to Jews was in conflict with the article of the Mandate which requires the Administration to encourage close settlement by Jews on the land;

and that proposals about the participation of Arabs and Jews in the Government, involving the political subordination of the Jewish National Home to an Arab majority, were in conflict with the article of the Mandate which prescribes that the Government shall place the country under such political and administrative conditions as will secure the establishment of the Jewish National Home.

It is hoped that the Government may modify in practice the measures which seemed to be contemplated in its statement of policy ; and they may withdraw the threat of obstructing the growth of the National Home by crystallising it in its present development. Again, it would seem intolerably harsh to prevent a landless people from returning to the soil. During the last months the Jewish bodies have continued to buy land from the Arabs with the consent of the Palestine Government authorities. And in its comments on the observations of the Permanent Mandates Commission, the Government does hold out the prospect of a federal State of Palestine divided into autonomous cantons. In this way it may still be able to do justice to both Arab and Jewish aspirations, without violence to the fundamental principles of the Mandate.

There has been some improvement during the last months in the position of public security in the country. The Arab revolt in the hills and the plains, which has been protracted for between three and four years, seems at last to be reaching its end. The terrorist bands, who at one time had a large part of the country in their power, have been driven out by the systematic efforts of the British military and police forces, assisted by Jewish police. It has been something like a war of attrition in which the Arab populace has been the principal victim. For, although it is not enough realised, far more Arabs than Jews and English together have been killed by Arabs. The figures of violent incidents during the last months show a rapid decline. While the monthly average for the year has been 500, it has fallen since June to about 200. The number of murders has declined in the like proportion, from 78 to 24. The Arab peasant and townsman, indeed, must be bitterly weary of the sub-war. He has made great sacrifices for a national cause, and has received harsh retribution from the bands, which included some patriots, but also many 'bad hats.' Palestine has been for over a year

virtually in a state of siege; all movement on the roads rigidly restricted, and extraordinary authority vested in the military commanders. Now life is slowly but surely returning to the normal. Since the White Paper appeared, it is true that a section of Jewish Zealots, encouraged to believe that the British Government was moved only by arguments of violence, has broken the firm self-discipline which the Jewish people, with few exceptions, maintained for three years. But the religious and lay leaders at once set themselves against any policy of retaliation. Dr. Weizmann at the Zionist Congress spoke again for the people when he said: 'We must and shall defend ourselves; we must not punish the innocent. Let us be guided by our own ethics, by our own great traditions, and reject what we consider to be the law of the jungle.'

The lead which the President of the Jewish Agency gave at the Congress was to reject violence, and continue inflexibly with the constructive work in Palestine. While the Jews must oppose the White Paper by all constitutional means, they must at the same time utilise every possibility of building up the country, and still seek, whenever the opportunity came, an agreement with the Arabs. That might not seem a counsel of heroic resistance, and it may not find favour with some sections of the Zionists, but it is the counsel of statesmanship. The Jews have retained their friendship and gratitude to England for her help in building up a National Home. At the same time they will fight the attempt of the British Government, in the discredited cause of appeasement, to whittle away the promise and to treat them as a helpless people to be thrown out as the first ballast in the storm, a Jonah of the nations.

It would, however, be a fundamental mistake to think that all is strife and violence and reaction in Palestine. What is, perhaps, the most striking feature about the development of the country during the last three years is that the building up and strengthening of the Jewish National Home have gone on unbrokenly. The pace has been slower than it was during the three preceding years; but the constructive and creative spirit is not to be crushed by any circumstance.

During these three years fifty new settlements of young Jewish men and women have been planted on the land in all parts of the country, particularly near the frontiers on the

North and on the East; some 30,000 Jews from Germany and Austria have found a home and been integrated into the productive life, tilling the soil, establishing industries, heavy and light, setting new standards in the intellectual and artistic professions. Some 10,000 Jews have been enrolled in the Regular and Special Police, and share with the British forces the maintenance of law and order. A new harbour has been built by the Jewish city of Tel-Aviv, now far the largest town in Palestine, with over 150,000 inhabitants; and the harbour already rivals the historic neighbouring port of Jaffa.

The intellectual and spiritual development of the Jewish Home is as remarkable, and still more significant than the material. The Hebrew University of Jerusalem, rising on Mount Scopus, has become the principal haven of the Jewish mind, exiled from the greater part of Europe. It has 120 members on its academic staff and over 800 students. It comprises now a medical centre with a modern hospital, an institute of research, and a nurses' training home, equal to those of any European or American country. The design and workmanship of the buildings are Jewish; the staff at the Medical Centre and at the Sieff Research Institute, as well as at the Polytechnic College at Haifa, includes some of the finest scientific talent from Europe. And these men will have the opportunity of doing more for science in Palestine, in that atmosphere of regeneration, than if they had remained in Europe. During these same years an orchestra has been formed in Palestine which can hold its own in quality with any, has been conducted by Toscanini and our own Sargent, and plays to audiences which the masters of music declare to be the best in the world. The Music Conservatoire in Jerusalem has grown into an institution of 300 pupils of the different communities. The Jewish people in their own Home are building up schools of the humanities, the sciences and the arts, which show what they can contribute to civilisation.

However hectic and disturbed life may be outwardly, one cannot be in Palestine without being conscious of the working of the spirit of creation. It is the greatest mischief of the Government's statement of policy that it appears to be blind to the larger vision of the policy of the Mandate. It seeks deliberately to put back the clock on the larger issues, and to clip the wings of Jewish imagination and aspiration.

The Jewish question looms to-day insistently on the attention of the world. Three principal answers to that question have been propounded: (1) Enlightenment, so that the Jews may enjoy in dispersion the rights of man without discrimination; (2) Complete assimilation of the Jew to his neighbour, so that he will disappear as a separate race; (3) The re-establishment of the Jewish people in their ancestral home, which would inspire the regeneration everywhere of the scattered Children of Israel. The first solution, which was so hopefully entertained in the nineteenth century, appears to-day a cruel vanity. The second is excluded by the terrifying spread of Nazi ideas, and, moreover, cannot be fulfilled, because a remnant in Israel has an abiding faith in Judaism and an abiding will to live. The third solution remains. And in the less than twenty years which have passed since the Mandate conferred on Great Britain the trust to facilitate the establishment of the National Home, despite immense difficulties it has had a striking fulfilment.

The report of the Permanent Mandates Commission on the White Paper may, it is hoped, recall the British Government to its better self, so that it may continue to carry out fairly the double trust, to the Jews and the Arabs. To that end it must regard the two peoples as having an equal right in the country. And, hard as it seems at the moment, it must persevere in the task of conciliating their national aspirations. Their economic interests, in the opinion of good judges, coincide. What divides them bitterly to-day is that national frenzy which threatens the Western as well as the Eastern civilisation. No formula, and it may be no policy, can bring at once peace in Palestine. But the cardinal points of the solution are that Palestine must be a bi-national country: that it must remain open continuously to Jewish immigration, subject to safeguards that the Jews shall not dispossess the Arab of the land or swamp them: that the Jews and the Arabs shall be encouraged to develop self-government in their own areas and in the whole country, and when the Mandate comes to an end, to co-operate in a federal system: and, lastly, that the Government meantime shall take active and determined measures to raise the economic and social conditions of the Arab populace, so that they may have their full share in the revival of a country which is again to-day, as it

was in the past, a meeting place of peoples, communications and civilisations.

Significantly, Dr. Weizmann, at the conclusion of the Zionist Congress, pledged the support of the Jewish people for the cause of the Western democracies; and a few days later one of the Arab nationalist leaders of Palestine and one of their principal journals declared that the Arabs would be allied with England in the struggle. Moreover, one of the resolutions of the Zionist Congress reaffirmed the resolve of the Jewish people to establish relations of mutual goodwill and co-operation with the Arabs of Palestine and the neighbouring Arab countries, and directed the appointment of a committee to study Jewish-Arab relations in the political, economic, social and cultural fields. The fear of war is a forcible teacher. We may hope to get back to that clearer atmosphere of twenty years ago, when Jewish and Arab leaders negotiated together for the mutual recognition of their national aspirations. Common danger may bring together, as common interests have failed to bring together, the three peoples whose destiny has been bound up in Palestine since the last war: the Jews, the Arabs and the English.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

P.S.

September, 1939.

This article was written before the outbreak of the war. Now the policy in Palestine, like most other problems, lies on the knees of the gods. But the war has already had the effect of bringing both Jews and Arabs to sink their differences with the English. It should help to make them sink their differences with each other; and it should prepare the way for the federation of the Middle-Eastern countries in which Jews may fruitfully co-operate with Arabs.

MASARYK

1850–1937

SEPTEMBER 14th, 1939, was the second anniversary of the death of Thomas Masaryk. A few days will bring the first anniversary of the breaking of the republic he created. He was a man of strong religious faith; and he died, as did Czechoslovakia, in the same hope of resurrection.

Masaryk was the son of peasant parents; a true Czechoslovak, for his father was a Slovak and his mother a Czech, while much of his education was German. He was taught a blacksmith's trade but somehow managed to save and to study till he could support himself first at the Latin school and then at the University of Vienna. In 1882, when the Czechs at last acquired a university of their own through the division of the Charles University at Prague into separate Czech and German institutions, Masaryk was summoned from Vienna to be their first Professor of Philosophy. Far from restricting himself to academic activity he was already involved in political work; indeed it was characteristic of this remarkable man that he combined logical, analytical thought and deep religious feeling with a great political career. Religion, to his mind, determined the relation of man to society; he could therefore be—in his own words—'by nature, and fundamentally, a man of politics.' 'Religiousness,' he said later, 'is a special state of truthfulness.' From this he went on to champion toleration—'not toleration arising from religious indifference, but a positive toleration: everybody to hold his own, to have his conviction but to respect the true convictions of others.'

'Truth prevails' is the national motto of the Czechs, and Masaryk's political achievements before 1914 were mainly in the service of truth. So early as 1876 he founded a group of 'Realists' to curb the fanciful chauvinistic nationalism of

some of his countrymen at the time. Czech patriotism, Masaryk insisted, should be realist, not only in the sense of accepting practical possibility, but also in a scrupulous emphasis upon truth.

In the course of unearthing Czech national records in the early nineteenth century, faked documents had occasionally been accepted. One forgery in particular had deceived even Palacky, the greatest historian of the nation. It required considerable moral courage to insist, as Masaryk did, that no patriotism can justify the use of false evidence; but he faced unpopularity, and his view was gradually accepted by his people. In 1909 he fought a magnificent fight against the Austro-Hungarian authorities in the Zagreb Treason Trial when he was able to demonstrate that the documents used by Professor Friedjung (for which the Vienna Foreign Office was indirectly responsible) to incriminate the Serbo-Croat defendants were forgeries.

Up to 1914 Masaryk believed in the possibility of a federation of free peoples within the old Austrian State; he warned his countrymen against Pan-Slav fantasies and Russian obscurantism, and worked for the political principles of the West. In the summer of 1914 he abandoned the Austrian idea and decided to work for an independent Czechoslovakia; in order to do so he left Austria for good before the end of the year to plead the Czech cause (in conjunction with his ex-pupil, Edvard Benes) in England, in France, America and Russia. Through his American wife he was perhaps in closest touch with American feeling, and when, in April, 1917, the United States joined the Allies against the Central Powers, Masaryk's hopes seemed to be nearing fulfilment. A month later the elderly professor turned soldier and went to organise the Czech legionaries in Russia. By Christmas, 1918, he was back in Prague, hailed as national saviour and President to be of Czechoslovakia.

The new republic counted between 13,000,000 and 14,000,000 citizens: it united the closely related Czechs and Slovaks; it also contained over 3,000,000 Germans together with 750,000 Magyars and 500,000 Ruthenes. Masaryk appreciated the difficulties involved, but he also appreciated the possibilities. He was proud to be able to say: 'Our republic is not only varied with respect to nationalities but

also with respect to religion,' and he did much to persuade some of the Sudeten Germans to come into the Cabinet in 1926. He naturally concerned himself particularly with the problems of small nations. 'Big states and nations,' he once remarked, 'are cosmopolitan through their own power and size; the smaller nations must be cosmopolitan just because of their relative smallness and weakness.'

Above all Masaryk believed in democracy as a great political aim. The Czechs as a whole believe their *raison d'être* to be the combating of German imperialism. In contrast with the German exaltation of force, the Czechs hold that not only truth, but justice will prevail. To German insistence on the inequality of men and races and the necessity for the German *Herrenvolk* to rule the Slavs, the Czechs reply that this is only a camouflaged claim for the right of the strong to coerce the weak. In the revolt of the Hussites against Papacy and Empire in the fifteenth century, as in the Czech struggle for democratic rights in the caste-ridden Austro-Hungarian Empire, the Czechs find the meaning of their nationality, and Thomas Masaryk in their eyes was the true heir to John Hus.

The degree to which genuine democracy was realised in the Czechoslovak republic is remarkable. Yet Masaryk, convinced democrat that he was, had great patience: he insisted that democracy must be of slow growth, above all in Central Europe, where it had barely existed before 1918. When people showed impatience at its defects, eagerness to try other political experiments, he would say: 'It is not a question of "no longer" but of "not yet."' These words of his are the consolation of the Czechs to-day.

To be privileged to meet Thomas Masaryk in the later days of his life was to ask oneself which was the more extraordinary—his crystal-clear integrity or his disarming humility. It is not often that saints become rulers. The much-abused Treaty of Versailles provided Europe with nearly twenty years' holiday from the harsh dictation of Germany and gave Masaryk the political authority he might otherwise never have exercised. It was the pride of the Czechs and Slovaks to have had him as the head of their State from the day of its birth, and their sorrow that he was already all but seventy when elected to be President. Late in 1935 he resigned,

after sixteen years of office, and two years later he died, in his eighty-eighth year. Though the authorities of Prague begged the peasants to stay in their villages—since the ancient streets of the city made the funeral procession difficult to organise—the people crowded in from far and near to pay their free and simple homage to Thomas Masaryk, perhaps the most civilised man twentieth-century Europe has known.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN.

WAR AND THE CATHOLIC CONSCIENCE

The reports of the first Tribunals to hear claims of conscience under the Military Training Act show that the subject has been discussed with a placidity that was entirely lacking when the same questions were under review something over a score of years ago. With the outbreak of war, conditions are materially altered, and it may be assumed that the atmosphere will again be changed. Tribunals will probably be impatient of the peculiar type of conscience which forbids its possessor to serve in the fighting line but permits him to work for wages in a munitions factory. The present may be an appropriate moment for considering some of the problems in the light of the experience of the Great War.

The 'conscience clause' in the Military Service Act of 1916 was very English. The adoption of conscription was a break with our traditions and among the grounds of appeal for exemption was included 'a conscientious objection to the undertaking of combatant service.' Public opinion as a whole approved of this provision. It was known that there was a small but sincere section of the population with the conviction that it is never permissible to take part in war. The instinctive respect for conscience made it repugnant to attempt to force such people to fight, and common sense added that it would not assist the prosecution of the war to turn good citizens into bad soldiers. The class of persons contemplated was associated in the public mind with the Society of Friends, and the objection was thought of as religious. Few people would have been willing to extend the exemption to include those who with no objection to war *per se*, objected on political grounds to the particular war in which they were called upon to engage. To do so would be by implication to give any minority the right to resist laws

of which it disapproved and to make government impossible. Clause 2 (3) of the original Act ran:

> Any certificate of exemption may be absolute, conditional or temporary, as the authority by whom it was granted think best suited to the case, and, also, in the case of exemption on conscientious grounds, may take the form of exemption from combatant service only, or may be conditional on the applicant being engaged on some work which in the opinion of the Tribunal dealing with the case is of national importance.

This was usually interpreted by Tribunals to mean that the power to grant absolute exemption did not apply to 'conscience' cases, and this was not an unreasonable rendering. Mr. Justice Darling and Mr. Justice Lawrence agreed in upholding it, but Mr. Justice Avory dissented. It soon became apparent, however, that the problem which the legislature was attempting to solve by the simple machinery of the conscience clause was much more complicated than it looked. There was something to be said on grounds of logic for the 'absolutists' who held that if they did any work which made it easier for the State to conduct war they were effectively taking part. This contention gained the day, not, needless to say, because it was logical, but because its advocates made themselves a nuisance. Parliament, therefore decreed in May, 1916, that absolute exemption might be granted on conscientious grounds.

But the difficulties of the clause went deeper than this. How is a Tribunal to decide the subjective sincerity of a conscientious objection? The Catholic Church does not attempt to do so in the Confessional. *Ecclesia non judicat de internis*. The late Principal J. W. Graham, in his book *Conscription and Conscience*, describes the task set the Tribunals as 'the most extraordinary attempt to exercise spiritual insight ever handed over to bodies of amateurs.' We are not quite clear how the distinction between amateurs and others in such a matter is made from the Quaker standpoint, but the general criticism is sound that the Tribunals were set a task in which they were bound to fail.

Mr. Joynson-Hicks (later Lord Brentford) attempted to settle the problem on common-sense lines by restricting the exemption to those who on August 15th, 1914, were members

of the Society of Friends or some other religious body which included an objection to all war among its religious tenets. In a situation which is not susceptible of completely logical or equitable treatment, this would probably be the best solution. It was rejected in a debate in the House of Commons on January 19th, 1916, when Mr. Bonar Law, on behalf of the Government, made a speech which may be taken as representative of the attitude of most people at the time.

> So far as I can judge [he said] there are two main objects which those who are pressing the views of the conscientious objectors have. One is to make a simple declaration of conscientious objection sufficient. That would be contrary to the whole spirit of the Bill. In no circumstances could the Government accept that amendment. The other is to exclude them not only from the combatant forces but from any form of military service. The Government cannot accept that either.

Mr. Bonar Law's second position, as we have seen, had to be abandoned, and, while the objections to accepting a simple declaration are obvious enough, it is not at all clear that the proposal of Mr. Joynson-Hicks would not have been far better in practice than setting the Military Tribunals the impossible task of examining consciences.

In practice these bodies were mainly occupied with people whose position was never contemplated by the framers of the legislation. The most complete statistical analysis of 'conscience cases' in the Great War has been made by Principal Graham in the book already quoted. He puts 'the number of genuine conscientious objectors who faced the Tribunals or otherwise refused to join in the war' at 16,100. Dividing these into 'religious' and 'political' objectors, he gives the opinion that 'there were, roughly, three purely political or moral objectors to one purely religious objector.'

Approaching the question from a standpoint far removed from that of Principal Graham, we are compelled to share his conclusion that the story of the conscientious objectors and their treatment in the Great War is a sorry one. We should not like to see it repeated. There can be little doubt, however, that in a new war the problem will present itself on a larger scale. Pacifist agitation of various kinds has

been conducted far more intensely in recent years than it was before 1914, and the Tribunals may find themselves faced with the members of a number of new unions and societies. The task of identifying a genuine conscientious objection would, we believe, break down more lamentably than it did before. It is probable that in these circumstances the wisest plan would be frankly to restrict exemption to those who, before a selected date, had given evidence of such objection. It would probably be consistent with present-day ways of thinking to divorce the conception of religion from any association with theology and to accept such organisations as the No-Conscription Fellowship and the Peace Pledge Union for this purpose.

This raises the question of the tradition of the different religious bodies on the subject of war. The Society of Friends, Christadelphians and Pillar of Fire have an unmistakable doctrine on the subject. The position of Plymouth Brethren is not so clear, but it would probably be expedient to exempt any Plymouth Brother who professed an objection. Anglican comprehensiveness, whether we regard it as a strength or weakness of the Established Church, makes it always difficult to generalise about its members. It is, however, relevant to point out that every beneficed clergyman of the Church of England has declared his acceptance of the 37th Article, which states : 'It is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the Magistrate, to wear weapons and serve in the wars.' This makes it somewhat difficult to understand the attitude of an Anglican clergyman who encourages resistance to the civil authorities in the matter. The Free Churches present the greatest difficulty. Their tradition of individualism makes it legitimate for any member to form his own judgment and the question here becomes one of political expediency. The proposal of Mr. Joynson-Hicks would result in the persecution of some genuine conscientious objectors, but the total harm might be less than that of laying an impossible task on Tribunals. Possibly we are faced here with one of the unavoidable practical antinomies. It may be the duty of the individual to resist and of the State to punish.

What of the Roman Catholic Church ? The traditional teaching is clear on both the questions involved—on the

obligation of obedience to the Civil authority in all matters in which its commands do not clearly involve disobedience to divine law, and on the question of the legitimacy of war. A legitimately constituted Civil authority—whether Republican or Monarchist, democratic or autocratic—is, for the Catholic, the representative on earth of God, 'of Whom all paternity in heaven and earth is named.' Its authority is binding in the secular sphere as is that of the Church in the religious. If it issues a command the presumption is that it must be obeyed and that presumption may be rebutted only by clear evidence that its order is contrary to the law of God.

A State command to perform an act evil in itself should, of course, be resisted. The Catholic, unlike the Quaker, agrees with the Church of England, that participation in war is not such an act. War, as might be expected of an activity almost as old as the race, has been studied very minutely by Catholic theologians, who are agreed that it is licit to take part in a just war and obligatory to do so if commanded by a competent authority.

The requirement that a war shall be just is implicit in its character as an act of vindicative justice. A State which is claiming the right to punish another can only do so if it enjoys a position of superiority and this, where two sovereign States are in question, can arise only from the other having incurred a *debitum* by an act of injustice. Defensive war is a natural right, standing in no need of justification, but offensive war must be the punishment of a wrong if it is not to be mere aggression. Wars are distinguished according to their origin, as defensive or offensive, their motives, as just or unjust, and their conditions as civilised or barbarous.

Five conditions are commonly laid down as necessary for the legitimacy of an offensive war. It must be (1) decreed by legitimate authority; (2) for a righteous cause; (3) with a right intention; (4) conducted by legitimate methods; (5) as the only means of redressing the wrong.

Much might be written under each of these heads, but the question with which we are here concerned is that of the obligation on the individual to obey the commands of authority and the conditions in which he may refuse. The responsibility of declaring war rests, as we have seen, on the competent authority, and the degrees of obligation of that

authority and of the conscript respectively are stated very clearly by a contemporary Catholic writer, the Rev. Henri Gigon:

> For a State to have the right to declare war, it is not enough to have suspicion, or even a probability of the injustice committed; it is necessary to be certain. The degree of certitude and the obligation to act on it will vary according to the parties. The leaders are bound to have a certainty beyond all doubt; *the soldier is bound to take part in the war unless he is certain of the injustice of his country.*[1]

The Dominican theologian, Dom. M. Prümmer, discussing the same point, lays it down that in countries which have adopted conscription it is not for serving soldiers or subordinate persons to decide on the legitimacy of a war since it is impossible for them to know all the facts and motives involved.[2] A Catholic who urged that it was the duty of each citizen to decide on the evidence available to him whether the Government was justified in declaring war would be advancing a novel doctrine and by implication condemning the consensus of Catholic teaching and practice in the past. The presumption that a Catholic is not entitled to plead conscientious objection is as strong as that in favour of a Quaker who does so.

Until recently this would have appeared uncontroversial, but in these days of intellectual curiosities a strange form of Catholic pacifism has made its appearance. Some time ago a body called the Pax Society was established in London. It is not a Catholic organisation but, according to its own description, 'an undenominational association whose opposition to war is based on traditional Christian principles, as set out by theologians of the Roman Catholic Church.' The plain man will ask why those who do not accept the claims of that Church should be expected to look to her theologians for a statement of 'traditional Christian principles' on the special subject of war. A study of the pamphlets shows that the results of this curious investigation partake of the eccen-

[1] *Le Principe du Droit de Guerre* (Paris, 1932), p. 57.

[2] 'Nostris temporibus et in nostris regionibus iam non pertinet ad milites simplices aut officiales inferiores judicare de liceitate aut illiceitate belli; est enim prorsus impossibile pro homine private cognoscere omnia motiva, quæ sic dictam Diplomatiam nationalem ad bellum incohandum induxerunt.' (*Manuale Theologia Moralis*, tom. II, p. 125.)

tricity of its origin. The writers, Catholic and non-Catholic, advance an ingenious argument. Granted their starting-point, they can hardly say that the Catholic witness and practice have been wrong in the past. They argue, therefore, that modern war is essentially different from war in the past, so that it is impossible at present for all the five necessary conditions to be fulfilled. On closer investigation, of course, this argument—which a dialectical materialist might adopt as an example of the development of quantity into quality—turns entirely on the question of method. Nobody denies the possibility of legitimate authority, a just cause, a right motive, or the lack of peaceful means of redress. The claim is that the modern instruments of war are essentially immoral. To this some add that contemporary warfare must involve un-Christian hate.

The last point may be quickly dismissed. There is no evidence whatever that the temptation to *odium inimicitiæ* which is condemned by Christian morals, as distinct from the permissible *odium abominationis* is any stronger to-day than at earlier times. It is probable that with the more general study of psychology it is reduced. The other contention makes a stronger appeal. All new weapons have been condemned as intrinsically immoral. The new instruments of war involve a greater destruction of the lives of those who are not soldiers. This, however, on some scale, has always been inherent in warfare, 'And many a childing mother then, and new-born baby died.' Blockade is one of the oldest instruments of combat.

What precisely does Catholic theology condemn in the methods of warfare? Vittoria lays it down, in his *De Jure Belli*, that it is never permissible in itself, and by direct intention, to kill the innocent. (*Fundamentum justi belli est injuria. Sed injuria non est ab innocente. Ergo non licet bello uti contra illum.*) The definition of the innocent is not altogether easy. It certainly should not cover all those who are not enrolled in the military forces. 'I would submit,' said General Sir George Macdonogh, addressing the International Law Association at Amsterdam last year, 'that the civilian who makes munitions, who produces coal from the mines, who produces iron ore from the mines, who is in charge of oil installations, who is in charge of transport, is just as important

from the military point of view as a man in the fighting line.' Undoubtedly, however, in modern war as in ancient war, a number of people who are, by any definition, innocent, will be killed. The plea for a fundamental change in the moral character of war rests on the assumption that this killing takes place *directa intentione* and that it is implicit in the nature of modern war that it should.

Countenance is given to this idea by the emphasis on 'frightfulness' in well-intentioned speeches designed to show the horrors of war. There is undoubtedly a great deal of exaggeration on this point. General staffs with munition works, railway lines and other legitimate objects of attack before them are hardly likely, on the narrowest ground of expediency, to divert much energy to deliberate baby-killing. Experience shows that frightfulness does not pay, for, except in dealing with primitive peoples, it only stiffens resistance. The Spanish Civil War was as fierce as any contemporary contest is likely to be, and the report of Dr. Emilio Mira on the air-raid experiences is illuminating.[3] As Chief Psychiatric Inspector to the Republican Forces, Dr. Mira would have no prepossession in favour of understating the savagery on the other side. His conclusion is that 'what the average English reader has been told about the facts of bombardment in the crowded cities of Spain is exaggerated.' His figures show that the number of people killed in 250 air raids in Barcelona was 'almost identical with the number of deaths caused by street accidents (mainly car accidents) in the city during the same period of time (thirty months).' This can hardly be reconciled with a theory of direct assaults on the civil population and it may be assumed that the raid fatalities, like the car fatalities, were *per accidens*.

A situation is conceivable, as it always has been, in which a soldier might be ordered to commit a clearly immoral act. He might, for example, be asked to bomb an orphanage. In that case, any moralist will agree, his duty would be to refuse. It is a curiously confused argument, however, that a legitimate command may be refused to-day because an illegitimate one may be given to-morrow. Only one conclusion can be drawn from the writings of the coterie of Catholic pacifists. They would like to quarrel with the

[3] *British Medical Journal*, June 17, 1939.

Catholic tradition on the subject of war and can avoid the appearance of doing so only by the argument of a fundamental change in the character of war itself. It is an ingenious application to theology of the *rebus sic stantibus* principle which some statesmen have found so useful in dealing with treaties. It would be unfortunate if a few very unrepresentative utterances created the impression that Catholicism and 'conscientious objection' will be found any more compatible in the present war than they have been in the past.

The late Bishop Hedley, of Newport, in his Advent Pastoral in 1914, wrote to his flock of the special duties of a time of war.

> First [he said] there is our duty to our country. . . . If there were a law of Conscription, all whom such a law affected would be bound to obey it. . . . The country is in grave danger and anyone who neglects to help when he can help, violates the cardinal precept of justice, and is, to a greater or lesser degree, guilty in the sight of God.

Cardinal Hinsley's pastoral letter on the present war is equally clear on the duty of service at the command of 'our King and his counsellors, our lawful rulers.'

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

COMMENTARY

August 31st

TO-DAY, in this hot, tired city, we are like patients waiting for an operation. For years we have suffered from a disease known variously as 'the crisis' and 'the situation,' and for years we have tried to cure it with drugs and purges, with patent medicines and artificial sunlight; but now, it seems, there is nothing for it but the surgeon's knife; and as hourly bulletins announcing our condition appear at the street corner, we review our case complainingly: such and such a treatment, we say, only made the thing worse, as we said it would; it ought to have been properly diagnosed at the start; we were wrong to trust that old general practitioner instead of getting in a specialist, and so on.

Our complaints have a rhetorical sound; but they pass the time, for to-day the bulletins provide little for us to argue about. Mystery men arrive in aeroplanes from Germany, and are rushed off in cars to secret destinations; a Herr Schmidt comes and goes, nobody knows why; there is a sort of Phillips Oppenheim atmosphere. I ask a journalist what Fleet Street thinks about it all, and he says firmly: 'No war,' which is, of course, a bad sign, like an official prophecy of the millenium. At six o'clock Fleet Street, whatever its views, is obliged to issue a bulletin which reads: FLEET MOBILISED, and at nine o'clock plans are broadcast for the evacuation of children and the calling up of Reservists. At ten we learn that Germany has broadcast sixteen demands as a basis for settling her 'dispute' with Poland, and the first is for the unconditional return of Danzig.

It is a mild, moonlit night, as I go out to call on a friend, whose refugee maid opens the door and asks in a whisper: '*Ist Krieg?*' I shake my head: no, it isn't *Krieg* yet. Fortunately we don't understand one another well enough to converse about it.

* * * * *

September 1st

A thundery, glaring sort of day. The lane of news-bills through which my 'bus takes me to work is one long reiteration: POLAND INVADED—POLAND INVADED—POLAND INVADED. Walking through Coventry Street, I pass a little troop of school children, kitbags slung on their backs, on their way to some place where they shall be safe from the grown-ups. It is a straggling procession, not yet very good at marching; and as it turns a corner, by a news-bill which reads I WILL GIVE THE POLES A LESSON—Hitler, one feels that the future goes with it, into hibernation, as it were.

Farther down the street there is an exhibition of frayed nerves. A young man is shouting at an old man: 'I don't care who you are. My wife's frightened enough as it is, without you frightening her, dashing up in your bloody car. What? Well, I'm in a hurry too. I don't care who you are. I'm just leaving to join my regiment. X is my name. Private X. Here, you can look at my papers. What? Well, I don't care whether it's of interest to you or not, and I don't care who you are either . . .'

Towards evening a news-van darts through the streets displaying another page of our miserable history. FRANCE AND BRITAIN MOBILISE, it says.

At nine o'clock I grope my way out of a restaurant and stand on the kerbstone, unable to see anything whatever. As I wait for the development of some cat's faculty to guide me to a 'bus stop I recall that in my last Commentary I complained that London's vehicles were too brightly lit. I withdraw the charge. A 'bus is now two rat's eyes, a tram is two eyes and a nose, and entering either is an act of faith. The present blackout in the West End would, I think, have satisfied even that expert James Thomson, who provides me with a quotation as I advance, by a sort of dead reckoning, towards a hypothetical 'bus stop.

> The city was of night, perhaps of death,
> But certainly of night . . .

There is no doubt about it.

* * * * *

September 3rd

Provisionally an A.R.P. Warden in the borough where I live, I had been out most of the night and did not get up till

after eleven this morning. The headlines in my Sunday newspaper referred to the Government's delay in coming to a decision about Germany. I turned on my wireless set and listened sleepily to a voice announcing that from now on cinemas and theatres would be closed. I began to attend to this voice, for now it was describing with some urgency the two sounds made by an air-raid siren. Not quite awake, I impressed on myself that this was important, that next time the sirens went off it would be the real thing; and at that moment the sirens wailed upwards distractedly and drooped and rose in that horrible cadence which the Home Office describes as 'warbling.' I looked out of the window; people were running to and fro in the square. Well, here it was: *Krieg*.

Earlier risers had the advantage of me; they had had breakfast and had known for perhaps half an hour that we were at war; they had made the transition from discussing and imagining the thing to the thing itself, they had accepted the nightmare as true; but I confess that, required to make these adjustments in a moment and before breakfast, I was at a loss. It did not occur to me that the warning might imply an enemy squadron over Brighton or Holland. The noise of the sirens seemed to me the apprehensive wail of a neighbourhood already aware of the descending bomb; and I thought vaguely of getting my gas mask, remembered vaguely that it was a good thing to plug one's ears with cotton wool, and ended by standing vaguely at the window, cancelled out. Nothing happened. It was a lovely, sunlit day; the barrage balloons glittered in the blue sky; the trees stirred lazily in the empty square. As I woke up, beginning to feel foolish, the 'all clear' sustained its comforting note. My wireless set, left on, repeated the announcement I should have heard an hour earlier: 'Since eleven o'clock this morning Britain has been at war with Germany.'

* * * * *

On my way down to Piccadilly I become aware, with each mounting whine of the 'bus engine, of a new conditioned reflex at work in my diaphragm, a reflex to wails and warblings, not yet adjusted to the official note. Other passengers, it seems, are developing a reflex too. As the engine whines

upwards, I notice a general tendency to frown and fidget a little. No doubt we shall become more discriminating.

* * * * *

At midnight I put on a yellow oilskin suit, a pair of rubber knee-boots and a steel hat. With a respirator and whistle hung round my neck, a torch in one hand and a rattle in the other, looking like some Wellsian Nemesis, I step out on my 'sector.' My instructions are to see that all windows are blacked out, and my sector is a troublesome one because it includes an enormous tenement. Blacking out a tenement is a laborious job. You find, say, a window ablaze on the seventh floor. There are two possible methods of dealing with it. You can shout up at it and hope that a head will emerge for correction; but it is likelier that half a dozen heads will come poking round the blinds of half a dozen windows on other floors, and there will be a chorus of: 'Is it mine, chum?' Probably no head will appear at the lighted window; but the other six will shout down asking you which window it is, and by the time you have explained its position, and six people have argued about it, the light will probably have gone out. The second method is to memorise the position of the window, make a detour round into the labyrinth of courtyards, and try to locate it from inside. This involves a great deal of stair-climbing, hesitation, knocking and embarrassment; but fortunately the tenants are as a rule unresentful and charming about it, even when you disturb the wrong household.

To-night I spend an hour on the tenement; and having dealt with a plague of chinks, and a Venetian blind like a lighthouse on the sixth floor, I clump round the easier streets, the three-storey houses where you can put lights out by shouting at them; but when I return to the tenement I find that, like a neglected rash, light has broken out again where I had supposed it cured. Another hour passes in groping exploration; and at length I stand in a neighbourhood reduced to total blackness, and I glower at it, I dare it to show another light.

Actually, the worst period is over; everyone is in bed now; and in the absolute dark I become aware of the noises of a sleeping district: the breathings and grunts, the groaning and snoring; it is like a cattle-show. Here and there is the

sound of vomiting, and from a black basement somewhere a woman's voice rises in shrill anger: 'All right, well just you leave me alone. That's all I say, you leave me alone. . . .'

Suffering a little from Warden's Feet, I find my way to a heap of sandbags and sit down with some fellow-Wardens and a fireman. The moon rises, and I hear this dialogue:

'Phœbe's up.'

'What do you mean, Phœbe's up?'

'The moon's up. Phœbe.'

'But why Phœbe?'

'O I dunno. It was an expression they had in the last war. Phœbe's up, they said.'

Another man, an exponent of our most indelicate adjective, comments on the chances of an air-raid. He says: 'Jerry won't find it as easy as last time, 'e won't. W'y, I remember in the last war, I was living down Crystal Palace way; out in the garden I was, along with my old mother, and I looks up and I sees the whole —— sky full of —— aeroplanes. Look up, mother, I says, look at all our —— aeroplanes; w'y, I says, those —— Germans ain't got a —— chance; and then —— me if they didn't start dropping their —— bombs. They was —— Germans!' It would be different now, he said. 'Coo, I wouldn't like to be a —— pilot up among all those —— balloons. Not —— likely.'

A long whistle sounds from somewhere near the Town Hall. We listen, and then we jump up; the air is suddenly full of wailing. We run out into the loud darkness blowing our whistles, and it is a relief to be able to do this, to make a lot of noise yourself. As I pass the tenement a man leans out of a window and shouts: 'Shut up that bloody noise there, can't you! There's people trying to sleep in 'ere.' He slams down the window; he is very angry. I have been told to see that people get safely into a shelter, and I arrive at the entrance to find a cool, unhurried procession: girls in overcoats and pyjamas, old women tottering on sticks ('Just tell me where the step is, mister. Thank you, thank you.'). There is no panic, no excitement even. Here and there a woman carries a rolled blanket, and from the top of the roll emerges a small, downy head the size of a coconut. At length everyone is in the shelter—half the neighbourhood has stayed in bed, it seems. A few men stand outside, smoking

and looking at the sky. I ask them if they don't want to go in too, and one of them says: 'We want to see if the old —— gets through.'

There is no sign of the old ——, but now there is a certain confusion. Somebody with an armlet goes by on a bicycle and says: 'All clear, chum.' Somebody else shouts: 'No, no, stay where you are.' Somebody says somebody heard on the wireless it was all clear. The sirens reflect this uncertainty, for some warble on the left, while others sustain an all clear note on the right. We stand in a conflict of reflexes, like dogs in one of Pavlov's unkinder experiments; but at length the all clear sounds unmistakably. People emerge sleepily from the shelter and go home.

Now the rumours come thick: the Germans got through to Coventry, were driven back at Brighton, were shot down, dropped bombs on Ramsgate; somebody in the next borough had heard the guns, and so on. I set out on another round. Little groups gather in doorways for a time, talking it over; but soon the neighbourhood settles down to sleep. About four o'clock, alarm clocks begin to go off in the tenement, and lights to go on. I tramp up the stairs, feeling both tired and tiresome.

Dawn, which no Warden can prohibit, lights me to my house. As I go in—an outlandish figure in my steel hat, yellow oilskins and knee-boots, clutching my rattle—my cat sits and looks at me coldly, and I feel embarrassed on behalf of the lords of creation. It is not easy for us to live up to our animals just now.

* * * * *

September 16th

'Now,' says our A.R.P. lecturer, 'I want you to gather round and take a sniff of this. This is phosgene, and we have to be careful with it.' He breaks a little phial the size of a toothpick on the table and we gather round. 'Take a sniff,' he says, 'but don't sniff too hard. It's nasty stuff, this.' We lean forward, sniffing cautiously. 'D'you get it?' says the lecturer. 'What does it smell of?' 'Musty hay,' we answer, because that is the official description; but it seems to me a subtler smell than that, sweetish and tingling. I let it go as musty hay, however, and blow my nose; I don't care for it.

We have already sniffed mustard gas, and argued about its ambiguous smell—mustard, onions or garlic—a sort of Soho smell; and one man has insisted obscurely that 'it smells like canker: you know, like when you hold a penny in your hand for a while.' Now, last of all, we sniff the earthy geraniums of Lewisite, about which there is no argument; and we go out into the hot afternoon with the smell of several sorts of destruction in our nostrils.

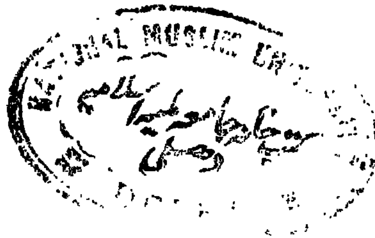
As we turn the corner, we read on a news-bill: NO GAS WAR: HITLER'S PLEDGE, and this depresses us. If only he could have been prevented from giving his pledge! But now Herr Hitler has a pledge to break, and I'm afraid our noses will have a lot to contend with in the near future.

* * * * *

Two popular tunes accompanied the last dragging days of crisis this summer—*Deep Purple* and *One Day When We Were Young*—but the war itself arrived, ironically, to the tune of *Boomps-a-Daisy*; a pleasant tune, which will have wretched associations for those of us who survive to remember it.

Time is so headlong now that already the tunes of 1939 seem dated and remote—pre-war. And *The Lambeth Walk* is, of course, a period piece. It was popular—do you remember?—in 1938, in the days of the Czech Republic.

ALEX GLENDINNING.



POEM

THE CRISIS

THE argument that in myself proceeds,
Between the many demons and their breeds
Of doubt, makes me a world. My God must hear.
And if there be no God but my own fear,
Let fear be witness, I am now at stake.
Time has engendered all, and dead-awake,
I hold both dream and meaning. I am law
Stealing the paradox by which the awe
Of guilt is overcome ; and I am chance,
That jigs the universe to a devil's dance.
Last night, against the monstrous shapes of thought
That call the sleeper to his act of trust,
Mosquitoes made a pattern for the lust
That lies in that last moment. I was sought
By those foul eyelashed eyes (for so they seemed),
As if the earth's ingredients in me schemed
To burst my blood and make me various ;
While at the centre, like a spider clung
My soul, but now entangled in its dung.
The dark was cicatriced with wounds, and pus
Fell with the blood like impure tears ; and dumb
My mouth that had no word for God but doubt.
If I had forgotten, all were out,
And I at least made total—free or bound.
But I had reason still, and all around
The knowledge of the aery universe
Burning with fruit and stars. I had come
To Hell, where limb denying limb, desire
Makes this its food, then that, and all must tire.
At last I slept and dreamed, and it was good
In that adventure of my solitude.

But on awakening I remembered most
The messengers of evil, and was lost
More terribly in day than in that night.
Within, the night was purged not, and the day
Was still unfolded ; but the morning-light
Revealed the horror of my slothful flesh.
And I could feel again the restlessness
Of disbelief even in disbelief.
I went towards the waters, and my clay
Held wild communion with its own distress.
God intervened not, even in my grief
God was not God-away. I watched the mesh
Hold-up the writhing fish. I cried for power
To see the sky and river in such hour
When dying we become the hope of dying
And find ourselves perhaps in that last crying.
I cried in vain. The leaves rolled down on me
And blinded this brief summer ; and no tree
Could comfort me with shadow.
Now I try
In the long yellow afternoon to cry
Against my God, deny Him, summon Him,
Make this a battle, be, in one defeat,
The suicide of reason, and complete
The death that swarms its discourse through my brain.
The signs are all against me ; for I gain
No love, I draw no innocence from Time.
He will not lean towards me, will not deign
To make the mystery certain. What's my crime ?
Am I too much myself, too much my rhyme,
Too much the poppy painted passion's hue,
Too much the dreamer by the windowsill,
Too much the earth that needs me ? Be my will
And I shall prove You in all things I do !
I am defeated. Am I yet Your own ?
Ah, blasphemy and blasphemy !
Unknown
Your God (perhaps no God of yours)
For all the ever of your earthbound time,
And now, perhaps, for ever. Day is dim
For you and all your fellows. From the sky

Fall the great thunderbolts, and the brimstone pours
Along your evil cities.
Ah! Who spoke,
Who spoke the words of doom? For I could die
Loving my doom, if only I awoke
Where all the possible beauty of the world
And all impossible love round Heaven whirled,
And vouchsafed my purged senses in the pit,
Infinitely small and infinitely far;
If only I awoke where now I sit
As dead in darkness as the deadest star.

L. AARONSON.

Les Andelys.

MR. SHAW'S 'GENEVA'[1]

BRUSHING aside the cynic's suggestion that the best and brightest way of reviewing *Geneva* would be to say that 'the illustrations are quite good,' one must agree that the subject-matter of this, the latest of Mr. Shaw's plays to be presented to the public in book form, has already, by the inexorable logic of events, been relegated to the now dim and historic past. Since *Geneva* was conceived, still more since it was last acted, the very framework and setting, the very title itself, all that gave it its immediacy and point, has ceased to have any meaning for the average reader. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the title even as it stands is not in any case a misnomer, since more than half the action, the long third Act which has most impressed the popular imagination, takes place at The Hague.

Apart then from the brilliantly comic but lightly touched-in figure of Miss Begonia Brown, whose personality, the quintessence of commonplace suburban womanhood (who is so disgusted that she is treated as if she were just 'any ordinary typist'), provides the somewhat fragile link between the scattered parts, and the serious and dignified study of the Judge, a study almost unique for Mr. Shaw in its grave and youthful charm, what remains? The comic exposition, or more properly here perhaps the comic exposure, of that section of the League of Nations known as the International Committee for Intellectual Co-operation, has already, in the original construction of the play, been shifted slightly out of focus, in accordance with one of those technical tricks which, particularly in such plays as *The Apple Cart*, *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles* and *Too True to be Good*, gives the feeling that Mr. Shaw is at times a little uncertain of the direction of his attack. It has therefore, from an artistic

[1] *Geneva, a Fancied Page of History in Three Acts*, by Bernard Shaw, illustrated by Feliks Topolski. (Constable, 5*s.*; cloth edition, 7*s.* 6*d.*)

point of view, and now in the light of subsequent international happenings, lost any value it had, and we are left with a series of contemporary portraits—in varying degrees of relief—that is, in varying degrees of abstraction—of those typically modern individuals who argue, speak and act, either by self-appointment or by selective symbolisation, for the nations they 'represent.'

The play has therefore been considered by its critics largely as a political cartoon. Everybody recognised and chuckled delightfully over the Sir Orpheus Midlander: 'I warn you—I beg you—do not frighten us. We are a simple well-meaning folk, easily frightened. And when we are frightened we are capable of anything, even of things we hardly care to remember afterwards. Do not drive us in that direction. Take us as we are; and let be. Pardon my dull little speech. I must not take more of your time.' And Bombardone's naïve summary of his own astounding career: 'I consolidated my country as a nation, a white nation. I then added a black nation to it and made it an empire!' Nor did the poster admonition not to miss seeing and hearing Hitler, Mussolini and Chamberlain at the Saville Theatre, which accompanied the later months of its run in London, give the critics the lie. The intention of the author is now carried a stage further, for, whereas in the acted version Bombardone and Battler were draped in a fancy dress suited to their spiritual significance, the one as a sort of Coriolanus, the other as a blond and wilting Lohengrin, clad in armour bright and moving to the well-known strains, in the version now printed there is no indication of this in the stage directions. Battler is simply 'a middle-aged gentleman with a resolutely discontented look.' And the drawings by Topolski, which form a separate subject of interest, reveal these characters as obvious caricatures of the present-day leaders, in modern costume.

The play raises in rather an acute form the whole problem of the contemporary attitude to Mr. Shaw and his work. Mr. Shaw has lived so long that it is fatally easy to assume that one knows what any given generation is thinking about him, without one's realising the changes which are taking place all the time, both in Mr. Shaw's own attack on his problems, and in the response of his audiences. After having

launched in his own person what was, for the 'Nineties,' the heretical theory of 'Art with a Purpose,' and a revolutionary purpose at that, he found himself in the early post-war period struggling against a literature whose material was increasingly the very private world of the artist himself. For ten years now we have had the reinstatement of literature with a purpose: but whereas Mr. Shaw aimed mainly at upsetting the complacency of his Age, whether among the sheep or the goats, leaving the leaven of his dialectic to do its own work, the new propagandists, Messrs. Auden, Spender and Day Lewis and the others, give us plainly to understand what they would like us to think, and what political complexion they would have us take on. Hence Mr. Shaw, at one time the paradoxical and much-abused revolutionary, has, after being considered and docketed as the pure dramatist whose place is beside Molière, finally entered upon a period when he is hotly condemned because his work is not directional in the modern sense. An appreciation of his disruptive fun survives, probably because the new dramatists, although they build up a more comprehensive synthesis of the times than he does, are completely lacking in all sense of the Comic. When they attack, they either reduce their people to the flatness of the daguerrotype, as with Mr. and Mrs. A in *The Ascent of* F6, or produce merely static caricatures, as with the group of Imperialists in the same play.

What, then, is being continually overlooked is the fact that Mr. Shaw is essentially the Comic Writer, even, as the seventeenth century would have said, with a truer conception of what Coleridge was to call the '*Ens Entium*,' the Comic Poet. He is therefore compelled in his handling of life to conform at all points to the demands of Comedy. It is this that made him so different from those great numbers of his predecessors and early contemporaries for whom Realism was the one thing that mattered. But if the universe is to be presented under a comic synthesis—and it is a defensible position (one which, according to the hint at the end of *The Symposium*, Aristophanes appears to have maintained successfully in that argument which Plato confesses himself too drunk to report) that such a synthesis is in the end the highest—then certain concessions must be made.

This our Moderns are unwilling to do. They demand that Mr. Shaw should move with the times: and in this limited sense—that having played the fool and spread the spirit of irreverence, in a period when solemnity and pomposity ruled in high places, he should now, when international events and leading figures assume the characteristics of knockabout farce, cease to play the fool, and become the serious and tragic prophet which he might have become after *As Far as Thought Can Reach* and *Saint Joan*. They, and to a considerable extent we, have in fact simply failed to make these necessary concessions, and have also failed to recognise, as a contemporary of Molière or of Aristophanes would have done, the eternal and fundamental sanity that there must be in the Comic Poet. This is not surprising, since, even in our appreciation of Molière, we are inclined as a nation to propose our standards, and to see him as conforming to them, in terms of life rather than in terms of Comedy.

Comedy has something of the same relation to life as pure mathematics has to the universe of perception: it is by comparison an intellectual dance of abstractions. It has certain demands of balance and symmetry in its construction: and its characters should always—behind their personal idiosyncrasies, which provide both actor and audience with material for fun, but do not in any sense constitute Comedy—stand symbolically, or better perhaps algebraically, for types of the human mind. The first act of *Geneva*, with its parallelism of Anglican Bishop and Communist Commissar, is developed in conformity with this Comic spirit, though the threefold fainting of the former as the truth dawns upon him offers an awkward example of Mr. Shaw's tendency to spoil his work by childish buffoonery. Blake detected this symbolic aspect of the creations of the Comic Poet, in his analysis of the *Prologue* to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. For him, the pilgrims are types eternal to all ages: he finds them equally well embodied in the Greek divinities. For him, Chaucer has merely called them into being under one of their 'vegetable forms.' It would be possible to work out a somewhat similar scheme with Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, which is, properly speaking, one of the finest philosophical comedies in the world, and yet classifiable as a farce, thereby providing the answer to Chesterton's query as to

whether we were quite right in assuming that a writer necessarily descended in the literary scale when he wrote farce after tragedy.

Mr. Shaw at any rate has shown, in the popular view with *Saint Joan*, and perhaps even more brilliantly with *The Doctor's Dilemma*, that triumph of pure and intellectual art, where he conceivably touches his highest point as a dramatist, that the Comic Poet, as Aristophanes contended, can indeed master the mode of Tragedy. But the spectacle of the Tragic Poet achieving perfection in the art of Comedy, even if he is a Shakespeare, has not yet been vouchsafed to us. Tragedy involves a much more intense distortion of the spontaneous human reaction to any given situation. Laughter is, in its very nature, an instrument for the mastering of environment: tears are a concession to the apparently irresistible, but possibly illusory, march of fatality.

The type of comedy with which we have to deal in *Geneva* has often been described as Aristophanic. Certainly there are few more obvious terms in which to describe Mr. Shaw's latest work. But in using the term one must be careful to remember the wide areas of typically Aristophanic material which make no appeal to Mr. Shaw's genius. Apart from the complete absence of obscenity there is first of all the lyric element, which in the Greek poet is not only of the very highest order, but makes a most important contribution to the comedy itself, and dictates certain points of method. Owing to its theoretically divine origin, the Chorus, during periods of censorship, alone retained its immunity from the charge of libel. The general scheme of comedy was therefore to attack in the Chorus in the most direct manner such abuses as were the subject of the play, and to develop caricature portraits of the human victims during the course of completely farcical and unreal situations. Deprived of the licence of the Chorus, Mr. Shaw is compelled, in *The Apple Cart* and *On the Rocks*, as well as in *Geneva*, to reproduce situations which bear some obvious relation to real politics. Parody, too, was another very important element. Whole passages, both of dialogue and of chorus, lose their point if we are unacquainted with the tragic or epic or lyric writers who have served as unwilling models. Mr. Shaw does not share Mr. James Joyce's love of, and capacity for, this sort

of literary buffoonery. There are, it is true, instances of its use in Shaw—in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, for instance, with its wonderfully ill-assorted quotations or pseudo-quotations from Shakespeare's ' meditations ' on Death—but the later political comedies limit themselves to the use of catchwords and phrases belonging to the victims themselves.

What then is left? We have the critical and frequently though not invariably hostile treatment of the national type. The Athenian of the Old Comedy, the John Bull of Attica was liable to more merciless and less sympathetic handling than the Englishman of Mr. Shaw's plays. True, the latter, particularly in his Liberal reincarnation, had long formed the stock butt of the author's wit and comic ingenuity, Britannus, Broadbent and Stogumber being among the outstanding representatives. As an Irishman, Mr. Shaw, in spite of all his power of intellectually devastating logic, cannot conceal some sort of admiration for the half-unconscious way in which these figures of fun ' get away with it.' *Geneva* supplies a supreme example with ' Sir Midlander,' as the Dutch Judge insists on calling him, a heaven-sent instance of a living model which follows in minute detail the paradox of the English character, as conceived and evolved by Mr. Shaw in those earlier studies.

Then, we have the vivid caricaturing of the living political figures. This began in *Back to Methuselah*, where in Part 2 Burge and Lubin echo the temperaments, cat-calls and relative situations of the two most eminent politicians of the first World War. Their introduction seemed at the time a sort of silly circus buffoonery, one of those failures of taste into which his comic irreverence sometimes leads Mr. Shaw. But he needed politicians of some kind to whom the Brothers Barnabas could expound their theories of human longevity, and he chose models everyone could recognise. The caricaturing, however, is not there, or in *Geneva*, or in any of the later political comedies, except perhaps *The Apple Cart*, of that violent, buffoonish type to which Aristophanes exposes his main victim—his Cleon or his Euripides. That style of attack is reserved for the characters who are nothing much beyond abstract types, the Bishop, the Newcomer and the Widow, for instance, in *Geneva*. The more fantasticated of the recent comedies, *Too True to be*

Good, and more especially *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, with the creation of Janga, Kanchin, Maya and Vachti, the four mysterious beings, born of the union of East and West, who are not meant to think, but who, mere mechanised emotions, can only yelp out headlines and slogans as do their counterparts in real life, illustrate the same method.

The treatment of the recognisable public figures is more that which Aristophanes uses for those minor but historical personages to whom he is sympathetic. The two generals of *The Knights*, Nicias and Demosthenes, are depicted in the style of friendly caricature, their shortcomings, idiosyncrasies and tricks of speech being noted with loving care, as in the work of the modern English cartoonists, and exaggerated just enough to justify their inclusion in a comedy. It is only in this limited aspect, and in the fact that he bases his work on the political interests of the time, that Mr. Shaw may rightly be considered Aristophanic.

Although, therefore, popular feeling would regard Midlander, Bombardone, Battler and Flanco with varying degrees of favour, and would, not with any serious justification, expect the author to reflect something of its own attitude, he actually does endeavour in every case to produce a perfectly unbiassed portrait. And the strength of the comedy lies precisely in that. His farcical incidents allow him to construct a series of points of discussion. The characters are given the external appearance which they wear in real life, and then they are allowed to speak. But they use practically the language already used in other connections by their distinguished prototypes. The well-known catchwords and tags are all incorporated to provide a sort of caricature signature, like the pheasant and the mangold of Lloyd George, in Strube.

The dialogue has been accused of lacking brilliance; but although the real value of the play lies in its exhibition of the comedy innate in the whole world situation, it is impossible not to admire the slickness of the dramatic style, the deft way in which ideas are placed so as to secure in their moments of contact the maximum comic effect, the special rhythm and order of the sentences, which makes them so much more living than they would ever be, even in the best of Mr. Shaw's plain prose. The final effect is not unlike that of the

discussions in the novels of Peacock, who used to 'lift' long extracts from the printed works of his victims, or else produce a completely cynical justification of some indefensible position they had adopted, on the assumption that they could only have arrived at that position in that way, and then evolve an exterior which had a comic correspondence with the mentality thus revealed. On the stage, of course, one needs to be at once more subtle and more direct. Flanco's self-justification, that he stands for Government by Gentlemen and not by Cads, is quite in the Peacockian tradition. To some extent this method enters into the treatment of Sir Orpheus, where he expounds the intentions of his Government: 'We have no speculative plans. We shall simply stick to our beloved British Empire, and undertake any larger cares that Providence may impose on us.' But with Bombardine and Battler, Mr. Shaw was compelled, in this particular play, to be more open in his attack. We not only hear, we see, the eminent originals, in the printed version even more than in the theatre.

For this, to a considerable extent, Mr. Shaw is indebted, as my opening remarks may have suggested, to the numerous decorations of Mr. Feliks Topolski, the young Polish artist whose work has become increasingly well known in English journals since he first came over to record the Jubilee, in 1935, for the *Wiadomosci Literackie* of Warsaw. Those earlier drawings, published in this country as *London Spectacle*, show, amid a variety of influences—the sophistication of Guys, the quivering satirical outline and peppered backgrounds of Grosz, the impressionism of Daumier, and, in moments of calligraphic intensity, Raoul Dufy—a pronounced artistic personality, informed by an active and vigorous wit and skilled draughtsmanship. Since then, Mr. Topolski has developed more particularly the use of those wavering and streaky strokes, one might almost say scribbles, to suggest, paradoxically enough, solidity and mass. He frequently shows in *Geneva* a new mastery in the construction of pattern and contrast which reminds one of Rowlandson, or of the great eighteenth-century English genre painters whom he is so eager to emulate. The depiction of the various confrontations of Bombardine and Battler in the third act, especially those on pages 61, 63 and 98, reveal to what extent the activity

and vigour of his first pictures have been supplemented by a growing power of design.

Remembering that the 'world première' of *The Apple Cart* took place in a Warsaw theatre, one is pleasantly reminded that this is not the first time Mr. Shaw has benefited by Polish artistic collaboration. Is there something in the Polish and Irish temperaments, perhaps some spirited touch of the same lively sophistication, that makes them, at certain moments, so mutually sympathetic?

BENJAMIN GILBERT BROOKS.

MR. BRITLING IS SEEN THROUGH[1]

Mr. Wells tells us about his 'disposition to a brave-looking optimism.' As an instance of brave-looking optimism his recent pronouncement on the fate of mankind makes odd reading.

A few years ago Mr. Wells, as one of the best-known English writers with a vast influence over a wide public, was entrusted by an intelligent Hungarian film-producer with huge sums of money and a practically free bill to do what he liked with a view to making a film about the future. Here, one thought, is a great occasion. The most popular and mechanically ingenious form of entertainment the world has ever seen, with its potentialities for good or ill on a vast scale, is put into the hands not of a semi-educated Hollywood producer with his eye on the box-office, but of one of the most intelligent and idealistic self-styled 'progressives.' What will he do with his huge public, with this marvellous medium of the talking film, with the hundreds of thousands of pounds made available to him by an imprudential group of money-owners? This was the opportunity of Wells' lifetime to deliver himself; unembarrassed by the novelty of film technique, as a more purely 'literary' author might have been, Wells was the very man to seize the moment, to exploit the technicians, to revel in the scientific marvels of film-production, to give his message. The big thrill was, what would the message be?

Mr. Wells dressed up pretty girls with celluloid angels' wings, and delivered the following message: 'War is coming. It will devastate the world. It will be followed by famine and pestilence and the total breakdown of civilisation. In groping darkness human beings will split into tribes, tyrannised by dictator-gangsters, all ready to prey upon each other as well as upon their subjects.' Was there no ray of hope?

[1] *The Fate of Homo Sapiens*, by H. G. Wells. Secker & Warburg.

Yes, Wells had an idea to relieve the gloom of his film. At the end the world would be saved by the technical man, who would step in to rebuild the world which the feeble 'intellectuals' had led to destruction. A number of aviators, impatient of the chaotic muddle, would step in, override the gangsters and build a new world full of air-conditioned, artificially lighted underground habitations. The triumph of these aviators, the hope of the world, turned out to be like a singularly poor imitation of an early German silent film. At this point a number of the younger generation, whose youth had been influenced by Mr. Wells' ideas, definitely turned away. Even the most faithful, if they had any youth left, remarked like Enobarbus at Antony's fall: 'I will seek some way to leave him.'

Wells has had four years to think over his ideas. Now, at the brink of catastrophe, he delivers the goods again. To cheer us on our war, he sends us his message. The same goods, the same message. His 'disposition to a brave-looking optimism' has inspired him to tell us once again that the worst is to be expected; and the gist of all he has to say amounts to this—that man, *homo sapiens*, is a fool.

In the face of this extraordinary bankruptcy on the part of an author whose talent produced many pleasant inventions, and a number of less felicitous day-dreams, but who—above all—helped to spread that desire for change and suspicion of the old institutions which made it urgently necessary for our generation to find new things to believe, there is a sense of betrayal. How comes it, one asks, that Wells and—in his way—Shaw had so little up their sleeves to offer us when the crucial days came? Shaw offered us as an answer to Communism a shrug, which seemed to say: 'I cannot commend these methods, this violence; let others go ahead and do the murdering—but really, I see no alternative.' And his reply to Fascism: that after all, there was a lot in it. Wells, with his schoolboy toys of prophecies and utopias and gyroscopes, suddenly uttering the most ghastly opinions as if his disgust of the world sprang from a new disgust at himself (unconscious—he is as bland and complacent as ever on the surface) because he had been playing at gyroscopes while a dreadful and sinister reality, standing behind him on the nursery floor, had looked over his shoulder, and he—so

aware, so intelligent, so speculative—quite *unaware* of the presence! So that when he calls *homo sapiens* a fool, one is tempted to think that he is calling himself a fool and annoyed at it! How did all this happen? How have we been betrayed by our thinkers?

These well-meaning, utopian thinkers recall irresistibly the grotesque but pathetic 'Liberal' uncle in Dostoevsky's *Possessed.* That uncle who was so clever, so up-to-date (Wells quotes all the latest books, none of the old; the only allusion to a dead author is to Gissing), who, above all, was so 'progressive'; but who was revealed in the days of terror as a snivelling, alarmed and frightened pedagogue, whose ideas shrivelled down to personal vanity, that dreadful, ineffective vanity of the intellectual leader who has played frivolously with dangerous ideas. It was no accident, indeed it is the key to the book (probably the greatest and most revealing prophecy of the growth of revolutionary destructivism in literature), that the uncle's pupils were the Nihilists, the destroyers, the 'possessed' who rushed down to the sea like swine to drown. Nihilism is the nephew—if not the son—of idealism, when that idealism is inaccurate, vague, unprecise.

Vague, idealistic, unprecise, Wells has always been. That seems to be the answer to our amazed exclamation: 'How did these wise men bring us to this pass, and then cry havoc?' —with nothing to offer but the bland suggestion that man must change, somehow achieve a new mentality 'by education' (Wells does not tell us how). But, of course, man cannot change (Wells 'doesn't think he will'). So that there is no alternative but the black despair which he now offers to us in relays of 80,000 words at 8*s*. 6*d*.

Imprecision, undoubtedly, is the clue. And the cause? Vanity. Wells has always dramatised himself. 'Mr. Britling'—that half-comic but brilliant little bourgeois, who 'saw us through' the last war—has become a shoddy creature by now. To-day, we see through him. What is this huge attempt to drag everything into one book, to net the universe in a skein of speculations, to 'encyclopedise'? Roughly, it amounts to ambition; to the desire to reach a wide public, to impose on that public Wells' own vision of himself as a brooding and significant little man who does our thinking

for us. But does he? The breadth and imprecision of his writings, which he excuses with words like 'synthesis' and 'ecology,' and for which he claims the justification that a world-vision is necessary, boil down—when it comes to analysing them—to sheer superficiality. If Wells had not been so intent with this looking-glass picture of himself as a sage he would have been led down some road of deeper study, he would have had something more profound to offer than these summary popularisations of fashionable thought. How shallow his thinking appears, if we compare it—for example—to a Christian thinker like Berdyaev who does not aim at the masses; how futile his psychology, compared to that of a Proust or even of a Thomas Mann! If the attack is personal and bitter it is because we who have followed Wells until our adult minds asserted themselves have reason to be bitter with a leader who tells us that we are fools because we cannot change, and that 'death, mutilation, poisoning or mental collapse' await us, and that this is inevitable because of some tomfool analogy drawn in the first chapters from pseudo-science.

Here we reach another essential point: the pseudo-science. Wells tries to make us see world events in the light of impersonal forces, new inventions and surplus youth as the root causes of war. This minimising of the human element, this denial of human responsibility, has strange results. It leads, for example, to a denial of war-guilt. On this subject Wells writes: 'The states where the pressure of these forces, because they were most pent-up, has produced its maximum effect in menace and belligerent gestures, will be marked as the aggressor states and loaded with war-guilt even before the war begins.' Just that. In certain circumstances, human beings will, do and must behave in a certain way. This is 'science,' and we are assured repeatedly throughout the book, as if we might find it hard to swallow (as indeed we do), that it is 'irrefutable' and 'accepted' by some body of mysterious experts who have really studied biology. Here is the very weakness of Wells' position; the materialism which, because he loathes and despises Marx, he calls Darwinian; the doctrine of 'inevitability' which denies the human will and conscience. This weakness becomes plain when we observe that it involves a contradic-

tion in the argument of Wells himself. Throughout, he implies that man's only hope is to 'change' by re-educating himself. He makes no suggestion more practical than this sudden and self-imposed change. That is the gist and message of his book. Yet bogus science which inspires him denies this vast potentiality of freewill. He cannot believe in it, because of his pseudo-scientific attitude. He tells us he cannot believe it. Hence the despair. That is what has led him, and us—till we gave him up—to this pass. Goodbye, Mr. Wells.

He gives us, in this book, a mind-portrait of himself as a 'sample of a generation.' As Wells has always pretended—at least—to an interest in the mind-processes of the generations which followed him (a rather painful attempt to keep up-to-date is what this paternal interest looks like nowadays), let us return the compliment. He seems quite unaware of what we feel, so he *ought* to be interested. Besides, it is really impossible to go on analysing his gloomy conclusions. This, then, Mr. Wells, is the cycle of thought in our generation, characteristic—at any rate—of a great many of us, whether we have thought things out and defined our attitude or (like most of us) just lived the cycle and discovered ourselves in a new place.

After the war, of course, there was the wit, the ivory castle, the Taoism of the intellectuals of whom Wells justly takes Aldous Huxley as the type. This was, in the field of affairs, a despair, a war-weariness, a turning inward. Finding no moral attitudes to take up, we expended our minds in experimental thinking, some of it ingenious, some of it amusing, some of it sad stuff. Take the esoteric writing of Joyce and the surrealists as examples of this phase. Gide, too, became popular—thinking away beyond the bounds of morality; and Proust, analytic and æsthetic—his attitude as a citizen defined purely by the accidents of wealth and the dictates of fastidiousness. Wells calls that the Fatuous Twenties. Well, it was an æsthetic phase; and Wells has never been strong on æsthetics; he tells us—'I was less and less interested in the artistic business.' The value of that phase in literature has yet to be assessed. But in morals it was a period of Nihilism.

Next, came the various 'crashes' and we found ourselves

in a tumbling world where it was impossible to ignore the events around us, and the claims of alternative systems to have their intellectual basis examined. As Wells himself points out, the revolting generation took ardently to various kinds of revolutionary theory, and found Communism the most convenient and best-organised regiment to join. The same vague and generous and dangerous idealism which had inspired Wells' utopias inspired the young to adopt a creed the consequences of which they had not really thought out. But the unscrupulousness, the callousness with regard to means—against these objections the young people found themselves unarmed. They were ready to be unscrupulous, because they had been trained in Wellsian bogus science, with its disrespect for the human entity, for the oneness of each human being as compared with the sweep of social forces which Wellsian ' ecology ' had summed up with benign and irreverent impersonality. The young were prepared to justify anything; they were incapable of attributing blame. The Wellsian attitude to-day towards war-guilt is typical of the non-moral inability to blame which afflicted the generation.

But facts were too much for the young idealists. The Russian tyranny and massacres, the readiness to push over a toppling world which included all the best that we have known and the rise of more blatantly evil forces in Germany gave us furiously to think. We were not blind to the element of revolutionary idealism in both systems ; how could we be? we had shared it. How, then, had idealism led to hell? We discovered with a shock that there are moral distinctions, that bad exists ; we found that the only safeguard against it was the individual conscience. Timidly at first, but with increasing energy, we began to examine those consciences. We began to exercise them, their flaccid muscles grown soft ; but the knowledge of good and evil there, startlingly bright and our only light in the awful darkness. Where had we gone wrong?

In the formula of Nietzsche of Lion, Camel, Child is found the best symbol of the discovery which our generation then made. That destructive pride, that courage to sweep aside which the Wellsian generation of socialist utopians had fostered, was the Lion. He has his beauty and his strength. He is utterly necessary to the equipment of the full man.

But they had overpraised him. By overstating the destructive side (in this book Wells has not one good word for the past—for the achievements of civilisation, and he examines religions only on their superstitious side and never a word of the Christian ethic), Wells, Shaw and the rest of them had undermined the power of the individual conscience. They had overpraised the Lion, but forgotten the Camel; who must kneel and take on his load of responsibility and then proceed with the simplicity of a Child. Our rebelliousness had been all to the good, but it had to be modified by conscience. We woke up one morning, and said: 'bad exists, and must be resisted!' This naive and belated discovery (don't let's blame Wells & Co.; which does not mean that we may not assess their responsibility, as we are doing) put us in a mind to defend the goods we knew. And the spectacle of Russia ready to co-operate with the Nazi enemy in pushing over the elaborate fabric, which turned out to be so delicate and so much less 'established' than we used to think, brought out in naphtha-flare clarity the many goods of our civilisation which we did not want to lose. Man cannot 'change'; he must progress. Then, for heaven's sake, don't let's sacrifice the progress—the little progress, if you like (we know the shortcomings and even the tyrannies of the Empire; we have visited it, to see for ourselves, and found it better than the tyranny which is threatened)—which had been made. The alarm had woken us up with a shock to what we have, and to its fragility. Urgent, now, to protect the walls; to prop them, if need be, with our bare shoulders.

And Mr. Wells contributes a weary push on the destructive side.

ERIC SIEPMANN.

THE PROBLEM OF THE CITY CHURCHES

'ENGLAND alone,' it has been said, 'has received the 'power of assimilating new ideas without breaking with the past.' This is wisdom which the incoming Bishop of London will doubtless have in mind, when he comes to face the problems and resources of the first Diocese in Christendom. For Westcott agreed with Gladstone in this, that London, Calcutta, Sydney are the three cardinal centres of the reformed Church. And the problems to be dealt with in the Metropolitan Diocese at this stage are, by common consent, immense. The growth of new suburbs, of populations so vast that they outstrip the present possibility of providing them with sufficiency of churches, is, in itself, enough to tax the courage and sap the vigour of any administrator. Yet, the fresh energy of younger minds must grapple with the issue.

The very natural temptation of every spiritual administrator is to take less account of interests æsthetic or archæological, than of needs for ecclesiastical equipment. Why should not apparently otiose and ill-attended churches, whatever their historic and architectural associations, be exchanged for money, from which churchless districts could be served? Why make a fetish of Sir Christopher Wren and Grinling Gibbons when so many souls are disinherited of their rights? Why prate about civic beauty and our heritage from the past, when Church finance is strained to the breaking point, and so many millions of 'hidden capital' wait in these valuable sites? So did the problem appear to Temple—Creighton—Winnington-Ingram, successive Bishops of London. From spiritual overseers in their great dilemma, sympathy cannot be withheld. Each of these three made attempts towards reconstruction, which often implied a large measure of destruction; and everyone of them was defeated, in his full purpose,

by irresistible local patriotism and æsthetic interests. In one special case, Bishop Temple refused for a whole year to appoint a rector to a vacancy, hoping that he could amalgamate two parishes, sell a site for £200,000, and save much on endowments. The legal opposition of parishioners compelled him to abandon his proposals. That church is now, forty-five years later, one of the more active in the City. The Commission appointed by Bishop Creighton made recommendations of so drastic a nature that a very acute judge of public opinion shrank from publishing it. This may be said: that it recommended extensive amalgamation of parishes under one chief—with commensurate saving of revenue, and some demolitions. What happened to the Report of the 1919 Commission, appointed by Bishop Ingram, is well within the memory of many. Its guiding mind had been Bishop Browne, Canon of St. Paul's before he was Bishop of Bristol, where the City Church problem was not unknown. The outstanding points of this Commission's Report were, that nineteen churches should go by the board and their sites be sold. That four principal churches, with chaplaincies attached, should supply the spiritual needs of London City. The opposition to this scheme set up by high churchmen, archæologists, admirers of Wren's architecture and lovers of the City, aided by the formal protest at the bar of the House by Lord Mayor and Corporation, was in the end successful. But not until various conclusions had been clearly reached. Among them were these: that historic churches in the capital of the Empire were an imperial heritage, and were not to be lightly tampered with by any ecclesiastic, however high-minded, or any diocesan conference, however ill-informed. The Ordinary might shuffle and shift his *personnel* at will: that was his affair. But fabrics, which enshrined the finest work of master-craftsmen and which were well-used oases of rest for harried merchantmen (even if neglected as places for regular worship at statutory times) were the concern of the citizens at large; this feeling was as strong in Melbourne and Montreal as in Mincing Lane and Threadneedle Street. It is unlikely that it will be ever challenged again: for the cult of London grows yearly, and begets worthy pride in the generations who have made it and the devotion which it represents. It should be said that

Lord Hugh Cecil, dissenting from some conclusions of the 1919 Commission, gave it as his opinion that the position of every church should be judged on its own merits. No wholesale condemnation of fabrics was permissible. This is, in effect, what has happened since. The so-called 'Church Invisible,' All Hallows, Lombard Street, has been condemned and its parish united with that of King Edmund, Lombard Street. It was wanting in any great archæological distinction and needed large sums spending on its walls. Small opposition was encountered to this particular reform.

There are forty-five churches left in the City out of the 132 which existed in 1300. Some were burnt down in the Great Fire and never rebuilt. Others—and they very precious examples of Sir Christopher's work—have been demolished in the last century, before our generation had awaked to the need of preserving what was old and beautiful. Grouping of parishes under one rector, with possibly sixteen churchwardens, has been the common course. But the public conscience compels close watching of endowments which may, in wrong hands, show little worthy return. Then is heard the old cry of 'The Scandal of City Churches.' A demand arises that Greater London shall have fuller share in the benefactions of earlier days, which, by unearned increment, have acquired enhanced values. Not always is it remembered that this process of spreading surplus revenues over wider and wider fields is always on the increase, by the action of the City Parochial Trustees and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The work is so well done that it excites no comment, but the general ignorance of the methods used and the amounts distributed may easily be a public danger. This method may be most clearly seen by citing a particular instance. The total revenues of one undivided parish are, roughly, £6,000. Of this total, £4,500 was left or given for the poor of the parish. For generations it was spent on upkeep of a workhouse, payment of pensions and doles, distributions to the poor at Christmas and Easter. The Charity Commission, sixty years back, accepted a scheme whereby this revenue should be spent on education, to lessen chances of penury, not merely relieve it in old age. This was felt to be an equitable interpretation of donors'

minds. Thus 650 boys can now, on this endowment, be assisted in their training for life. In no other country of the world has it been found possible to leave such ancient endowments unconfiscated, broadening their use to meet new needs.

The ecclesiastical endowments of the same parish (which had been devised for maintenance of the tower, the roof, the rood light, the bells and such purposes), amounting to £1,500 a year, were similarly treated. From them was apportioned what, in 1883, was deemed adequate provision for upkeep of services and fabric. It is paid over to and handled by the City Parochial Trustees. It is their business to pay to rector and churchwardens these allotted amounts, handing over the remainder to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, for use in the building or assisting of churches in Greater London. This parish has, by consequence, paid out over £60,000 in the last half-century for wider ecclesiastical needs. The money has been, without controversy, most wisely applied by experts, episcopal and other, of the Ecclesiastical Commission. But here is a possible weakness. The merchants who, by the rents they pay, have provided that sum, have no knowledge of how it is spent: such knowledge is not obtainable. The contributions by a number of parishes to the City Parochial Trustees are treated as a lump sum, to be disbursed by the Commissioners at their discretion. It would seem to be wiser, in view of possible threats of disendowment, that City men should have a direct interest in and knowledge of the causes they are helping. The proposal to link up City churches with growing districts in the suburbs was ruled out, when it was proposed twenty-five years ago, on grounds of technical legal difficulties. In the opinion of many it should be revived and made possible.

Ex uno disce omnes. The illustration applies, with necessary modifications in each case, to all the parishes affected by the City of London Parochial Charities Act (46 & 47 Vict. c. 36). St. Andrew's, Holborn; St. Botolph, Bishopsgate; St. Bride's, Fleet Street; St. Botolph, Aldgate; St. Giles, Cripplegate, as having still a considerable resident population, were excepted from the Act. Otherwise, the whole city, 107 parishes without St. Paul's, were dealt with. Financial results may be seen in the accounts of 1931,

when, on the ecclesiastical side, these disbursements were made :

	£
To King's College, London; Bishop's College, Cheshunt; the London College of Divinity .	6,637
To the Diocese of Canterbury	875
" Chelmsford.	5,326
" Guildford	316
" London	23,440
" Rochester	557
" St. Albans	450
" Southwark	11,135
	£48,736

And the rents from which this amount is derived are ever on the increase.

From the 'Secular' Fund (with an income of £50,000 in 1890) amazing gifts were given.

To securing open spaces at Hampstead Heath, Clissold Park and Brockwell Park . .	£155,000
To People's Palace, Morley Institute, Northampton Institute, Free Libraries in Bishopsgate and Cripplegate	£149,000

Possibly, with the advance of social services, a wider spread might be looked for from these benefactions. No one can deny that it was sane policy to provide night-schools of 1885 in place of the 'sea-coales' of 1630 ; and in general to assist a rising generation with mental training rather than relieve a penury which could be abolished. The time must always come for a further forward move. It should not be lightly assumed that the City church problem, as distinct from other quasi-ecclesiastical funds, is the only one to be considered in the light of growing wisdom.

But it is the matter of the churches, and clerical stipends, which arouse popular concern. It is the use of his available *personnel* which must engage the attention of a Bishop. And here it should be noted that various well-accepted heresies need modern refutation. One is, that those churches only are pulling their weight which are full on Sunday ; and that, by consequence, he is

a failure among ministers whose 'services' are not thronged with listeners. When it is realised that, of the 500,000 daily visitors to the square mile, only a few hundreds are left after working hours and for week-ends; when you remember that this incoming tide of half-a-million is composed of individuals with a soul, and that every weekday the consolations and building up of the Gospel are needed by them; when you take account of this, that workers in the City are hard pressed for time, toiling under great pressure until the appointed hour of release, having had their fifty minutes' mid-day respite, and then are all agog to make for their suburban homes without a moment's delay; then, and not till then, can you realise what is the intensity of conviction and enthusiasm which sends them, by the score, in at least a score of churches, to mid-week services and instructions. The growth of such attendances during the last ten years has been quite remarkable. That cry: 'The Scandal of the City Churches' is now no longer heard. Admittedly, this return to strong life usually occurs when a young devoted specialist brings his vigour to bear on what was a blank spot. He may concentrate on music in an Anglo-Catholic setting, or on simple preaching of 'good news.' Given the right sincerity of devotion, he can command no small following—on a week-day—from visiting parishioners, whose homes are anywhere within twenty miles of the Monument. Quite certainly the clergy of the City have not all the appeal of Studdert-Kennedy or Canon Sheppard. Such men create their audiences wherever they are. But the quite honest, if comparatively pedestrian, preacher, or teacher of an exclusive cult, finds outlet for his energy, in spite of the abnormality of his circumstance. And a thoroughly healthy, noteworthy thing it surely is, that in such churches overt demonstration should be continually given that the Christian faith may not be relegated to the comfortable lip-service of the Sabbath. Here is your strongest argument for preservation of sacred places in the centre of the haunts of Mammon. They are a witness, even when sparsely attended, to something in life other than passing material interests. They are a striking and far-sounding witness to the true theory of life, when the right person has been found to live the Eternal Truth. Their effect, then, in far-away suburb and settlement, is greatened

by a centrifugal irrigating force, unhorizoned by ordinary parochial limitations. The City is more powerful in certain regards than any comparable section of humanity in the world. It could and should be made the central spiritual force in the Empire. What are the steps, possible and desirable, to achieve this ?

Quite clearly, it is of great value to the Church at large that some posts should be available where specialists in imperial movements, untrammelled by parochial ministries, can, from prominent stand, work out their ideas. This was recognised in the sane statesmanship of Lord Davidson, as Primate, by his appointments to such churches as All Hallows, Barking, and All Hallows, Lombard Street. The interests of Toc H. and the Student Christian Movement were thereby established. It has also been advanced with reason that a College of Thinkers, a General Staff for the Church, is greatly needed. Very certainly there is no over-supply of detached scholars sufficiently in touch with practical problems to inspire Church policy with new force. Such a college at one time was the band who lived and worked with Canon Arthur Robinson.

Another point on which men, who have devoted twenty-five or more years to this unique type of ministry, are clear is, that they should be relieved of the statutory weight of Sunday services. Ten churches instead of forty-five could well serve the resident population of the City and casual visitors. Those thus freed from City work on the seventh day, a band of thirty clergy whose powers and devotion are not, to speak humbly, below ordinary standard, could be effectively used as a flying squadron of special preachers or attached to under-manned parishes. The widely famed organisation of the Metropolitan Diocese has never begun to recognise that 'where the people are, there is the Bishop.' Clergy anchored to impressive but empty stone heaps are like those unfortunate landed gentry, who find their historic mansions beyond the power of diminished income and curtailed staff. If preachers of the Word are to be useful they must be where people are. It is true that a common-sense bishop, bursting the bounds of legalism, has given permission, in a few cases, for Sunday closing. He has done it without authority, and the position should be legalised and extended. Anachronism of Church

Law should not be allowed to permit that banns of marriage read in an entirely empty church on Sundays are legal, but illegal if promulgated to a couple of hundred attendants on a week-day. Allowances for maintenance of valuable fabrics which were deemed adequate in 1883 should be revised in the light of monetary depreciation. Only under great pressure—mainly at the instance of a great-hearted Nonconformist—was some relaxation of cast-iron rules made in this direction three years ago.

If the cure of souls, in those places which they most inhabit, is the primary concern of the Church, attention should be paid by the authorities to opportunities offered by a parochial population of, say, 50,000 daily workers. For those who work among them all the days of the week, as things now stand, it is impossible to obtain extra curates or paid workers. A sleeping population is the only ground taken into consideration by those who dispense the grants-in-aid. In effect, episcopal opinion declines to accept any 'cure of souls' in working hours. Proof of this obsession is still seen in appointment to important City Cures of those who have qualified for a pension, and of suffragan bishops whose energies are of necessity expended elsewhere. Men who, with ever-renewed enterprise and not infrequent damping of their enthusiasm, have tackled these problems for long years have some right to be heard. They may even resent irrelevant criticisms of outsiders who are but slightly acquainted with the facts, and they ask that they may be allowed some voice in putting their own house in order. Not by any choice of theirs, in most cases, are they in their present posts. They have been sent there by their chiefs, or the action of public patrons, and, being there set, must fly their flag and evolve their strategy. First, they must attract hearers before they can supply the food which it is their business to offer. The strength of a religion is in its teachers, their personality and their presence in the daily haunts of men. If they have glorious fanes to aid them so much the better.

ARTHUR G. B. WEST.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Anglo-Saxon Tradition, by George Catlin (Kegan Paul, 10*s.* 6*d.*).

Mr. Catlin's theme is that the only force which will unite Europe is the tradition for which stand to-day the English-speaking peoples or 'Anglo-Saxony,' to use the expression he prefers, in opposition to the closed world of dogmatic uniformity represented by the German ideology of race and the Russian ideology of class. The book opens with a long and discursive prologue in the form of an 'open letter' to Mr. H. G. Wells. Of greater interest is the second part in which are examined 'the notes of the Anglo-Saxon tradition,' respect for personality, liberty, tolerance, democracy and the like. Mr. Catlin holds, indeed, that this tradition is part of the wider humanist tradition of Europe, though the relation between the two is not very clearly shown. Thus it might be held that French civilisation to-day exhibits many of the characteristics of 'Anglo-Saxony'; but, if we except a word of commendation for M. Jacques Maritain, Mr. Catlin has little to say about it. Again few nations have done more to illumine the conception of *Recht* than have the Germans, and we may be certain that there are still in Germany many jurists to whom the statements attributed to a former Reich Commissar for Justice, Dr. Hans Frank, must be as repellent as they are to all other right-minded persons. But upon the German contribution to the humanist tradition Mr. Catlin is silent.

Mr. Catlin is indeed right in discerning in our history an inclination to value tradition, to be governed by moderate opinion and to resist what Bacon called 'the pernicious and inveterate habit of dwelling upon abstractions,' though in such matters as freedom and toleration the historian is compelled to observe that theory has often outrun practice. But if the concepts of national unity, political responsibility

and religious freedom have not been evolved by Englishmen in their complete revolutionary logic, it is because we have not needed to do so. The 'reasonableness' of our thought and practice owes far more than is generally allowed to our hitherto privileged geographical position, which has enabled our institutions to develop under more equable conditions than has been the case with our neighbours.

L'Actualité de Carlyle, by Ernest Seilliere (Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Critique).

M. Seilliere's wide knowledge of the Romantic Movement admirably qualifies him to undertake a study of Carlyle of whose position he has given a just and intelligent appreciation. It was, as he points out, Carlyle's misfortune to find himself in opposition to all the main tendencies of contemporary English thought. The materialism of Hume's successors revolted him and the utilitarians were no better with their low criterion of self-interest. The development of the democratic principle made no appeal to him. Religious movements, whether sponsored by Pusey or Irving, sought only to give new clothing to dead forms, while as for the evolutionists, he could never find words to express his abhorrence of them. For the 'royal and supreme happiness' which he claims to have enjoyed, he had to thank the Germans. It was they who had vindicated faith against scepticism, idealism against materialism, belief in a divine order against atheistic negation. And their position rested, or claimed to rest, upon solid reason, not upon outworn dogma. They had, in fact, given him back his religion. Henceforth he could believe that a divine spirit moved in the world transforming it, for the inspired few, into a 'magic picture, a true supernatural revelation, infinitely stern but also infinitely good.' All, then, that was needed was to rid oneself of the 'clothes' or external casing which hid the reality of things.

Yet Carlyle did not bewilder himself with any of the elaborate systems evolved by Kant and his successors. Not only was his thought, as Leslie Stephen has pointed out, of the imaginative rather than the discursive order, but he had all the Puritan contempt for vague speculation. The Puritan

was not 'to commune in his heart and in his chamber and be still, but to gird up his loins for action.' From his Calvinist forebears Carlyle had inherited the belief which he never lost in the absolute supremacy of justice as the law of God Who made the world and forever rules it. Behind the apparent flux of things, there is working an eternal mind revealed in nature and of which man with his divine destiny is a part. Thus Carlyle was led to the study of history rather than of metaphysics, and, in due course, to his thesis of the equivalence of might and right in the hands of the 'hero' who has been initiated into the eternal realities which underly the world of appearance.

For Carlyle was in a dilemma. Either history was a tale signifying nothing, a position which his belief in divine determination forbade him to accept, or there was a purpose behind it which works even through the guillotine. All that he could say is that there is a moral purpose in the goddess, Nature, that might is her law and that might is therefore moral; while for those who found such a doctrine hard of acceptance, it could be represented, further, that every great development in history, the creation of Prussia, for example, was a victory of truth and justice over shams and falsehoods. What he would say to the power politics of to-day we can only guess. But he might well hold that it did not invalidate his central belief that 'truth is great and will prevail.' For no man may claim to be a 'hero' in his own age nor insist that others should submit to him as his service is perfect freedom; for we cannot tell if this is true till he and his nation have run their course and *Weltgeschichte* has settled the question. Carlyle's philosophy of history, like Hegel's, can only be received by those who accept his premises. But at least neither was designed as a manual for would-be Stalins and Hitlers.

R. N. Carew Hunt.

National Socialism and the Roman Catholic Church, by Nathaniel Micklem, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford (Oxford University Press, 8*s*. 6*d*.).

The choice of Principal Micklem as the author of the first of a series of studies to be published by the Royal Institute of

International Affairs on the relations between Church and State is an excellent one. It may be asked why, since Roman Catholics are in a minority both in Germany and in this country, this particular aspect of Nazi 'ideological' persecution should be selected for treatment. The answer is probably to be found in the homogeneity of the Catholic body and the fact that the Concordat and the Encyclical *Mit brennender Sorge* have focused this controversy to a greater extent than was possible in the quarrel between the Third Reich and the Protestant confessions. It was certainly desirable that, for English readers, the comment should be made by one who accepts traditional Christianity but is not of the Roman obedience. Any conflict between civil authorities and the Roman Catholic Church must raise a question in the mind of the ordinary Englishman whether it is concerned with the common body of Christian doctrine or with those claims of the Church which Protestant opinion rejects. A comparison of Principal Micklem's book with a work on the same theme by a French Catholic, M. Robert d'Harcourt, emphasises the wisdom of the choice. Fundamentally, however, these two commentators of different nationalities and confessions reach the same conclusions.

The quarrel between National Socialism and Christianity is not a 'regrettable excess' engendered by the heat of controversy. It is a clash of two religions and no compromise is possible. Hitler himself has recognised this. He understands religion as fully as it can be understood from the outside, and that is scarcely at all. In some respects the most illuminating piece of evidence quoted by Dr. Micklem—it is cited also by M. d'Harcourt—is that of which neither can guarantee the authenticity. It is a declaration in which the Führer speaks of the 'providential' fact that he is a Catholic and claims that he understands 'these fellows' as Bismarck did not. Hitler's hopes of Protestantism were based on the notion that it was essentially a Germanic form of religion to which he could look for help in resisting alien influences. Luther, as 'the German man' could without much violence, be presented as a pioneer of the national revival. What was hopeful in the Catholic Church was her political adaptability. Faced with the alternative of bending or breaking, Rome would bend. The judgment in both cases was superficial,

though there is a testimony to its shrewdness in the attitude of the 'German Christians' and the provisional acquiescence of a number of Catholics led by von Papen.

There is naturally a difference in the reaction of the two great Christian bodies. Catholic opposition was likely to be more united and forceful to the eugenic legislation, embodied in the sterilisation laws. On the other hand, Rome, superficially considered as more Hellenic and less Hebraic than the Protestant bodies, might be expected to react less violently to the attempt to purge Christianity of its Judaic elements, and, although Pius XI was unequivocal in his repudiation of racialism, there may have been something in this calculation. These are matters touching the substance of doctrine, and they might have taken longer to become apparent if the State had not so openly challenged the Church on the question of their spheres of authority. Ordered to render to Cæsar the things that are God's, a Christian Church, Catholic or Protestant, is bound to resist.

Dr. Micklem sees the importance of the slogan 'Political Catholicism,' an example both of the cleverness and of the incomprehension of the Nazi propagandists. It is clever because of its suggestion that the priests have been meddling in matters that do not concern them, and thus makes an appeal to a *laicisme* which is not necessarily irreligious. Its fallacy is its underlying assumption that religion can be simply a matter of the sacristy. It would be hard to apportion the respective amounts of real and of pretended misunderstanding in the attitude of Hitler and his lieutenants, and Dr. Micklem does not attempt it. He shows very clearly, however, with what characteristic brutality and unscrupulousness the campaign has been conducted. The currency trials and the proceedings against the Franciscans for alleged acts of immorality are treated lucidly and without prejudice. The volume is indispensable to the English reader who wishes to form a judgment on the latest phase of the eternal problem of the Church in the world or to understand the challenge of totalitarian philosophy to Christian civilisation.

Personal Aggressiveness and War, by E. F. M. Durbin and John Bowlby (Kegan Paul, 5*s*.).

In days when so little escapes the attention of the 'new

psychologists,' the subject of war-making could hardly be expected to do so. In this small book, reprinted from a symposium on *War and Democracy*, we have the speculations of a lecturer at the London School of Economics and a physician of the Freudian sect on 'the psychological and anthropological evidence about the causes of war.' Few people are likely to challenge the legitimacy or value of the inquiry as a contribution to the study of war, but we are on more debatable ground when we try to assess the value of this contribution in relation to that of others. We do not really need either the technique or the theorising of the analytical psychologists to teach us that in the course of education some aggressive impulses have to be restrained, that, although repressed, they may continue to influence conduct and may undergo displacement or projection. These things were known long before Freud and the present essay does not carry us far beyond these commonplaces. The aspects of the Freudian theory which were so searchingly analysed by the late Dr. Ian Suttie in *The Origins of Love and Hate* are not touched upon.

The question we feel bound to ask is whether these simple facts will carry the burden the authors try to place on them. The 'aggressive instinct' plays in their *Weltanschauung* the part assigned to economic conditions in the Marxian. 'The adult powers of imagination and reason are *brought to the service* of the aggressive intention.' The rationalisation may be intrinsically true, but its importance is secondary. As in all the psycho-analytic literature we feel that values are distorted and, as in an over-ingenious detective story, we are asked to interpret life in terms of a set of false trails.

Another irritating feature of the Freudian scriptures from the standpoint of the wayfaring man, is the air of superiority common to all those who have found a concise explanation of everything. On this ground the Plymouth Brethren and the Marxians meet. There is an air of smug satisfaction about the comparison of the savage expelling witches with the contemporary Statesman who has not received the faith once delivered to the Freudians. An occasional pitying reference reminds us that, in spite of science, there are still benighted people in the Western world who believe in Divine Providence. The London School of Economics

and the Psycho-analytic clinic cannot clear up everything at once.

We are sufficiently familiar with the Freudian literature to know how such comments would be, not answered, but diagnosed. In the matter of dismissing objections, Freudianism is an advance on all previous achievements. Clinically the psycho-analytic interpretation of a case can never be wrong. If the facts appear to contradict it we are faced with the mechanism of resistance and the patient is obeying an unconscious drive to prove the doctor in error. Whatever the explanation, we find ourselves unconvinced that a greater laxity in the training of children would reduce the probability of war. Our authors recognise that this is a long-term policy. Their immediate plan is to return to Article XVI of the Covenant. That is a subject for discussion, and it is doubtful if the most useful contribution will come from the lecture hall or the clinic.

The Mediæval Contribution to Political Thought, by Alexander Passarin d'Entrèves (Oxford University Press, 8*s.* 6*d.*).

In this admirable series of Oxford lectures, Professor d'Entrèves is dealing with problems to which a good deal of thought has been given in recent years, but they have a greater actuality to-day than they had a quarter of a century and more ago when Maitland and Figgis were introducing English readers to the work of Otto Gierke. The theme is the nature of political obligation or, if we prefer it, the nature of law, and it is illustrated in three dissimilar figures—those of St. Thomas Aquinas, Marsilius of Padua, and Richard Hooker.

The question whether laws shall be made by a single individual or by an elected body is no doubt an important one, but it is secondary to the more fundamental problem whether either of them is in any ultimate sense a law-maker. Are they not both, to the extent that they are valid legislators, interpreters of eternal principles by which their own work must be judged? In other words, is there a natural law? Recently a Professor of London University wrote to *The Times* to suggest that we should endeavour to restore Christianity as the

acknowledged basis of International Law, but at a time when the contention was less obvious than it is to-day, the late Canon Lacey was arguing that there was a prior necessity to restore the notion of the *lex naturæ*.

Belief in that notion is central in the work of Aquinas, who took it over from Aristotle. It is doubtful whether the political philosophy of the angelic doctor could be more lucidly and adequately presented in the space than it is in the opening chapters of this book. The only doubt a Thomist might feel disposed to raise is whether Professor d'Entrèves has not slightly over-accentuated the Aristotelian and rationalist character of St. Thomas's doctrine to the point sometimes of setting it in contrast to a Christian political tradition.

With the author of *Defensor Pacis*, we are in a new world. The conception of natural law, as Professor d'Entrèves recognises, has gone and the distinction for Marsilius is between divine (or Gospel) law and human. From a theological point of view, no doubt Marsilius was a very considerable 'deviationist,' and he and his fellow conspirator Jean de Jandun were denounced by Pope John XXII as 'duos perditionis filios et maledictionis alumnos.' Politically, however, the modernism of Marsilius has been much exaggerated. The author is probably right in denying that a doctrine of social contract is to be found in his work. He also denies him the claim to be a pioneer of democratic theories. This, too, is sound enough if the essence of democracy lies, as Professor d'Entrèves seems to suggest, in equalitarian ideas and the subordination of quality to quantity. There is more to be said for the claim if we take the criterion to be the derivation of authority from below rather than from above.

The lectures on 'The Age of Transmission' and on Richard Hooker are sympathetic and illuminating. Hooker, too, has suffered from the fatal tendency to read into his work the ideas of a later age. Professor d'Entrèves justly observes in him a return to the scholastic tradition of the natural law qualified by an English distrust of rational constructions and a feeling for tradition. It would be a poor compliment to a book on these matters to suggest that it was uncontroversial. Some may feel that the author under-estimates the break in

the European tradition at the Reformation. Few, however, will read him without pleasure and instruction.

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

The Dear Monster, by G. R. Halkett (Jonathan Cape, 10*s*. 6*d*. net).

The author, in spite of his English-sounding name, is a German, an "Aryan" and a man of sensibility and culture. He spent his early youth in Weimar—the son of a minor aristocrat—where his fellow citizens appeared to him as only one degree more real than the shadows of Goethe, Schiller or Liszt. His descriptions of the life in the *Residenzstadt des Grossherzogtums* are excellent—a life so unreal that the characters seem like puppets manipulated by an old and weary hand. This autumnal atmosphere must have been a sad one for a child, and its unreality exercised a lasting influence.

He is at pains to point out the relation between the *Weltenschauung* of the *Wandervögel* of pre-war years and the present Nazi *Weltanschauung*. There is no doubt that the famous 'feeling with the blood' and the neo-paganism which formed such an essential part of the Youth Movement have been developed to-day by the Führer and Herr Rosenberg to their fullest extent. But surely this instinct for self-deception, this substitution of one illusion for another—and the menace that has grown out of it to-day, are older than this and have deeper roots?

The author was himself a member of the *Wandervögel* movement and what he tells us of its varied activities and solidarity is of great interest. But all that he relates shows that it was a mixture of the meretricious, sentimental philosophy and self-delusion so feared by such great Germans as Goethe, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche as the fatal weakness of their people, and their greatest danger.

There is a great deal in *The Dear Monster* that is dull and tiresome. Mr. Halkett has a weakness for Arts and Crafts—also a *Wandervögel* quality—and he flits from one such *Siedlung* to another with as apparent a lack of purpose as a butterfly over a cabbage patch. He evidently possesses surprising versatility but seems unable to canalise his talents. He has studied the theatre, the dance, gliding, politics; he

has worked successfully as a journalist, also as a soldier and as a manual labourer; he speaks of his interest in the supernatural, of his experiences as an amateur doctor; of Java and Bali, Spain and the Balearics. One, however, becomes very confused by the author's constantly changing activities and impressions, and is grateful for the few things that remain more or less static—such as his critical attitude and his 'Leftish' politics. His descriptions of Keyserling's 'School of Wisdom,' of his meetings with such personalities as Rabindranath Tagore, Torgler or Erich-Maria Remarque are—though very briefly—amusing and interesting.

Perhaps the most remarkable quality of this book is it tendency to understatement. At a moment when all is sensation and exaggeration, Mr. Halkett treats all the most important happenings in his life with an extraordinary brevity and lack of sentimental comment. Fabrice, in Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme* sees the battle of Waterloo as a confused and disorderly scuffle. One has the impression that to Mr. Halkett, the Great War appeared somewhat similar—'In a way, I never found the war, though I was supposed to be right in the middle of it. . . .' But whether he is describing the Revolution, the death of his parents, his marriage or the effects of the currency inflation, he remains equally objective and impersonal. If, after careful re-reading, *The Dear Monster* still seems unsatisfying, it is probably because it has all the failings that characterise a dream. It is full of colour, but vague, disconnected and sometimes pointless. The greatest quality of *The Dear Monster* lies in its unconscious revelation of the German reactions to post-war conditions—Mr. Halkett has proved an excellent chronicler for those reactions—which are those of a large proportion of his fellow-countrymen.

E. Scott-Montagu.

Benjamin Franklin, by Carl Van Doren (Putnam, 15*s*.).

Benjamin Franklin was one of the first Americans to attain an international reputation. Born in 1706, he lived to the comparatively great age of eighty-four, but the number of his years seems brief enough in the light of his numerous accomplishments and the vast range of his interests. Printer's

apprentice, journalist, publisher, inventor, statesman, diplomat, moralist and philosopher, he achieved eminence in everything to which he set his hand. Nor can his success be attributed merely to the opportunities of the age in which he lived, for Franklin's genius was such that he would have been a great man in any time and in any place. While still in his twenties he earned considerable renown as a maker and sharpener of adages; one of these at least, 'Old young men make young old men,' was certainly justified by the circumstances of his own life, for at the age of seventy he became leader of a revolution.

It is one of the tragedies of our history that a man who was once so deeply convinced of the value of the connection between England and the American Colonies and possessed of such a clear conception of the great destiny awaiting the two countries united in a free and equal partnership, should have become one of this country's bitterest enemies. But that was the fault of the British Government of the day, the members of which, as Franklin remarked, 'appeared to have scarce discretion enough to govern a herd of swine.' That it was not without regret that Franklin himself espoused the cause of independence is evident from a letter he wrote to his friend Galloway on the eve of conflict. After deploring the intransigeance and corruption of the British Statesmen, he concludes: 'However, I would try anything and bear anything that can be borne with, rather than engage in a war with such near relations, unless compelled to it by dire necessity in our own defence.' Yet, once his mind was made up, he threw himself into the struggle with the energy and enthusiasm that characterised his every undertaking. His influence was largely responsible for uniting the scattered American Colonies, for, as Mr. Van Doren justly observes: 'At a time when most Americans of his years held back in opposition, uncertainty or doubt, he brought to the insurgents the prestige of the first American name: first in science, letters, and international reputation.' Franklin was an old man when the war broke out, but he lived to see it brought to a successful conclusion, and to be rewarded for the notable part he had played throughout by the Presidency of Pennsylvania. His epitaph (written when he was twenty-two) is worth quoting:—

The Body of
B Franklin Printer
(Like the Cover of an old Book
Its Contents torn out
And stript of its Lettering & Gilding)
Lies here, Food for Worms.
But the Work shall not be lost:
For it will, (as he believ'd) appear once more
In a new and more elegant Edition
Revised and corrected
By the Author.

Mr. Van Doren's work is certainly the best and most complete biography of the great American savant that has yet appeared. The author has wisely elected to let Franklin tell the story of his life in his own words wherever possible, but Mr. Van Doren's comment is both intelligent and informative. His study is a valuable contribution towards the better understanding of one of the most active and intelligent minds America has produced. The book is long, but seldom tedious.

JOHN LEPPER.

The Still Centre, by Stephen Spender (Faber & Faber, 6*s*. net).

This is Mr. Spender's second volume of shorter poems, and represents an output ranging over nearly five years. Mr. Spender's first volume was acclaimed by most of the critics, and the epithet 'genius' was even used to describe it. His work, therefore, invites most serious and careful attention; we fear that it fails to pass the test. There is a lack of discipline in this verse; and this lack, carrying with it as it does so many implications important to the whole business of modern poetry, will provide us with the main theses of our criticism.

There is a Foreword. In it Mr. Spender says that 'a poet can only write about what is true to his own experience, not about what he would like to be true to his experience. Poetry does not state truth, it states the conditions within which something felt is true.' This might, with equal truth, be said about painting or sculpture, and therefore fails to tell us anything about the unique *difference* that poetry is, a unique

difference which *does* in fact sometimes include what the poet 'would like to be true to his experience.' Later he says that 'there is a certain pressure of external events on poets to-day, making them tend to write what is outside their own limited experience,' as if this were a new thing in the tradition of a community which has produced the epic and narrative and satiric verses of a Donne, a Milton, a Marvell, a Wordsworth, a Tennyson, and as if this pressure had produced a poetry antithetical to their experience, in the poetic sense. 'For this reason,' he goes on to say, 'in my most recent poems I have *deliberately* turned back to a kind of writing which is more personal, and I have included within my subjects weakness and fantasy and illusion' (the italics are ours). This strikes us frankly as the product of muddle-headedness, and worse, as an earnest of bad poetry; for if poetry 'states the conditions within which something felt is true' how does one *deliberately* turn back to a kind of writing? And why should this be a turning *back*? And why must there be implied some sort of shame in 'weakness and fantasy and illusion'? And is there no personal experience of the world of affairs—has Mr. Spender never read 'Lycidas'?—which is personality in both the wider and the narrower senses? It is true that a poet's practice may triumphantly contradict his theories and produce important poetry—a muddled foreword does not inevitably invalidate a body of creative work; but, in this case, we find the superficiality and muddle have their very real parallels in the poetry itself.

Mr. Spender seems, by nature, to belong to a certain type of lyrical poet, wistful, sentimental, tenuous, yearning; and when that type, such as Shelley was, writes the larger poetry of contemplation or narration, he tends to evoke his best qualities as a poet by the skilful use, in many different contexts, of a few profoundly personal, symbolic images and epithets which have become his necessary language. Mr. Spender, on the contrary, insists on using, in modern fashion, a whole paraphernalia of 'modernistic' imagery, largely fanciful, and, often, only remotely related to the work of communicating directly his felt experiences; he clutters up his 'line' and spoils the purity of his particular intentions. Rhapsodical, loose-lipped, lacking firmness of contour, intellectual toughness, and large associative qualities (generally the result of

the evolution of a type of experiencing by the poet of the metaphysical elements in language itself), this poetry, with its very frequent evasion of the use of rhyme (the half-rhyme is one of the easiest tricks in the poet's bag), and of the well-marked, even conventional rhythm, of most English poetry, often degenerates into a superficial, coloured, bastard prose which evokes argument and contrariness on the part of the reader. In 'The Marginal Field,' for example, these lines appear:

> . . . he drove below the return it yields
> The wage of the labourer sheeted in sweat.
> Here the price and the cost cross on a chart
> At a point fixed on the margin of profit.

a fine farrago of bad economics, cost accountancy, and what not! Too often, indeed, does Mr. Spender's verse invite argument; and this must mean that the totality of his experience has not been digested, certainly not communicated, probably because there is a good deal of *duty* towards certain social ideals in his writing. We find this, very characteristically, in 'An Elementary School Class Room in a Slum,' where the only part of the poem which has poetic meaning for us comes from a sort of adolescent Shelleyan aeriness and light. Of the children, he says:

> . . . to let their tongues
> Run naked into books, the white and green leaves open
> The history theirs whose language is the sun.

For the rest, it seems to us, who think we know in a way Mr. Spender cannot, that is by first-hand experience, that for the slum children it is not as bad as all that:

> All of their time and space are foggy slum.

There is a continual use of infelicitous or inappropriate images and epithets.

> Cat-calls of vice . . . (p. 39).

> All England lies beneath you like a woman
> With limbs ravished
> By one glance carrying all these eyes, (p. 47).

the 'you' being the Midlands express!

> The guns spell money's ultimate reason
> In letters of lead on the spring hillside (p. 57).

> Straight as a Roman frown
> Joining a town to another town, (p. 103).

of railway lines.

> And fills her linen night-gown
> As the air fills a balloon (p. 104).

There is a batch of war poems. Mr. Spender saw something of the Spanish Civil War; and, to his honour, and for the salvation of some of these poems ('War Photograph' is a beautiful and magical piece), he has refused to make an 'heroic' poetry outside his own experiencing. But even here, unfortunately, bad theory maims his practice, bad theory, that is, as to the proper disposition of technical devices. For example, in 'At Castellon' he uses a pseudo-naïf working-man's ballad manner with stumbling rhythms and half or false rhymes which leaves an unpleasant impression of the super-civilised young man, wide-eyed and yearning for innocence. 'The Coward' has similar defects; and its sort of feeling leaves, for one critic at least, a particularly unpleasant taste. If Mr. Spender knows Whitman's 'Drum Taps' he must know how only by the sparest use of image, the almost flat use of words, can a poetry of a war-experience which is in frequent contact with death, be effectively made. The preciousness of

> And my body seems a cloth which the machine gun stitches
> Like a sewing machine, neatly, with cotton from a reel.

becomes a sort of self-indulgence of experience, not a truthfu encompassing of it.

Throughout the verse tends to be too decorative, and there is even a sort of superficial didacticism in it, lacking either intellectual depth or magic of language. D. H. Lawrence often seems the master of the poet, the Lawrence of the dithyrambic, pseudo-mystical 'line' of the later 'free verse.'

Time and again the poet seems to have achieved only the raw material of poetry; he seems to have been frightened of working over too much, of destroying its 'heart to heart' quality. In painting there is no more directly connectin

painter than Cézanne, but 'working over' was almost a mania with him. The Age of Innocence, assuming it ever really existed, is over for the poet; and his wisdom is in the closest purification of what he writes, almost his elongation from experience, so that he may the better relate all its parts and give it unity. For example, 'The Human Situation' lacks that particular dignity of shape and of sense of wider worlds beyond personal experience which are the only elements that can make the intimate confessional poem endurable; as in Crashaw and Vaughan, whose 'crises of the intellect' were as poignant as those of Mr. Spender. More than 'the still centre' is needed; there is also need of 'the cold centre.'

Many of the 'personal poems' have beauty and a lyric tenderness, a perfume of nostalgia, very young and very pleasing. The poetry, where it succeeds, always has this quality, and gives the dream of a golden age a new gloss. But, for many of us, we fear, the poetry of adolescence is no longer enough; and we believe that unless poetry can prove itself adult, responsible, embracing the largest and toughest worlds of experience, it can hardly be hoped that the world will again seriously turn for a vital part of its knowledge to the 'word-makers.'

L. Aaronson.

Anthropology and the Apocalypse, by V. Burch (Macmillan, 10*s*. 6*d*.).

This book appears to contain a series of lectures which Mr. Burch has delivered. No allusion to this circumstance, however, is made in the preface; it slips out incidentally and perhaps inadvertently in the course of the book. We should like to know for whom the lectures were intended and to whom they were delivered; this information is usually supplied when a series of lectures is published in book form, and it assists a reviewer to estimate their suitability or effectiveness for the purpose for which they were designed. We can imagine audiences that may have been unduly impressed by the florid style and pretentious manner of the present lectures.

They make a considerable display of learning, and it is evident that Mr. Burch has read widely and that he possesses

a lively fancy and a certain ingenuity, as well as great self-confidence. On the other hand, his capacity for digesting what he reads is less evident, and he shows little aptitude for the clear and concise presentation of ideas. The unwary reader may at first be taken in by the apparent mastery of words, but let him ask what exactly is being said, and he may find that Mr. Burch has done what he accuses Renan of having done, namely, 'left the subject in a characteristic haze.'

The title itself is somewhat hazy. The word 'anthropology' has been used to refer to several distinct scientific disciplines, and it is not clear which of these Mr. Burch supposes himself to be applying to the Apocalypse (*i.e.*, the Revelation of St. John the Divine). He speaks of handling 'the whole science of anthropology,' which may suggest that he uses the term in the sense of Brunner's recent book, *Man in Revolt*, but this is by no means the case. A similar vagueness attaches to several other terms that figure largely in the book. Mr. Burch makes much of the distinction between 'eschatology' and 'apocalyptic,' and we do not doubt that there is a valid distinction to be drawn in that connection. But he does not use the words in any generally accepted sense, nor does he take sufficient pains to offer a precise definition of his own usage.

Again, one of Mr. Burch's contentions appears to be that the writer of the Apocalypse did not, as has often been maintained, make use of written sources and was not directly influenced by particular books, such as Ezekiel, but rather that he drew on what is described as 'the Tradition of apocalyptic.' But what Mr. Burch means by 'the Tradition of apocalyptic' remains so obscure that no reason is shown for regarding the two theories as inconsistent. For on any view 'the Tradition of apocalyptic' was not merely oral, but expressed in documents which have survived as well as in others that have not, and a writer who made use of these documents could quite correctly be said to be drawing on the tradition in question.

Theological students, who are already at home in the apocalyptic literature, will no doubt be able to extract useful and suggestive ideas from Mr. Burch's book, but it is not a book that can be recommended to the general reader or to the ordinary student of the Bible.

The German Catholics, by Robert d'Harcourt. Translated from the French by Reginald J. Dingle (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, 7*s*. 6*d*.).

Everyone is acquainted with the fact that a struggle is going on in Germany between Christianity and National Socialism, and sympathy and admiration for the Christians is felt and expressed by many people in this country whose dislike of National Socialism is more evident than their allegiance to the Christian faith. On any view it is remarkable that, while the Communists and Social Democrats who flourished under the Weimar Republic were rapidly absorbed or eliminated, the Churches alone have put up some effective opposition to the Nazi dictatorship. But how effective has the opposition been? On what principles has it been based? And what prospect is there of its being maintained?

All who are interested in these questions will find M. d'Harcourt's book of considerable use. It does not purport to provide a comprehensive answer to them all. In the first place, his attention is restricted to the conflict between the Roman Catholic Church and the National Socialist States, but we need not complain of this restriction, for in this country at all events much more publicity has been given to the troubles of the Protestant Church. While fundamentally the causes of the conflict are in both cases the same, yet the two Churches are so different in character and circumstance that the observer will make little sense of the conflict unless he studies each case separately. There is therefore room for a book like this which supplies a clear and adequately documented description of the course of the struggle between the Roman Catholic Church and the Third Reich. In this respect M. d'Harcourt's book leaves little to be desired, and it may be warmly commended. He does not, of course, profess to be an impartial spectator, but he tells the story objectively and without a trace of fanaticism.

But his book has a second limitation which is more to be regretted. For he has made no real attempt to interpret the deeper significance of the lamentable story that he tells. He may, of course, suppose that the facts can be trusted to speak for themselves, but that is just what they cannot be trusted to do. It is obvious that the events that are now taking place in Europe lend themselves to many different interpretations

and, what is worse, to no interpretation at all. In this country we are inclined to regard contemporary happenings sometimes breathlessly, sometimes listlessly, but with no sense that they impose upon us the obligation to make an ultimate judgment about the meaning of history and of the history of our own times in particular. In a Christian writer the failure to emphasise this obligation is the more conspicuous, for Christianity to-day appears to be either a short-sighted idealism or an other-wordly pietism, unless it lays bare the clue to history and affords a final criterion of judgment upon the actions of men and of nations.

It is curious that M. d'Harcourt did not feel the need of envisaging his task in this larger perspective, since he shows with admirable candour that the débacle of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany was largely due to the short-sightedness and optimism of its leaders, and that they might have seen at once that they were involved in a struggle to the death. But why was the Church the victim of these illusions? Why did it trust in a policy of appeasement, which, whatever its merits in the sphere of international diplomacy, was clearly out of place where the first principles upon which the Church's existence depends were being patently challenged? The story, as M. d'Harcourt tells it, of course throws some light on the answer to this question, for, albeit late in the day, the scales began to fall from the eyes both of the Pope and of the German Bishops. But the failure of the Church can be understood only when it is related to the general disintegration of European culture in the modern period, and when the extent to which the Church itself has been both responsible for and affected by that disintegration is fully recognised. If M. Jacques Maritain in France or Mr. Christopher Dawson in England had written this book, they would have set the story in a more revealing context.

ALEC R. VIDLER.

Week-end Garden, by Phœbe Fenwick Gaye (Collins, 8*s.* 6*d.*).

This is a most useful book for all new owner-gardeners with limited time at their disposal, as it is a short-cut to choosing from the bewildering selection available those really attrac-

tive flowers, bulbs and shrubs which will thrive with the minimum of attention. Having chosen, the novice gardener may still be puzzled as to the kind of soil, aspect and situation needed by the new treasures. Such knotty points are also dealt with in an interesting way. The book should also appeal to a yet wider circle of readers, as any true country-lover will appreciate Miss Fenwick Gaye's writing, which is sensitive but never sentimental—though occasionally a shade dictatorial.

The idea that town-dwellers in search of old cottages should ask themselves not only 'Is this good enough for me?' but also 'Am I good enough for this?' is pleasing, and one could wish it were more often done. It would help to preserve the dignity and charm which these ancient buildings possess, and which can be so easily destroyed by thoughtless or unsympathetic alteration.

The authoress takes one with her in the search for a week-end retreat—a search inspired by the acquisition of a weird and wonderful garden hat! One shares the thrill when the sixteenth-century home of Flemish refugee weavers is found in Suffolk, and duly bought. One feels it has fallen into safe hands and will be judiciously and kindly preserved. The adventures in gardening which follow are described in a pleasantly practical way, mingled with much poetic feeling. Whether all the plants mentioned could have found a home in a garden of less than an acre, with much of it made into lawn, is open to doubt; but there are many good ideas in the book.

The authoress and her family set to work and presently transform the wilderness of thistles, docks and nettles which had once been garden, and make it blossom again like the proverbial rose—but not like the rambler rose! Of course it is necessary to limit one's choice when the garden is only small, but the poor ramblers left by a former owner were so unwelcome (all except 'Alberic Barbier') that one feels quite sorry for them. Why be quite so vindictive?

Many garden problems are solved very cleverly, specially good ideas being the mobile bonfire, how to plant bulbs in natural-looking drifts in grass, how to dispose of unwanted bottles and tins and at the same time discourage rats (though one feels this last may be a little *too* clever—for surely the rats would either help themselves to tulip bulbs from above, or enter the garden by an overland route).

Other questionable points are whether one could really plant bulbs in the 'turf' of a lawn only three weeks old, and whether 'cupressus macrocarpa' has ever been described by nurserymen as 'the fastest-growing *cauliflower* in existence'; but these are trifles.

There is a chapter on bee-keeping, treated perhaps rather too optimistically—'It is rumoured that they sting!' Reading the description of how to take a swarm makes one doubt it—it sounds just a little too good to be true. And do many hives oblige by swarming at week-ends?

There is a useful Alphabet of Plants.

ELSA BLACKWALL.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING

I

UNDER the original billeting scheme room had been found for some forty mothers and children in our village, but when evacuation from the cities had been completed the officer responsible for the reception found himself confronted with ten times the number the parish could adequately house. Lives in many a little cottage have received a rude awakening. Failure on the part of many newcomers to make a bed or even wash-up a cup and saucer now gives the women of the village —whose life, hitherto, was rather drab—little time to air their grievances. The long-drawn days of tension before the war aroused some little hope of peace, and the milkman on his daily round cheerfully maintained 'it would all blow over.' But the next morning he was convinced 'we're for it and a damned good thing, too.' Our neighbouring farmer wanted to bet me five shillings there'd be no war, but, next morning, I called there for eggs, and found his wife in tears because the eldest son had been called up, while he 'reckoned there was summit in it.'

'Things look pretty gloomy,' said the roadman painting the white lines down the middle of our main road, 'but, there, if it's got to be, let's have it right away, and have done with it. If it wasn't for Hitler we'm wasting our time doing this 'ere painting: being a painter hisself I've a mind to let 'e get on with it. Reckon it b'ain't so much old 'Itler's fault as Mrs. 'Itler for allowing 'e to survive his birth: shouldn't have nursed 'e, and then he wouldn't have growed up to what he 'is.'

'That's one way of looking at it,' I said.

'You'm right, M'am, 'is mother's got a lot to answer for—drat her.'

Sunday, September 3rd! Rarely had the sun shone more

brilliantly—not a sign of autumn to be seen: the hay crop still waiting to be carted: harvesting not yet begun. Even the swallows, usually gathering at this time of the year before migration—seemed to have lost count of time, for, in one of our stables I found a nest and three youngsters attempting to fly from rafter to rafter. The church bells pealing across the green meadows and—owing to our bigger population—an unusual number of churchgoers. But, having heard that the Prime Minister was to make an 'important statement' at eleven o'clock, there could be no better place to hear it than the busy little café by the roadside. It was packed. When the Prime Minister had uttered his solemn words there was dead silence, until one man, giving a sigh of relief, said in a quiet voice: 'So it's come.'

'Yes, it's come,' said another, 'and, thank God, there's no appeasement *this* time.' 'Poor old Chamberlain,' remarked a woman with several children, 'he's done his bit—sorry for him I am: his idol of Peace shattered and fallen to the ground in pieces.' '*Now* we know where we are,' said another man, 'so let's get on with it, but don't let's stop till there isn't a Nazi left alive.' 'You've said it, mate,' said a weary transport driver, 'I did my bit last war and I'm game for it again, but that blasted Hitler's got to be blasted sky high.' 'Hear, hear!' came from all those present.

'Guess poor old Chamberlain's feeling broken-hearted,' said an elderly woman, who had been escorting several children to a safety zone. 'There's one thing about it, none of us want war—God forbid—but we'd rather have war than live through another twelve months of this tension and one crisis on top of another.' 'You've said it, Missus; to hell with Hitler and all his blasted crowd. It's them Germans I'm sorry for, they didn't want war no more than what we do: poor blighters, *they* don't get told things. I wouldn't be in their shoes, nor Hitler's either, when *we've* finished with 'im. So long, mates, I've been on the road for two nights, and have got another sixty miles to do before I can turn in, but we're at war now, and that's that.'

A week later I was on the platform of our railway station, sitting between two soldiers. One may have been in the 'thirties, the other was a mere lad. 'Are you waiting for the train, too?' I asked. 'No fear, we're billeted here, and this

is our Sunday leave; nowhere to go in a place like this—and this is the only seat we can find.'

'Don't you worry, kid,' said the older soldier, 'you won't find that when we've got you "over there," you've just to get used to things, even to carrying your "gaspirator"; another four years, and you'll get used to it, sonnie, that is, if you're lucky; there's one thing I'd die for to-morrow, if I could only feel it's a war to finish war: we've got to die sometime and I reckon it's the best way out of it, so cheer up, kid.' 'Oh, I'm not afraid to die,' replied the 'kid.' 'We've got to go sometime or other, but it's carrying this darned thing about gets me.' 'You'll have more than that to carry about before we've settled Hitler and his gang.' ''Spose I shall,' replied the 'kid,' 'after all, there's worse troubles than stopping a bullet. Come on, mate, let's make room for those who want a seat.'

One is struck on all sides by the calm determination to see 'this 'ere business through to a finish.' My seventy-year-old gardener, who has wonderful political insight (he even knows the map of Europe thoroughly), said to me on the Monday morning: 'So it's come! But get rid of Hitler and his gang and there won't be no more need for no more fighting. I reckon it b'ain't the Germans we'm fighting this time but them bastards the Nazis. What them sees in Hitler fair gets me: get rid of he, and then there b'ain't going to be no more bother, though up till the last minute I feared Chamberlain was a-going to let we down. But I reckon he's larned by now what sort of bloke Hitler be.'

There is determination everywhere. Even a mother, who some time before had vowed that her one and only son should never fight even if war came, cheerfully told me that 'her Bert was going afore they fetched him, *and quite right too.*'

ELIZABETH DASHWOOD.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING

II

HOWEVER scientifically a war may be conducted, women will always give it a touch of romance. A friend of mine who is employed in the canteen of one of the London Fire Brigade stations, told me proudly that she has already acquired a romantic attachment to one of the men. It is pleasant to think about 'the biggest cooking apple I can get him for his bacon and egg.'

But it is unpleasant to smell petrol all day long and let it penetrate even into your food. It is also most unpleasant not to have a proper stove to cook on. The men have their wireless and play ping-pong in their spare time. But a Chopin mazurka is no compensation for lack of fresh air. Still, 'we must keep smiling!'

People in town seem strangely confident that nothing can happen to London. 'We have our balloon barrages. We won't even allow the Germans to drop leaflets on our country.'

There is no hatred against the enemy alien. On the contrary. Wherever these aliens had to register with their local police, and some working men happened to stand by, they got a deal of sympathy. At one place a woman came to ask the inspector all kinds of questions. 'You aren't British?' said he. 'Unfortunately not,' she replied. 'What do you mean by "unfortunately." Aren't we all human beings?'

At the first air raid warning people flocked into public-houses after they found a number of shelters still closed. I looked down from a top floor window. It was quite a medieval spectacle. The good citizens hurrying into the streets. Invalids being carried, people on crutches trying to keep pace. A canary escaped from its cage and fluttered anxiously about. It made for the top of a tram, where it

rested for a while, the conductor trying to catch it. So London must have been when the Great Fire broke out.

And then the pubs! The owners' pretty daughters, with their hair-curlers pointing in all directions like a battleship fully rigged out, giving a vivid description of how they were taken by surprise at the first sound of the sirens. Women display much more imagination when it comes to: 'What would you do with Hitler?' One shouted furiously she would like to put him in a cage and dangle little models and diagrams of all the delicious things he wanted, like colonies, raw material, and so on.

There is a patiently resigned look on many faces. 'We got through the last war all right,' they seem to say, 'and we'll get through this one too.'

URSULA HARTLEBEN.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING

III

In the sun-flushed bus, speeding to Stratford-on-Avon, the two girls were loudly dividing Europe, and their voices echoed, hard and lusty, among the soporific passengers. Their talk of tennis and young men ended suddenly in stolid silence, then the voice of the blonde crashed against the roof and clattered among the sleepers. 'Well, what do you think of the international situation, my dear?' she inquired. unperturbed by turning heads. The brunette sighed an adult sigh, in the best cocktail-party manner. 'My de-e-ar! Don't ask muh! It's beyond muh! I've given up thinkin' about it!' Her friend said: 'You know, I think the real spot of bother began when Hitler took Czechoslovakia.' Her companion, imitating languidness, drawled: 'My dear, as far as I'm concerned, he can have it. Why should we bother about a place like that?' The blonde gasped: 'Oh, that's all very well, my dear, but the more you give that man Hitler, the more he'll want. He'll be snaffling Danzig next!' Addressing the entire bus, the brunette exclaimed importantly: 'Ah, now, that's where I'd put my foot down, my dear. I shouldn't let him have Danzig. That's key!' '"Key?"' said the blonde, 'What do you mean, my dear?' The brunette, vain of her knowledge, said with a satisfied smile: 'Why, it's one of those places placed in such a place that it would start half a dozen countries fighting if it was interfered with. Oh, no, we mustn't let him start taking key-places. That *would* upset the apple-cart!'

Her friend's momentarily wise look suggested that she had grasped all that, and she observed: 'My riding-master said this morning that war might start any minute. He said he wouldn't be surprised if there was one before the month's

out!' As that was only six hours off I felt slightly uneasy.

Later that evening I sat in an antique Cotswold public-house, while the dusk dreamed into darkness outside, and half-adream myself, listened to the slow talk of the half-dozen villagers and inhaled the pleasant narcotic of English ale mingled with the smoke from English pipes and the faint smell of paraffin from the fine, heavy brass lamp that hung from the rafters.

An old farm labourer in his Sunday best, sitting with his wife at the end of the table and steadily diminishing a quart bottle of beer in successive glasses, said to the young man next to him: 'That be a voine poype ye 'ave there, Jim!' The young man took it from his mouth and regarded it proudly. 'Oy, that it be,' he said, then he shook its stem at the company. 'Now 'ow much did Oy give for this yeer poype? Oy won it in a sixpenny raffle! Oy always smoked a clay poype till Oy lost all me teeth an' couldn't grip it no more an' some'ows or another Oy never went back to it when Oy 'ad me false 'uns put in.'

'Ah, ye 'as to 'ave good, strong teeth to grip a clay!' said the gaffer.

'Ah, a clay be the poype for a real good smoke!' said the young man.

The young wife said: 'You men! Ye don't know wot's good for ye! Oy goes an' buys Jim a lovely poype—fifteen shillin's oy paid for un—an' 'e goes on puffin' at this ole thing!'

The young man laughed. ''Twas on Armistice Day ye bought me that poype! That was the day ye 'ooked me!'

She slapped his shoulder. 'Yes, Oy 'ooked ye an' landed ye, Jim.'

He grinned at her. 'Aye, an' if Oy 'adn't been royal drunk, ye might never 'ave! Oy was on leave that day,' he told everyone, 'an' me mates carried me shoulder 'igh into that theer pub in the Bull Ring an' there you wos be'ind the bar, like a angel swimmin' afore me oyes!'

'Ee, that were a day!' she said, her eyes ashine with memories. 'Crowds o' people packed in the streets a-singin' "Tipperary" an' "Gawd Save the King," an' me as full up as Oy could 'old, servin' the boys back from the Front!'

'Ye'll be missin' yer girl that's away in Bermingam,' said the gaffer's wife.

'Ah, she be better theer,' answered the young woman. 'There's nothin' 'ere for 'er. She writes to say she do be 'avin' a rare ole toyme with A.R.P. work.'

'Talking about A.R.P.,' her husband interjected. ''Ave ye 'eerd wot old Tom Burgess said to the young 'ooman as came round wi' the gas-masks? "There bain't a gas-mask ever made as would fit me, Missy," ses 'e. "Whoy?" ses she. "Because me nose be too long!" ses 'e.'

The farm labourer thumped his tankard on the table and squirmed with glee. 'Oy, 'e do 'ave a right big inquisytorial nose, do Tom!'

'Oy, that 'e do,' agreed the young man. 'But 'tain't through pokin' it in other volks avvairs!'

'No, that it bain't,' supported the young wife. ''E be a good ole man, be Tom.'

'Oy, that 'e be,' said the labourer.

The landlord appeared, a round, rubicund fellow, built like a brewer's drayman. 'Now, gen'lemen! Gen'lemen!' he rumbled. 'And ladies,' he bowed to them with a smile. 'It's past toyme. 'Alf-past-ten, an' Oy'm supposed to be shut at ten! D'ye want me to be losin' me loycense?'

Home from holidays, I resumed business on a day of intermittent rain. Canvassing a long street on a widespread council-house estate and finding it unprofitable, I decided to abandon it after one more call. I but faintly recollected the dreary little woman who seemed to well remember me as she opened at my knock and exclaimed: ''Ullo, Curly! Wer 'uv you been? Ain't seen yer fer months!'

'Oh, up and down and round about and away on a bit of a holiday,' I said. 'Have you been away yet?'

'Yus,' she said, 'a couple o' months agaow. Luvly it was, too. Wisht I wos goin' agen t'morrer!'

'Where did you go?' I asked.

'To Ventnor, Isle o' Wight,' she said. 'An' dew know, I was a-tryin' fer years to get rooms acrost there, but they wos alwis full up. Every year I writes, but could I get to that island? Could I get to that island——?'

'Could you?' I interposed, to end the suspense.

'No, I couldn't,' she said. 'Then last year I 'ad a answer wot sed we wos to come acrost an' there wos two luvly rooms a-waitin' fer us, cheap. So off we goes! Missis 'Am wos the lady's nime, an' there she wos a-waitin' at the door fer us'—she stepped forward a little from her own doorstep, with head up and arms outheld, like the angel in paintings of 'The Annunciation,' to demonstrate Mrs. Ham's welcome—'as if we wos 'er long-lost brothers an' sisters from Noo York! She packs 'er married daughter, Flo, an' all 'er kids down to 'er sister's, "Off ye go, Flo," ses she, "down to Em'ly's wiv yer an' mike room for Missis Tookes an' 'er family! There's nobody as I'd want in me 'ouse more nor wot I'd want you, Missis Tookes," she said. The wi that ole woman looked arter us, I couldn't begin t' tell yer! We didn't know if we wos on our 'ead or our 'eels! Seventy-four she wos, if she wos a di, an' she 'opped abaht like a young 'un! Every di there wos stoos, puddens an' pies pipin' 'ot on 'er tyble, wot wos clean as a noo pin. An' 'er charges! Well, they wos that reasnable, yer wouldn't believe! But the pore ole thing died lawst winter.'

'Poor old lady!' I said.

'An' it's my belief as 'Itler killed 'er!' said Mrs. Tookes.

'Good heavens, Hitler!' I exclaimed.

'Yes, 'Itler,' she said. ''Er daughter Flo told me everythink wen we wos acrost there. Fer five nights runnin' that wicked man appeared at the old lady's bedside in a vishun.'

'But surely that couldn't cause her death?' I said.

'Yes, it did,' Mrs. Tookes affirmed. 'The pore ole dear couldn't bear the sight of 'im. She sed 'e 'aunted 'er all di long. The fust night 'Itler stood at the foot of 'er bed, she sed she knoo 'er end wos near. "There 'e wos," she sed, "a-lookin' as if 'e wos thinkin' 'ard abaht somethink; a-fingerin' of 'is lock of 'air wot falls over 'is left brow an' fiddlin' wiv 'is moustache. For four nights runnin' 'e kime an' just stood starin' 'ard at 'er wivout sayin' anythink. An' every night pore ole Fanny thought 'e wos a-goin' to do somethink, an' 'e didn't. 'E kyme on the fifth night an' stood at 'er 'ead, lookin' straight down into 'er fyce an' wavin' 'is 'ands as if 'e wos a-tryin' t'mesmerise 'er. The next mornin' she sed, "'E's come again, Flo!" an' that syme arternoon she breathed 'er lawst.'

'Didn't she do anything about it?' I asked.

'Yus,' said Mrs. Tookes. ''Er daughter Flo took 'er to see the vicar, as she thought things wos goin' too far.'

'What did he advise?'

'Oh, 'e treated it light, as if it wos nothink,' Mrs. Tookes went on. ''E said it wos through seein' 'im on the films an' readin' abaht 'im in the pypers, an' wen Flo sed 'er mother 'ad only been to the pictures wunst an' read nothink but the *Christian 'Erald*, 'e comforted the pore ole thing an' told 'er it wos only dreams. It's '—Mrs. Tookes halted, struggling—'"skykological," 'e sed.'

'Skycological?' I said.

'Yus, somethink to do wiv 'er dream life, 'e told 'er, an' she 'adn't to worry, 'e sed, but just tyke some medicine an' pray.'

'Perhaps Hitler cast the evil eye at Mrs. Ham?' I said.

'That's wot I think,' said Mrs. Tookes. 'If there is a judgment, that man 'Itler'll get 'is deserts! Pore ole Fanny! She 'ad rhoomatim arthuritis in 'er two 'ands an' 'ow she got abaht I don't know! An' dew know wot were 'er lawst words? "I wants t' write a letter t' Missis Tookes afore I die, Flo," she sed. Them wos 'er lawst words! Wen that letter kyme me 'usband sed, "Don't show me that letter! I know wot's in it afore ye open it. The pore ole woman's dead!" "Oh, 'Arold, 'ow you scare me!" I sed, clutchin' the letter to me 'eart. "It's no use, Nell!" 'e sed, "I've 'ad a warnin'. The old lydy's passed awi! Pore ole Fanny 'Am's a goner. Pore ole gel!" 'E wos right! It was Flo wot wrote to me, sendin' me the bit of letter wot 'er mother didn't finish.'

'Very sad,' I said.

Mrs. Tookes' eyes were glimmering. 'Then damn Nayzeys!' she exclaimed. 'We'll 'ave t' stamp them aht, for if ever a man killed a pore ole 'armless woman, that man 'Itler killed Fanny 'Am!'

E. Gaitens.

WORLD OPINION

A PRESS SUMMARY

NOTE.—*The compilation of this month's survey was severely handicapped by the sudden interruption of the regular supply of foreign newspapers after the date of September 4th. As regards German, Italian, French, and Russian comments the lack of sufficient numbers of original extracts was made up for by using some of the quotations of foreign comments contained in the daily despatches of British correspondents abroad. It is to be regretted that it was not possible to obtain any extracts from Polish newspapers since the outbreak of hostilities.*

GERMANY

GERMANY's intention to 'settle' the 'Polish question' by the use of force was clearly foreshadowed by the violent anti-Polish campaign of the German Press.

National Zeitung (Essen) (August 21st) writes in this vein: 'One expects and feels the approach of great and important decisions in the world. As in other questions so also in this question of Danzig the week which has just commenced will bring the decision.'

The following extract is an interesting piece of evidence of how the German Reich extended her demands day by day and hour by hour.

Frankfurter Zeitung (August 22nd) speaks no longer of the 'Danzig question,' but declares that: 'Herr Hitler's proposals to Poland no longer hold good. It would be useless to regard them to-day as a lifeline which shipwrecked Poland might use at any time she thinks fit. . . . No one should be surprised if Germany, contrary to earlier possibilities, to-day takes the only possible standpoint which is to demand one-hundred-percent. reparation of the wrong of Versailles.'

Following the conclusion of the Non-Aggression Pact between the Reich and the Soviet Union the German Press was jubilant over Germany's diplomatic success over the 'encirclement Powers.' The celebration of the new friend-

ship with the Soviets did in no way decrease the bitterness of the anti-British and anti-Polish campaign.

Der Angriff (August 23rd), referring to the German-Russian Pact, says : 'The German people have welcomed the news as a decisive turning point. Without Russia the encirclement front has no political meaning or military value.'

Hamburger Fremdenblatt (August 23rd) adds : 'What Germany lacks Russia possesses in large quantities, and therefore both States see in a direct exchange of goods a means to increase the prosperity of both.'

The following extract is of special significance in view of the Russian military invasion of Poland which is taking place at the moment of writing this survey.

Deutsche Diplomatische Korrespondenz (August 30th) states : 'It is significant that the Soviet Union, through its official agency, has made known the strengthening of her troops on the Russian Western frontier. This shows that Russia is not indifferent to the events in Poland. One must not forget that in 1919 a Polish question existed not only for Germany but also for Soviet Russia.'

As regards the attitude of the German Press towards the Western Powers it should be emphasised that German commentators never tired of accusing Great Britain for the stubborn resistance of Poland, and, following the German invasion of Poland, accused the British Government of deliberately causing a European war in order to crush Germany. At the same time the tone of the German Press towards France remained exceedingly friendly.

Hamburger Fremdenblatt (August 30th) declares : 'Discussions concerning final common political aims between England and Germany are possible. . . . But Great Britain is mainly responsible for Polish-German frontier incidents. In this matter, so far as Germany is concerned, a solution is no longer to be discussed but to be carried out. . . . The present German-Polish tension is the abyss between Germany and Britain.'

Deutsche Diplomatische Korrespondenz (August 30th), referring to German-French relations, says : 'It is regrettable that the French people who came to know rather late about the correspondence between M. Daladier and Herr Hitler, were not informed about the last phase of the diplomatic game.

Germany has always sought an understanding with France. If the French Government think their obligations towards Poland force them to adopt a hostile attitude towards the Reich, the German Government would consider this an unjustified war of aggression . . .'

Voelkischer Beobachter (September 7th) writes: 'During the World War we always felt a secret affection for France. This feeling is not stifled now, for we know the French people have been pushed into the war by a corrupt clique which hitched them to Britain's policy of embezzlement.'

Voelkischer Beobachter (September 11th) adds: 'German forces are waging this war with a scrupulous attention to International Rules and rights of neutrals that cannot be surpassed . . .'

During the first half of September the German Press has dealt extensively with the problems of Germany's relations with neutral countries.

Berliner Boersenzeitung (September 7th) writes in a leading article: 'Germany has no reason for wanting to see economic spheres in which the neutral countries can trade, produce goods and enjoy peace, curtailed. This attitude particularly applies to South-Eastern Europe and the Balkans. . . . The close links between Germany and the South-East of Europe demands peace in that area. The Soviet-German Pact has already shown its effect in maintaining peace in these countries. . . . On the other hand Germany's distrust of countries that were induced to take sides by certain offers of guarantees has not disappeared. Germany does not desire to profit by pressure placed on these countries by strategical or political considerations, nor to pit one country against another, so long as these countries remain strictly neutral and fulfil their stipulated obligations, especially economic ones . . .'

Hamburger Fremdenblatt (September 15th) states: 'It was Britain that widened the local questions on the Eastern frontier of the Reich into a European conflict. Whereas Germany has been trying to localise hostilities, Britain, in accordance with her traditions, wants a general extension of the war, particularly to the neutrals. . . . Germany is taking vigorous counter-measures against Britain's attack on the freedom of the seas, which violates International law and oppresses the commerce of the neutrals. By hitting back at

every provocation Germany is serving the cause of the neutrals. . . . She is fighting for the freedom of the seas just as the United States fought for it at the Versailles Conference.'

Italy

Throughout the critical weeks of August the Italian Press remained extremely cautious in its expressions, pleading that Germany's demand for revision in Eastern Europe was essentially 'just' and not worth a European war, and evidently as embarrassed by the violence of Germany's demands as by the signs of determination on the part of France and Great Britain.

Voce d'Italia (August 20th) argues: 'Everything shows that the problem of Danzig is not vital to Poland and does not involve her independence. Poland has still some days, but not very many, in which to reflect. Poland's real friends —those who do not gamble with her existence to further their villainous plans—can only give her this advice: Leave France and Britain aside and try even at the last moment to place herself in direct relation with Germany and bring back the problem of Danzig and the Corridor to the basis of the terms indicated by Herr Hitler in his Reichstag speech of April 28th.'

Giornale d'Italia (August 20th) writes: 'The hour is crucial for the peace of Europe. What do London and Paris want? Let them measure their steps and their actions because the abyss is almost opening under their feet.'

Regime Fascista (August 23rd) contains the following remarks. It may be worth noting that such revisionist claims —if in somewhat vague terms—did not appear in the *Giornale d'Italia* or any of the official papers but in a paper which caters for the members of the Fascist party only. It says: 'It is necessary to state that a solution of the Danzig problem will not solve everything. After Danzig and the settlement of the Corridor the colonies stolen from Germany must be restored. There is also another series of questions which remain for solution—the Italian claims, which remain unchanged and unchangeable. In the last four decisive years we have made great progress, but our future looks even greater. Every Italian feels that our claims as regards France are certain of satisfaction.'

In contrast to these statements the official Government Press continued to show many signs of anxiety.

Giornale d'Italia (August 27th) contains a leading article by its editor, Dr. Gayda, in which he says: 'The tension converges on London, for British policy is to be decided. We can only hope that their feelings for Europe will direct the British decision, which will be largely responsible for events in the near future. Italy, in harmony with Germany, for a long time has been directing her energies politically and diplomatically in the service of peace and justice.'

The outbreak of open hostilities on the Eastern and Western fronts did not bring about any noticeable change of tone in the Italian Press.

Popolo d'Italia (September 5th), the organ of Signor Mussolini, says: 'With arms ready and hearts tempered by four wars we are ready in any event to await the Duce's orders. In the new European order Italy will not be extraneous and a new Versailles will not emerge.'

Il Lavora Fascista (August 5th) writes: 'Modern Europe contains other parties—and Italy is chief among them—who have problems to solve, and Italy, at the right moment, will have her word to say.'

Soviet Russia

In the Soviet Press the conclusion of the German-Russian pact was accompanied by wild anti-Japanese outbursts. The columns of all important papers were filled with reports of Japanese military defeats along the Mongolian borderline. As regards comments on the new pact itself it is difficult to discover any difference between them and the comments of the Nazi Press.

Izvestia (August 24th) contains the following remarks: The pact puts an end to hostility in the relationship between Germany and the Soviet Union, a hostility which the enemies of both sides have tried to fan and perpetuate. It is perfectly clear that the establishment of peaceful neighbourly relations based on extensive economic connections between two such mighty powers as the Soviet Union and Germany is bound to pacify the extremely tense international situation and contribute to the consolidation of peace. Ideological differences the political systems of both countries cannot and should

not stand in the way of the establishment and preservation of good-neighbourly relations between the Soviet Union and Germany.'

Pravda (August 24th) says: 'The friendship of the peoples of Russia and Germany, which had been chased into a blind alley by the enemies of Germany and the Soviet, will from now on gain the necessary conditions for its development, and will flourish.'

The Red Star (September 6th), the official organ of the Red Army, refers to the pact with the following words: 'puts an end to the hostility between two of the greatest European States which was fomented by agents provocateurs.'

The following extracts clearly foreshadow the intention to take military action against Poland which was carried out on September 17th.

Tass Agency (September 14th), the official Soviet news agency, publishes a lengthy report of alleged frontier violation by Polish military 'planes. The report says: 'Violations continue. Thus on September 13th Polish bombers violated the frontier areas of Krivin and Yampol (Ukraine). One twin-engined Polish 'plane was surrounded in the air by Soviet fighters and compelled to land in Soviet territory.'

On the same day the Soviet Press contained for the first time certain references to the Russian minorities in Poland.

Pravda (September 14th) writes: 'Polish ruling quarters have done everything possible to aggravate relations with the national minorities and to bring them to a state of extreme tension. . . .' Analysing the internal causes of Polish defeats, the article goes on to say: 'It is difficult to explain such a quick defeat merely by the superiority of the German military technique and military organisation and by lack of effective assistance to Poland on the part of Great Britain and France. All reports on the situation in Poland show that disorganisation of the entire Polish State machine is constantly increasing and that the Polish State proved so impotent and inefficient that it began to crumble with the first military setbacks. . . .'

'. . . What are the causes of a situation which has brought Poland to the verge of bankruptcy? These causes are rooted in the inner weaknesses and contradictions of the

Polish State—which is a multi-national State. The Poles constitute only about 60 per cent. of the population, the remaining 40 per cent. being made up of national minorities, chiefly Ukrainians, White Russians and Jews. Poland is inhabited by no less than 8,000,000 Ukrainians and about 3,000,000 White Russians. These two largest national minorities together account for nearly 11,000,000 inhabitants. . . . The national policy of the ruling quarters in Poland has been characterised by the suppression of national minorities, particularly of the Ukrainians and White Russians. The regions where the Ukrainians and White Russians form the majority of the population are subject to extremely harsh and unscrupulous exploitation by Polish landlords. Ruling quarters in Poland did everything to convert the Western Ukraine and Western White Russia into a colony deprived of any rights and delivered up to plunder by the Polish gentry. . . . Poland's ruling quarters maintain their domination by punitive expeditions, field tribunals, and white terror, by fanning national discord. . . . These are the reasons why Poland did not and could not create that internal unity . . . sufficient to give rise to a great wave of patriotic feeling and unite the Polish Army in a single endeavour to hold back an armed opponent. The national minorities did not and could not become a reliable support for the present régime in Poland. . . .'

France

The news of the German-Russian pact came as a shock and most well-known Press commentators reacted accordingly. The most general conclusion was, however, that the 'bombshell' had failed to produce the intended effect, namely, the intimidation of the Western Powers and the splitting of the Anglo-French alliance.

Le Temps (August 22nd) says: 'It would appear that the Fuehrer is preparing to carry out a strategic retreat and to save the face of his régime by a spectacular diplomatic success which might easily be exploited by German diplomacy against Poland. But Poland has never counted on Russian military aid on her own territory, and the defection of Moscow may not greatly affect the position of the Warsaw Government.'

Paris-Midi (August 23rd) writes: 'The sole and real

danger of the Soviet-German pact was that the Germans would imagine the explosion of this mine was enough to demoralise France and Great Britain, and would attempt to carry the Polish position by surprise. This danger has receded. The situation is better than it was twenty-four hours ago.'

L'Epoque (August 23rd) contains the following comment on the pact: 'We still have unshakable Britain, we still have a menaced European people who will fight for their lives, we still have the ocean and our immense reserves. We still have our courage, our honour, and our unalterable feeling that the cowardliness, falsehood, and violence built up by Hitler is too monstrous to last for ever.'

Almost exactly one week after the news of the Russo-German pact the entire French Press—without exception—pleaded for a strong line in the event of German aggression against Poland.

Figaro (August 29th) says: 'France entirely espouses the British point of view. It can be said that with regard to the present drama there exists only one Franco-British point of view, just as, if necessary, to-morrow there would be only one Franco-British military, naval, and air power to defend it. . . .'

Le Populaire (August 29th) contains a leading article by M. Blum in which he writes: 'If Germany renounces the application and threat of force, a general settlement still remains possible. I am glad Mr. Chamberlain has accepted this idea in such noble terms. I see no other possible peaceful solution to the crisis, since Hitler in his reply to Daladier violently rejected the idea of direct negotiations with Poland.'

Jour-Echo de Paris (August 29th) says: 'The British and French line of action remains changeless. It is armed intervention if Poland is forced to defend herself by military means, but at the same time no chance of peace is rejected, no outstretched hand repulsed. . . .'

The following extracts which appeared after the formal declaration of war are typical of the tone and attitude of all sections of the French Press.

Le Journal (September 8th) remarks: 'The British and French sense of honour, their tenacity and traditions, show categorically that now that the struggle has begun it will be pursued till the end. . . .'

Le Jour (September 8th) says: 'No separate peace—these

are the words which France wrote in the Franco-Polish protocol last Tuesday. Britain is of the same mind. Let us scotch in advance all argument on this subject.'

L'Œuvre (September 8th) contains a similar declaration in its editorial column. It says: 'We have vowed not to lay down our arms before ridding Europe of the tyranny of the Nazis. This is not a vow *à la* Hitler. We shall be faithful to it, and we shall conquer.'

L'Epoque (September 8th) adds: 'The British, like ourselves are determined to fight this pestilential régime which is poisoning and paralysing the life of every human being.'

L'Aube (September 10th), the prominent Catholic newspaper, writes on Goering's speech: 'In vain does Hitler shout and Goering thunder. The trial of cunning is over, whatever efforts its inventors make to prolong it. We have come to a trial of force which we did not want, but, short or long, it will overwhelm those who let it loose.'

Le Populaire (September 13th) comments on the first meeting of the Supreme Franco-British War Council and says: 'This declaration means two things. First, that Great Britain and France are sparing no effort to relieve and assist the Polish army. . . . Secondly, the declaration means that the union of Great Britain and France remains complete and unalterable. It is a double answer to Goering's clumsy attempts to create suspicion and distrust between France and Britain.'

L'Ordre (September 13th) writes: 'The communiqué states implicitly that the impending German peace offensive, based on recognition of the accomplished fact of German conquest of Eastern Europe and a non-aggression pledge for Western Europe by the invader of Poland, has no chance of success. The Western democracies are determined to finish with the Hitlerian Reich.'



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THE SITUATION

I

Germany, armed and united under a strong ruler, whether he be a great man like Bismarck or an evil creature like Adolf Hitler, will always make war. There are 'other Germans,' but there is no 'other Germany' except a Germany disarmed and disunited. The Second World War has come, because the First left her with the foundation of her strength, her unity, unimpaired, and because she was allowed to rearm on that foundation.

It is untrue that the alleged 'injustice' of Versailles drove the German people to revolt. Versailles was, on the whole, a just treaty despite many imperfections. It justly deprived Germany of regions inhabited by non-Germans. It justly exacted reparations for damage done in a war of German aggression—it is true that the sums first demanded were unreasonable, but they were progressively reduced and Germany borrowed the money to pay them—she paid about as long as the borrowed money lasted. The demand for the trial of the former Kaiser and of the so-called 'war criminals' was juridically unsound. But the demand was dropped after a few 'criminals' had been tried, sentenced to short terms of

imprisonment, and allowed to escape. The *limitation* of German armaments (Germany was never *disarmed*) and the occupation of the Rhineland were altogether just because they were the *only* guarantees of a lasting peace. They were just to the German people, in so far as they would—had they been upheld—have saved them from being herded into another war by ambitious rulers. They were less than just to the liberated nations who had no defence against a rearmed Germany.

The 'injustice' of Versailles is a legend, created by German Nationalist and National Socialist propaganda, a legend which did not find general acceptance even among Germans until most of the clauses in the treaty which had been denounced as unjust had become inoperative and the hatred and bitterness engendered by the war were dying a natural death. Even then the legend was not accepted by all until it was imposed upon the entire nation by terrorism and injustice, incomparably greater than any that had been endured at the hands of a foreign foe. Expiring hatred and bitterness were artificially revived by Hitler and his associates with the deliberate purpose of precipitating another war.

The only radical injustice done by the Allied Powers in the First World War was in allowing Germany to violate the treaty, in so far as they did not enforce the *permanent* observance of the military clauses. By allowing Germany to rearm, and, by evacuating the Rhineland prematurely and by tolerating the German reoccupation, they made the Second World War possible. Not the treaty, but the failure to enforce it was the injustice for which such fearful retribution has come upon us all.

It is true that the Second World War is a war of German aggression, even more clearly than the first. Hitler himself is the chief aggressor, in so far as he lived and worked for *this* war, which is *his* war, a war long desired and brought about by himself, as the First World War was *not* desired and brought about by the former Kaiser. It is true that Hitler is the arch-criminal and that as long as he has a vestige of power there cannot be peace in Europe. But it is also true that the Western Allies, in their negligence, in their lack of realism and foresight, in their obsession with utopian pacifism and ambitious dreams of universal concord, made German aggression

possible once again. Hitler is not only a Destroyer—he is an Avenger and the Second World War is a Judgment upon us for our arrogant striving to override the limits set by God upon all human endeavour and to establish the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

Militarism and pacifism are twin causes of war. Militarism makes war, pacifism allows militarism to make it. Rearmament and disarmament are the same in a last analysis, for whether Germany rearm to the level of the Western Powers, or whether they disarm to her level, the result is one, for armaments are relative, not absolute, and in either case both sides will start from scratch.

These considerations are by no means idle or inopportune. They are of eminently practical importance, for if they are forgotten amid the self-righteousness that pervades our press and the utterances of our politicians, now that we are at war, there will be some danger that, when the fighting is over, exactly the same errors will be made again, and for the same reasons. The war will then have been fought in vain.

War is always a step into the unknown. The Second World War has only just begun, but it has already changed the structure of Europe in radical and unexpected ways—and is changing the political, social, and economic structure of every belligerent (even the neutrals are not unaffected). We have good reasons for confidence in victory, but the state of Europe when victory has been achieved is unpredictable. All the belligerents will be exhausted, and while the victors will, within limits, be able to impose their will on the vanquished, they will be unable to determine the nature of the European order as a whole. It would therefore be not only futile but very dangerous to declare positive War Aims now. The War Aims of to-day may not be those of to-morrow, for the War in its course may compel us to abandon some Aims and adopt others.

But there is one exception—the one War Aim that is the *absolute* condition of victory. If that Aim is not achieved then Germany, even if defeated in the field, will have *won* the war because she will have won the *peace*. That aim was stated by William Pitt in words that could well be adopted by Mr. Chamberlain:

What is the object of the war? . . . It is *security:* security against a danger, the greatest that ever threatened the world. It is security against a danger which never existed in any past period of society. It is security against a danger which in degree and extent was never equalled; against a danger which threatened all the nations of the earth; against a danger which has been resisted by all the nations of Europe, and resisted by none with so much success as by this nation, because by none has it been resisted so uniformly and with so much energy.

(*Speech in the House of Commons, February 17th,* 1800.)

How is that security to be achieved? Not by any abstract or ideal scheme—not by the present or any other League of Nations, not by 'Federal Union' and the like. These will not only be worthless in themselves but will be positively dangerous because they will conceal the insecurity of Europe beneath a fictitious security—if *the one condition* remains unfulfilled. That condition is the *permanent* armed ascendancy of the Western Powers. This ascendancy may not seem a very constructive or inspiring War Aim—but unless it is achieved, our victory will be in vain and the Third World War will be made certain. The preciser nature of the ascendancy which must be permanently ours is unpredictable. One thing is essential to it: whatever may be done to the political and economic unity of the Germans, their strategic unity must be broken, in the interest of our own security, of European security as a whole, and in common justice to all, now and for generations to come. The Rhine must for ever become the strategic frontier of the Western Powers. We have—and must have—other War Aims as well, such as the restoration of the Polish, Czechoslovak and, possibly, Austrian Republics, though not necessarily within their old frontiers. But these aims will have been achieved in vain and the new European order will be overthrown as the old was overthrown if the German troops are ever again allowed to cross the Rhine.

II

The Second World War is but the continuation of the First. The peace that separated them was but an armistice. The proposals made by Hitler after the termination of his Polish campaign were but proposals for yet another armistice that would give Germany time to recuperate and to con-

solidate and extend her conquests before beginning the Third World War.

For France to demobilise, and then to remobilise after a brief period so as to face another war with diminished prospects of victory is almost, if not quite, impossible—psychologically, even more than physically. For Great Britain to dismantle the vast bureaucratic machinery she has established to wage the war, and to undergo the difficult and disruptive transition from war to peace, only to reverse the process, and pass from peace to war after a year, perhaps even less, would place an almost impossible strain upon her resources and upon her people. But Germany would not have to carry out more than a partial demobilisation, for she could maintain whole armies on the conquered regions, where they would 'live on the land,' and having much imported mobile labour—Czechs, Slovaks, Poles, and even Italians, who can be sent back to their native countries, she can ease her labour market to accommodate the men she chooses to demobilise. Able to exploit newly conquered territory, to establish an influence or an ascendancy in regions, to augment the economic advantages (at present very small) of her alliance with Russia, and to replenish her depleted stocks, Germany will, when she chooses—and not when we choose—begin the Third World War with a vastly augmented assurance of final victory.

That is why Hitler's proposals had to be rejected, that is why there must be no peace with Germany except the peace that will make it permanently impossible for her to go to war again.

The closeness of the German-Russian Alliance is shown more clearly by the support they have given one another in promoting these proposals even than by their joint partition of Poland. Even now that the proposals have been rejected, the defeatist propaganda which the Germans would be making in this country if they were allowed to is being made by Russian diplomatic and commercial agents and their many sympathisers, so that we have a kind of 'neo-appeasement' spreading from amongst the defeatists on the Left as well as on the Right, where the chief defeatist and pro-Hitlerite organisation is the newly formed 'British Council of Christian Settlement.' The initiative, whether for making

war or proposing peace, as well as in the actual conduct of the war, has been and is in German, or in German-Russian hands, thanks to the passivity of the Western Powers and their preoccupation with abstract rather than 'Realpolitik.' Germany is now conducting a very limited offensive on land, on the sea and in the air. No doubt she will take her supreme initiative in the spring and try to fight the 'decisive battle.' Not until the political and the strategic initiative has been taken out of her hands will it be possible to say that we are beginning to win the war.

Nevertheless, given the relative unpreparedness of the Allied Powers, their strategy would seem to be right in the circumstances. Great Britain was unprepared for war on land. In the air she was only prepared for defensive warfare, while the French Air Force was inadequate even for defence. This makes it impossible, or at least excessively dangerous for the Allies to take the offensive this year. Their main task is to 'contain' the German menace and to avoid any excessive loss of men and material until, with the help of their superior material and moral resources, they achieve an ascendancy which will enable them to force a final decision, an ascendancy that will be brought all the nearer by the progressive weakening of the German 'home front' as the result of economic warfare. It is only natural that there should be discontent over the apparent lack of vigour with which they are prosecuting the war. It is only natural we should feel ashamed that we gave no direct help to our ally, Poland, in her fearful need. But *final* victory is everything—on that, and on that alone, does the restoration of Poland (as of Belgium and Serbia in the last war) depend. Care, caution and the utmost economy in lives and material are needed before it will be possible to begin those operations which must bring swift and decisive victory. Indeed, it is much to be thankful for that, so far at least, the Allies have, without prejudice to their ultimate success, been spared horrifying massacres such as those that bear the names of Somme, Chemin des Dames and Passchendaele, as well as the slaughter that was expected from air raids on our densely populated cities.

III

The German-Russian Alliance is the object of less specula-

tion than it ought to be. There is a widespread belief that the two Socialist Imperialisms have no interests in common, that they will fall out before long, and that the alliance is really a defeat for Germany in so far as Russia will bar her way to the East and threaten her rear. The truth is that Germany and Russia have many interests in common, that they have no present reason for quarrelling, and that their new partnership is profitable to both. The partnership is not at all surprising. There has always been sympathy between Prussia and Russia, even when Prussia was the stronghold of German Reaction and Communism still prevailed in Russia (ever since the end of the last war Prussian generals have always had a weakness for Communists—the 'National Bolshevism' expounded by Count Reventlow, Karl Radek, and the 'Rothe Fahne' in 1923 was the precursor of the German-Russian Alliance).

The negotiations between the Western Allies and Russia for a military agreement never had, because they could not have, any reality. The Allies could offer Russia war *plus* nothing at all, whereas Germany could offer her peace *plus* immeasurable plunder. Berlin and Moscow had compounded long before the negotiations between Moscow and the Western capitals had begun. For Moscow the negotiations had no meaning except in so far as they could secure the connivance of the Western Allies in the annexation of the Baltic States and the partition of Poland. The negotiations failed because Russia insisted on a definition of 'indirect aggression,' which, if accepted, would have authorised her to do exactly what she has now done in Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania. They also failed because Russia demanded the right not only to send troops through Poland, but to establish military administrations in the district of Vilna and in the Ukrainian regions of South and South-Eastern Poland; in other words, to annex, with the consent of the Western Allies, those regions which she has now annexed without their consent. If therefore an agreement between Russia and the Western Powers had been signed, it would hardly have affected the situation, except in so far as the Western Powers would have been connivers in the Russian campaign of conquest and spoliation. Their honourable refusal to play this part was the reason for the failure of the 'Anglo-Russian talks.'

If the Western Powers had been more critical in their attitude towards Russia and had taken a severer or more cynical view of Muscovite statesmanship, and if Russia had been made to fear that the invasion of Poland by the Red Army might be followed by a rupture with the Western Powers, (Poland was guaranteed against aggression no matter where it came from—the Western Powers were under the same obligation to defend Poland against Russia as against Germany) it is very likely indeed that Russia would have hesitated before conniving with Germany in the partition of Poland. The accommodation and compliance shown by the Western Powers in their dealings with Russia helped to consolidate the German-Russian partnership and to accelerate the defeat and destruction of our ally, the Polish Republic.

That partnership has done the Allied cause great injury, in so far as the Russian conquest made it impossible for the Poles to take advantage of the victory won by General Sosnkowski near Lwow on September 16th, and to rally for a stand which, amid the forests and marshes of their eastern provinces, might have been a very long one. The German lines of communication were lengthening, bad weather would soon be setting in and Polish resistance was hardening. Many German divisions which are now fighting in the West would have been held in Poland many weeks longer, perhaps even until the spring. France and England must pay a heavy price in dead and wounded for the German-Russian partnership.

Although Russia has but a small exportable surplus, she can, with the help of German managers and experts, increase her production and improve her transportation during the next few years so that Russian supplies may in time help Germany to withstand the Allied blockade. Germany rejected Hitler's dream of colonising the Russian Ukraine long ago (a dream that would have been more disastrous to Germany than to Russia if it had been attempted). Instead, Germany and Russia can extend their joint influence to the Near and Middle East to the Persian Gulf, and even to India, while the whole of North-Eastern Europe is threatened by the dominating influence if not the actual domination of Moscow and Berlin.

But Russia, although enormous, is very weak. No one—

not even Hitler—dreads revolution as much as Stalin does. Russia's ill-conditioned industries, the poor state of her rolling stock, the length and inadequacy of her communications, and the precarious nature of a social and political order maintained by terrorism and constant 'purges' make Russia quite unable to stand the material and psychological strain of serious warfare. Her value to Germany as an ally is therefore political and economic rather than military. The alliance cannot have a decisive influence on the course of the War if the War is a short one. But it may be very injurious to the Allied cause if the War is a long one.

The two Socialist Imperialisms have three things in common: fear of revolution, hatred and contempt for the Poles, fear and hatred of the British Commonwealth. They are united in suppressing and preventing revolution, they have robbed the Poles of their independence, and they have conspired to overthrow and despoil the Commonwealth. Their partnership is an alliance against the freedom of individuals and of nations as well as a conspiracy to share out the richest booty that ever existed in the history of the world.

If the influence of Hitler and his associates is shaken, it will be replaced by the influence of the German generals, who are likely to be even more 'radical' (in a Socialist sense) than he is. They are certainly pro-Russian. Indeed, the Russian alliance is itself a sign that their ascendancy, or at least the ascendancy of Prussia (which is much the same thing) has already begun.

That slight change of Government, which we call the overthrow of 'Hitlerism' (one of our professed War Aims), might easily come about through a German revolution 'from above,' which would eliminate Hitler and the whole National Socialist Party and yet leave Germany no less formidable than she was before.

But if, as a result of reverses in the field and shortage at home, the revolution 'from above' is followed by revolution 'from below,' accompanied by risings among subject Poles and Czechs (as in 1918), it is possible that Russia will intervene to crush the risings (as she intervened to crush the Hungarian rising of 1848), and will endeavour to convert the German revolution into an 'officers' rebellion,' and so use it as an instrument for continued war against the Western Allies (it

was precisely a danger of this kind that was amongst the reasons for the 'war of intervention' waged by the Western Allies against Russia in 1919).

Such prospects are, it is true, highly speculative. Speculation is officially deprecated, but it remains the life of political thought. The conduct of British foreign policy has been deficient, both in the realism that comes from a close and critical study of events and situations, as well as in that other realism that is quick to seize chances apprehended by the speculative and intuitive understanding. The English political genius was once both pragmatic and speculative as the political genius of no other nation ever was, the Greeks alone excepted. But since the last war that genius has atrophied under the influence of political abstractions with a vast popular appeal. These abstractions have helped to bring on the present war, in so far as they have been the false medium through which most of our political leaders and a large electorate have seen events and situations and have misjudged the German danger until its stark immediacy forced them back into the pragmatism of a struggle for sheer existence.

But political abstractions still exercise a popular appeal and our statesmen still have a bias in their favour. They are the false medium through which the rebirth of Russian Imperialism and the German-Russian alliance are being witnessed—and what is much more dangerous, the problem of peace is being considered. More dangerous because if, after the defeat of Germany in the field, the nature of the peace is determined by political and moral abstractions and not by the pragmatic need for permanent security from the German danger, then we shall, despite every appearance of victory, have lost the War because we shall have lost the Peace.

THE EDITOR.

OUR FATHERS THAT BEGAT US

Methinks I see the great work indeed in hand against the abusers of the world.

PHILIP SIDNEY.

A COUPLE of years ago an astute London man of business, foreseeing the woes that were about to fall upon Europe, purchased a small farm in Canada, intending on the first sign of trouble to evacuate thither his wife and children. 'And will you go with them?' asked the friend to whom he told his plans. 'No, sir, no,' was the reply. 'I shall stick it out in Cornwall.' The University of London has arranged for its elderly professors to stick the war out in Wales, and there to instruct such students as may resort to them. The University of London, whilst providing a refuge for its professors, did not enable them to carry with them their working libraries; my house had to be closed up and my library left to the mercy of chance. So I must begin with a preliminary apology for any unverified quotations from memory.

'There is some soul of goodness in things evil,' said Shakespeare's Henry V on the morning of Agincourt, when reflecting that War, whatever its disadvantages, at any rate fosters the habit of early rising. And the 'soul of goodness' for the present writer meant a journey to the neighbourhood of Chichester to pick up some treasured books left there: then a day's drive over the South Downs and the North Downs, crossing the Thames at Henley, through the Chilterns and Oxford and over the Cotswolds, down into the Vale of Evesham, skirting the Malvern Hills, through Worcester, past Radnor Forest and under Plynlymmon till the cry of sea-gulls met us, and we drew up at a house splashed by the waves of the Irish Sea. 'The Barbarians drive us to the Sea: the Sea drives us to the Barbarians: between these two methods of death we are either massacred or drowned.'

Such, according to the lachrymose Gildas, was the complaint which the Britons addressed to the Roman Aelius, three times consul, but unable to help them in their distress. Gildas is the first literary man of Britain whose works have survived; and it is a pitiful tale that he tells us. 'The fire of just vengeance for our sins spread itself from sea to sea, and did not cease in its flaming course until, having burnt up nearly the whole face of the island, it licked the Western Ocean with its red and cruel tongue.' And here were we, following the course of that cruel struggle from the Sussex coast, where Ælle landed with his three sons, to that Western Ocean on the brink of which the University Colleges of Wales were offering us their generous hospitality.

We were passing over the fields once marked (to quote Gildas again) by 'fragments of bodies, covered with clotted blood, so that they seemed as if squeezed together in some ghastly wine press.' In the words of a later writer

> There the ravens feasted far
> About the open house of war:
> When Severn down to Buildwas ran
> Coloured with the death of man.

Yet nothing could be imagined more peaceful than the 260 miles of our journey. Much has been said about the way in which industrialisation is destroying the beauty of England. But (save for some suburbs round Oxford and Worcester) nothing was to be seen but that perfect beauty which belongs to rural England and rural Wales in September sunshine. Pastures, wheat-fields, orchards, half-timbered cottages or houses of Cotswold stone; everything seemed to remind one of the indestructibility of Mother Earth, so long as the grains of mustard seed and the lilies of the field retain their faith.

And it is from the mingled race which sprang from that wild struggle that we are all descended. During the last war Mr. Lloyd George, discussing the internment of enemy aliens, said: 'After all, if we go back far enough, I am the only occupant of the Front Treasury Bench who is not of enemy alien origin.' The remark must have given him such keen enjoyment that it would have been cruel to point out that, with so mixed a race as ours, there must be very few of us

who do not count among our ancestors many of the original inhabitants of these islands.

The English newcomers brought with them a language and an outlook very similar to that which three centuries later the Vikings were also to bring. It is all expressed in the poem of *Beowulf*, which tells how the ancient king, after his heroic youth, gave his life for his people in a struggle against an evil power. Beowulf slays the dragon, and is slain by the dragon: it is like the last fight of Thor. In the words of W. P. Ker, 'The winning side is Chaos and Unreason: but the gods, who are defeated, think that defeat is not refutation.'

Defeat is not refutation. Welsh and English and Norse, all those peoples whose mingled blood flows in us all, have all been quite certain about that. The same moral is to be met among all the heroic races of the world. The great Polish Marshal Pilsudski taught his legionaries: 'To be vanquished and not surrender is victory; to vanquish and rest on laurels is defeat.' That is the temper of the old English alliterative poetry. In the dark days of Ethelred the Unready, the unconquerable mind expressed itself thus in *The Battle of Maldon*:

> Thought shall be the harder · heart the keener,
> Mood shall be the more · as our might lessens.

To quote W. P. Ker again: 'There is nothing equally heroic before *Samson Agonistes*.'

Robert Louis Stevenson, in his *Fable of Faith, Half Faith, and No Faith*, puts the same thing. A priest and a virtuous person expound the principles of their faith, whilst an old Viking rover, battle-axe on shoulder, listens. But, one by one, the dogmas of priest and philosopher are disproved:

> At last one came running and told them that all was lost: that the powers of darkness had besieged the Heavenly Mansions, that Odin was to die, and evil triumph . . .
>
> 'I wonder if it is too late to make up with the devil?' said the virtuous person.
>
> 'Oh, I hope not,' said the priest. 'And at any rate we can but try. But what are you doing with your axe?' says he to the rover.
>
> 'I am off to die with Odin,' said the rover.

But it was a faith even stronger than their own fatalism which enabled King Alfred to break the Viking hosts. It was

this faith of Alfred, not any surpassing military or organising or literary genius, which saved Western Christendom. Great ability, of course, Alfred had. Only a good tough fighting man could have led the hosts of Wessex in the ninth century, and to have combined this with an organising skill which enabled him to restore in England education and government, civil and ecclesiastical, called for very great gifts. His love of learning is all the more striking because he possessed so little. (In translating the *History* of Orosius, he could never understand the Roman habit of carrying three names, and he invariably altered his two consuls bearing three names each into three consuls with two names apiece, creating an additional consul out of the last name of the first and the first name of the second.) But Alfred's love of learning, his organising power, his valour would not have sufficed without his faith. When he translated Boethius he rendered fairly closely, but perhaps without fully appreciating it, his author's subtle argument about Providence and Fate. Then he suddenly breaks away, as if with impatience, and speaks out independently: 'But I say, as do all Christian men, that it is God's dispensation which rules, and not fate.' It was on this belief that the Viking onslaught was shattered. Alfred saved Wessex, and saving Wessex saved Western Europe for a thousand years from the attack of 'Heathen Nihilism.' Yet this 'Heathen Nihilism' was itself no ignoble thing. It was the claim of the human mind to assert that it did not care whatever evil might happen to it; the assertion that it would refuse to give in, however utter the defeat: would continue the fight, without a hope. But Alfred's faith was a stronger thing than that.

'Nothing,' the late Professor Sir Walter Raleigh said, 'is more striking than the way the English people do not alter.' The more strictly we investigate the historical Alfred, the more closely we study his actual words, the more modern does he seem, and the more typically English. And from the twelfth century to the twentieth, there has never been a time when the Alfred of story, the Alfred who burns the cakes, has not been known and loved in England. This living tradition of Alfred, recorded by chroniclers and poets, is one of the things which kept the English spirit alive in the three centuries after the

defeat at Hastings. He was remembered as 'the friend of the widows, the orphans and the poor,' the hero who 'when beaten to-day, prepares for the morrow's battle,' 'the wise king,' 'the saint, the sage,' 'who excelled all kings of England before him and after.' More striking even than the words of the chroniclers is the collection of proverbs which English people in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries put into the mouth of their wise king. The collection opens with a picture of the King teaching his wisdom to his people :

> At Seaford · sat many thanes,
> Many bishops · many book-learned,
> Earls of pride · and dreaded knights.
> There was Earl Ælfric · wise of the law,
> And Alfred also · shepherd of England,
> Darling of England · in England he was king.
> Then did he teach them · as ye may hear
> Thus spake Alfred · comfort of England:

The *Proverbs of Alfred* teach a quiet piety ; we can imagine some poor Saxon priest instructing his parishioners in much this strain, giving little heed to the Norman bishops and abbots and barons in the great castles and monastic churches. The life of the conquered Saxons, as we learn of it from the *Anglo Saxon Chronicle*, was hard and cruel enough. It is natural that the *Proverbs* place special emphasis on caution and patience.

Thus said Alfred :

> *If thou hast a woe · tell it not to the weakling,*
> Tell it to thy saddle bow · and ride singing forth.

So long as there is life, there is hope.

Thus said Alfred :

> If thou losest thy wealth · when thou comest to be old,
> Then thank thy Lord God · for the light of day,
> And for all the mirth · that he made for man.

Or, as another collection of Alfred's proverbs put it, when things get to the worst they can but mend :

> When bale is highest · bote is nighest.

'Alfred the truth-speaker,' his own bishop Asser had called him, and, five centuries later, it was to Alfred that people

attributed everything supposed to be specially national and excellent. Five centuries later still, amid 'the deepening twilight of the twentieth century,' G. K. Chesterton attributed to Alfred (and with justice) his own protest against the modern 'nihilism' of 'men bond to Nothing, being slaves without a lord.' In Chesterton's *Ballad of the White Horse*, the heathen chiefs sing in their camp of the joys of war, and destruction, and 'the heart of the locked battle.' The disguised Alfred catches the harp and replies:

> Yet by God's death the stars shall stand
> And the small apples grow.

Other heroes are forgotten, but Alfred remains:

> Their great souls went on a wind away,
> And they have not tale or tomb;
> And Alfred born in Wantage
> Rules England till the doom.

We have evidence that Englishmen acted on the advice of Alfred's proverb: 'Don't talk about your troubles—ride forth singing.' The two hundred and fifty English servants who accompanied Thomas Becket to France, nearly a century after the Conquest, went about, we are told, 'singing something in their own tongue after the manner of their country.' And we know something of the English songs of this date; they told how wronged heroes and heroines were vindicated at last: how disinherited princes and princesses came at last by their own; how outlaws befriended the oppressed and defied the powerful, as did Hereward, or Edric Wild, or, later, Gamelyn or Robin Hood. Above all, they told how English kings, like Alfred, or Athelstan, or Edmund Ironside, defended their realm against invaders. And it is evidence of the continuity of English history that our king to-day is the lineal descendant of the kings whose stories were the comfort of their oppressed people in the dark generations after the Norman Conquest.

So, in alliterative verse, a tradition of heroic poetry was continued for three centuries after the battle of Hastings, till it achieved its masterpiece in William Langland's epic of *Piers Plowman*. The hero of the poem is Piers, the industrious, charitable, honest labourer. But, as the poem goes on, we

find that there is an ideal higher than that of the honest labourer: the life of complete self-denial, which reaches its highest example in the life lived by Christ on earth. And so the story of the Passion and of the Harrowing of Hell is told as a heroic poem. Christ rides into Jerusalem, like a knight, looking to win his gilt spurs. But he is mocked, crowned with thorns, crucified, till he cries 'It is finished,' and swoons

> Piteously and pale · as a prisoner that dieth,
> The lord of life and of light · then laid his eyes together.

The scene changes to the pit of Hell, and the great challenge rings out, as Christ summons the devils at Hell Mouth:

> Dukes of this dim place · anon undo these gates
> That Christ may come in · the King's Son of Heaven.
> And with that breath Hell brake · and Belial's bars.

And the poet wakes up with the sound of Easter bells in his ears:

> Arise and reverence · God's resurrection.

But the poem does not end there. It goes on to tell the story of Holy Church, overthrown by Treachery and Sloth and Pride. Conscience, the defender of Holy Church, is defeated, but refuses to surrender, and with his cry the poem ends:

> By Christ, quoth Conscience · I will become a Pilgrim,
> And walk as wide · as the world lasteth,
> To seek Piers the Plowman.

Two centuries later, Milton, at the conclusion of *Paradise Lost*, makes Michael call up before the eyes of Adam the vision of Christ's Resurrection, Ascension and Second Coming. But, like Langland, he refuses to close his poem with the vision of triumph. He reverts to the backslidings of the Church, and we are left with a vision of the world in which

> Truth shall retire
> Bestruck with slandrous darts, and works of Faith
> Rarely be found: so shall the world go on
> To good malignant, to bad men benign
> Under her own weight groaning.

But, in each case, we are also left with the unconquerable personality of the individual man or woman—Conscience,

Adam, Eve, William Langland, John Milton. *Paradise Lost*, like *Piers Plowman*, ends with the beginning of a pilgrimage

> The world was all before them, where to choose.

It is the same with *Samson Agonistes* :

> Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves

Samson draws strength from the thought of his defeat :

> all the contest is now
> Twixt God and *Dagon* ; *Dagon* hath presum'd
> Me overthrown, to enter lists with God.

The thought is the same as that expressed by Philip Sidney when, at one desperate stage of the war in the Netherlands, it seemed as if he would be left, deprived of the help he had looked for :

> For, methinks, I see the great work indeed in hand against the abusers of the world ; wherein it is no greater fault to have confidence in man's power, than it is too hastily to despair of God's work.

This temper, then, which sees a cause for the lifting up of the heart merely in the fact that things seem desperate, runs through all English literature, though it would be insolent for us to claim a monopoly of it. Sometimes it is merely defiant, as with Byron :

> I know not who may conquer : if I could
> Have such a prescience, it should be no bar
> To this my plain, sworn, downright detestation
> Of every despotism in every nation.

Sometimes it is sublimely dogmatic, as in ' Alfred's ' proverb :

> When bale is highest · bote is nighest.

Sometimes it is humorous, as in Bacon's anecdote (and Bacon, with all his faults, had the unconquerable mind) :

> When my lord president of the council came first to be lord treasurer, he complained to my lord chancellor of the troublesomeness of the place, for that the exchequer was so empty. The lord chancellor answered, ' My lord, be of good cheer ; for now you shall see the bottom of your business at the first.'

Sometimes it is merely abusive, as when Charles Kingsley

tells how, whilst the Great Armada approached our shores, Admiral John Hawkins testified against croakers :

Fail ? Fail ? What a murrain do you here, to talk of failing ? Who made you a prophet, you scurvy, hang-in-the-wind, croaking, white-livered son of a corly-crow ? Here's a fellow calls himself the captain of a ship, and her Majesty's servant, and talks about failing, as if he were a Barbican loose-kirtle trying to keep her apple-squire ashore.

Who can blame mortal man for trembling before so fearful a chance as this ?

Let mortal man keep his tremblings to himself, then, my Lord.

But generally it takes the nobler form shown in the passage just quoted from Philip Sidney, who sees in the possible failure of the help he had looked for a reason to place his confidence, not in man's power, but in God's work. And that is the closing thought of the great poem of Sidney's friend, Edmund Spenser. We begin optimistically enough with the triumph of the Red Cross Knight, in spite of Error, Despair, Duessa, the Dragon, and all their like. But in the latest books all the triumphs of Artegall are undone ; he is doomed to an early death, the victim of Envy, Detraction, and the Blatant Beast. Sir Calidore consoles him, and pursues the Blatant Beast. 'Very few and very weary,' says Macaulay, 'are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast.' But the point is that the Blatant Beast does not die. He escapes, and the work of Calidore is also undone. Mutability rules all things. But this only drives the poet, in the last extant stanza of his poem, to think of the things which are beyond the power of Mutability :

firmely stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity.

It is superficial to say that *Piers Plowman*, or *The Faerie Queene*, or *King Lear* end in 'a terrible despair.' Despair has been met, and we have passed beyond it :

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.

It is the same paradox which G. K. Chesterton, grasping the essence of a historical situation with the insight of a poet,

asserts, when he makes the Mother of God reply to Alfred, as he seeks her consolation,

> Night shall be thrice night over you
> And Heaven an iron cope.
> Do you have joy without a cause,
> Yea, faith without a hope?

It was the same feeling which Wordsworth expressed in his *Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*: 'The power of armies is a visible thing'; but peoples combating for freedom may draw comfort from the very fact that they are outnumbered:

> O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
> We shall exult, if they who rule the land
> Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
> Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
> Who are to judge of danger which they fear
> And honour which they do not understand.

R. W. CHAMBERS.

AIRCRAFT IN THE WAR

It is early as yet to attempt definite conclusions about the effect which air power will have upon the course of this war, or future wars. It may be that the real air campaign between Germany and the Allies has not yet started; it may be that no separate air campaign will develop. We must await events. Nevertheless, some events have been suggestive, and they may be straws to show how the wind is blowing. It will not be unprofitable to examine the facts and analyse them in search of possible lessons.

Ever since the end of the last war there has existed in this country and elsewhere a school of thought which may be called 'air extremism.' It has been expressed by such remarks as 'Sink the lot; sack the lot!' rightly or wrongly attributed to the late Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher, and 'The bomber will always get through' of Mr. (now Lord) Baldwin when he was Prime Minister. This school has repeated again and again a remark attributed to Marshal Foch soon after the Armistice: 'It is clear that aircraft attack on a large scale, owing to its crushing moral effect upon a nation, may impress public opinion to the point of disarming the Government and thus become decisive.' Later on the great Marshal of France evidently reconsidered the matter, for in 1926 he said: 'I do not think the destruction of great cities, even capitals and great industrial centres, will end war. You cannot scare a great nation into submission by destroying its capital cities.'

The air extremists have argued that 'striking at nerve centres' will be decisive, that air defence will be powerless to arrest the process, that repeated blows by bombers will render unnecessary any occupation by armies, that fleets will have to abandon all their duties and seek safety in retreat from the air menace, and that the only way to check devastation by the enemy's bombers will be retaliation in kind on a still more terrific scale. In short, this school acclaimed the

bomber as the one and only decisive factor in war. Some writers have gone so far as to prophesy that if Italy joined Germany in a war on France and Britain, the fleets of the democracies would have to evacuate the Mediterranean with all speed to escape destruction by the Italian Air Force.

On this last prophecy one may reflect that, if Italy had seen such an easy way of annexing Tunisia, Corsica, Djibuti, or perhaps even Nice, to say nothing of Malta, it is scarcely conceivable that she would have forborne to enter the war at Germany's side.

More moderate opinion in the fighting services speculated seriously on the risk from air attack to fleets in harbour, on the difficulty and danger of moving ground troops by daylight, and on the anticipated impossibility of landing an expeditionary force at any point on a coast which lay within the range of an enemy's bomber force. Air Force authorities accepted it as axiomatic that, when the opposing air forces were approximately equal at the beginning of a war, no complete mastery of the air by either side was to be expected, though local and temporary ascendancy might be attained, such as was attained by the Royal Flying Corps in the earlier stages of the battles of the Somme in 1916.

It may be added that Captain Liddell-Hart in his latest book, *The Defence of Britain*, has expressed the view that his doctrine of the superiority of the defence over the attack applies also to air warfare. Other writers (including the present one) have urged that 'striking at nerve centres'—*i.e.*, deliberate attacks on civil populations—must be ineffective from the military point of view, and therefore would only be resorted to by (*a*) a nation so sure of victory that it would never be called to account for its crimes (*e.g.*, Japan in China); (*b*) by a nation on the verge of defeat, so desperate that it had lost all reason; or (*c*) by one so bloodthirsty that it could not resist the temptation of 'frightfulness.' In more than one speech in the House of Commons Mr. Churchill has pointed out that a bomb which only kills civilians is a good bomb wasted.

Up to the time of writing these words the air extremists have found no support for their views in the events of the present war. There have been no bombings of cities or even munition centres in Britain, France, or Germany. It is not

easy to explain the series of flights for propaganda and reconnaissance purposes by British bombers over Germany. The air defences have been quite unable to stop them or to interfere seriously with them. At once the question arises whether this means that air defence is impotent. That does not necessarily follow, for the inefficiency of defences on one side would not prove that those on the other were equally useless. Moreover, the flights have on several occasions, perhaps in each case, been made in bad weather, and bombers like the protection of clouds. Also, when dropping leaflets there is no necessity that each 'brick' of papers should hit a certain target with the accuracy which is desirable in a bomb. There is no certain tactical lesson as yet apparent from these flights. Many people have been asking why the chances were not seized to bomb German munition centres. A possible explanation will be suggested below.

Even more puzzling has been the way in which the Royal Air Force and the British Army have been allowed to land in France without any interference by the German bombers. Much of the R.A.F. doubtless crossed over when the crisis grew acute, the machines flying and the apparatus for maintenance and repair crossing by sea. The first contingents of the Army were landed by night, which indicated apprehension of interference from the air, but photographs and personal accounts have been published which showed that some landings were made in daylight. The Channel ports are within range of German reconnaissance machines and bombers, and darkness does not necessarily hide everything from parachute flares which aircraft can drop. No doubt strong air defences had been got ready at the ports, but nobody has claimed that any system of air defence can give complete immunity—certainly not to a stationary target—and one well-directed heavy bomb might have done great damage. It is strange that the Germans have not thought it worth while to risk a few squadrons in the attempt.

Another surprise of this war has been the absence in the first few weeks of the war of air raids on Great Britain. On the morning of Sunday, September 3rd, many people all over the country were in church and did not know that war had actually been declared. When the air raid warning sounded at 11.45 a.m. they all accepted it as the natural and expected

thing, as they had been told that Germany would launch an air attack on this country even before the declaration of war. But weeks passed and no attack came. One small formation approached the East Coast on September 6th, but retreated when some of our fighters flew out to sea to encounter it. On another occasion a German machine got to the neighbourhood of May Island in the mouth of the Firth of Forth and tried to bomb a British destroyer. The bombs missed, but the pilot flew back and said that he had sunk a cruiser. The immunity of the British Isles for so long may be due to political or tactical reasons, but it teaches no lessons about air power.

Turning to the much-discussed rivalry of sea power and air power, the war opened with an attack by British bombers on warships in harbour, and there have been some half dozen or more attacks by one side or the other on warships at sea. All the latter have failed completely. Not a single moving warship on either side has, so far as we know, been hit by an aerial bomb—certainly no British warship has suffered in that way. On the other hand, considerable success was gained by the R.A.F. raid on Wilhelmshaven and Brunsbüttel. One 'pocket battleship' was seriously damaged and a light cruiser also was hit. The British machines suffered damage (the Germans claimed five of them), but in the cold-blooded balance sheet of war the price was well worth paying. Incidentally, Field Marshal Göring is reported to have said that he would sacrifice 200 bombers to sink one British battleship. The Royal Air Force has not yet repeated its effort against ships in harbour, perhaps because only surprise offers a chance of success, and if one tries the same thing at short intervals there will be no surprise. A ship is always a very small target for a bomb unless the bomber comes very low, and if he does that without effecting a surprise the balance sheet will probably show a debit entrance against the aircraft.

The first crossing of our coast took place on October 16th, when a small formation of about a dozen German bombers, say one squadron, attacked the fleet in the Firth of Forth. About thirty casualties to naval personnel were caused, but no damage of importance was done. The raiders lost at least 25 per cent. of their strength.

It may be noted that so far there has been no mention from either side of action by torpedo-aeroplanes. Their turn may come later, and when it does it will be interesting to study the results.

The only conclusion to be drawn at present is that aircraft cannot prevent a powerful fleet from performing its allotted duty, while they can give considerable help to that fleet in its campaign against submarines.

The extreme air school may perhaps claim that the German campaign in Poland supports their views. Such a claim would not be justified. The Germans used their *Luftwaffe* (flying branch of the army) very cleverly in that invasion, but they adhered to sound military principles and used it in combination with other arms. First, without declaring war, they bombed many Polish aerodromes and destroyed large numbers of aeroplanes. Then the German aircraft worked with the mechanised arm, combining the functions of cavalry and horse artillery. They scouted ahead, they protected the flanks, and they broke up Polish counter-attacks before they were launched. The tanks rushed up to complete the work. Complete German air ascendancy was established, but at the outset the opposing force was not approximately equal in numbers or quality to the *Luftwaffe*, and that condition is essential if the impossibility of establishing air supremacy is to be admitted. Nor is it certain that air supremacy alone would have made possible the speedy German victory. It is clear that the Polish Army was deficient in many other respects, and these might have caused its collapse even if its air arm had been much stronger than it was. Warsaw was brutally bombed, in accordance with the condition that the Germans were certain of victory and feared no retribution, but at the end the city suffered most from artillery fire. One conclusion certainly emerges from that campaign, namely, that an army without an adequate air arm is badly handicapped, but the campaign does not prove that the bomber by itself is the supreme arbiter of war.

We come back to the problem that on the Western Front there has been no separate air campaign, and must look for an explanation of that negative phenomenon. One possible explanation may be found by studying the book *Air Power and Armies*, by Wing Commander (now Air Commodore)

J. C. Slessor. In that book the principle is laid down that when the armies are joined in battle it is unsound to divert a large proportion of a bomber force to any object other than the battle. The bomber is essentially a long-range gun. When a battle is in progress it is the function of bombers to attack targets in the enemy's rear which are out of range of the artillery. In particular, it is their urgent duty to prevent, so far as possible, reinforcements and munitions from reaching the firing line of the enemy. Vital points on railways and roads must be hammered, and when a breach is made repairs must be prevented.

In the intervals between battles it is proper for the bombers to turn their attention to the enemy's system of production and to attack factories, etc. Such efforts, if successful, produce slow results, not immediate ones, and therefore should only be ordered in times of comparative quiet on the front of the armies. It would be foolish to lose the battle of to-day through trying to win the battle of to-morrow. Thus the bomber force only becomes independent during lulls; when battles rage it is just one arm of the Army.

The French Army has been very busily engaged in front of the West Wall (as the Siegfried line is now called), while the *Armée de l'Air* cannot yet have completely made good the shortage of production from which it was suffering a little over a year ago. In the last twelve months aircraft production in France has made great strides, and the quality of the new French types is excellent. Aircraft have also been bought from America. Nevertheless, for the time being the brunt of the air action must fall on the Royal Air Force. That by itself would account for the postponement of any large-scale undertakings by us against German munition centres. Spasmodic raiding has little more than a nuisance value, and an attack must be concentrated and sustained if it is to give useful results. So the few machines which we need for dropping leaflets are neither here nor there. General Gamelin may have been conserving his bomber strength to be used with maximum effect at the proper moment.

The Germans, for their part, probably started the war with about 3,000 or more aeroplanes in service with their squadrons and a huge factory output behind the front line. Accounts vary as to the number they used in the Poland

campaign, but 2,000 seems a probable figure. Their losses have been estimated at about 10 per cent. of the numbers employed, while others would be damaged or worn out by intensive use. The 200 odd lost machines could be made good forthwith, but the losses in pilots and trained crews were more serious. The flying schools of the *Luftwaffe* are reliably reported to suffer (or one might say, cause) terribly numerous fatalaties among pupils. These considerations, added to the French and British offensive on the ground, and perhaps regarding the known strength of British air defences, possibly also reflecting on the failure to interfere with the leaflet-dropping machines, may together have played their part in postponing any large-scale air offensive against Britain and France. It may also be remembered that the Air Forces of the Allies have maintained a continuity of training and tradition ever since the last war, whereas the *Luftwaffe* is a recent creation of Herr Hitler since he came into power.

Stress has been rightly laid on the invaluable work done by our reconnaissance aircraft in helping the Navy and the Army. Over seventy U-boats have been spotted by our machines and over thirty of them were attacked. The value of aircraft in naval convoy work has been acknowledged. The whole of the West Wall has been photographed from the air, and doubtless much of the German back areas too. We have not been told much about aerial observation for the guns of the Army and the Navy, but without doubt the French artillery rely on corrections signalled from the air, and if a fleet action takes place our naval gunners will receive the same invaluable assistance from the Fleet Air Arm.

We learn no lessons from all this, for the simple reason that reconnaissance has always been recognised as a primary duty of aircraft ever since the retreat from Mons. Likewise the use of aircraft in convoy work is a lesson learnt in the last war, when it has been claimed that no ship was sunk by a U-boat if the escort included an aeroplane or an airship.

Finally, the much discussed question of fighter *versus* bomber cannot yet be said to have been answered. The stories of individual combats over Germany do not afford sufficient data. It counts for nothing that fifteen Messerschmitt fighters overwhelmed five Fairey Battles and shot down four of them. The only surprising thing is that one

Battle escaped. Likewise the toll taken by our fighters of the raiders on the Firth of Forth is not a conclusive argument, for the fighters did not have to attack large numbers of bombers keeping rigid formation and defending themselves by the cross-fire of their machine guns. Isolated bombers will usually fall easy victims to fighter attack.

As was stated above, complete air supremacy is not to be expected, except perhaps through Germany's shortage of petrol. Air supremacy in the last resource depends upon the fighters. At present the British fighters, notably the Hawker Hurricane and the Supermarine Spitfire, are several miles an hour faster than the German Messerschmitt and Heinkel fighters respectively. The British machines have eight machine-guns apiece to a usual equipment of four each in the Germans. But new designs will come into production on both sides, and it is possible, though not probable, that the position may change. We may take comfort from the sober words of the Chief of the Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, when he gave an interview to the Press in Paris on October 7th. The C.A.S. is reported to have said:

> French air circles, who are always generous in their praise of the deeds of their British Allies, have given it as their opinion that the R.A.F. have established a supremacy in the air on the western front. It is too early to say whether this is so or not. Rather one should say that the R.A.F. and their Allies are on the road to establishing such a supremacy.

All things considered, nothing has transpired to suggest that either side will win this war by means of air superiority alone. Misuse of an Air Force, like misuse of any other arm, may lead to a set-back, while even a partial superiority will give an advantage; but the indications are that success in the fighting depends on due strategical and tactical combination of all available forces and weapons.

F. A. de V. Robertson.

THE GERMAN-POLISH WAR

SOME time will have to pass before all the elements in the German-Polish War, especially the reasons of Poland's rapid defeat, will be made known to the public. The war was different from any other fought on Europe's numerous battlefields. It was the first war in which aeroplanes were used on a very large scale. It was a war in which the machine—tanks, automatic artillery and bombers—seized and held the initiative right from beginning to end. It was the machine that won the war. Never was there real occasion for either infantry or cavalry to come into large-scale action. The splendid Polish infantry and cavalry were, for the greater part of the war, dumb, inactive witnesses in the terrible drama of death and destruction on their soil. On the few occasions when infantry went into action, as in the battle of Czenstochowa and Zbanszyn, the Poles were victorious, only to retire, later on, before the German machine, not the German soldier.

Germany did not declare war on Poland. Hitler's sixteen points were never disclosed to the Polish Government, or to any other Government, even the Russian. The reasons are clear. Hitler feared that Poland might, in the end, accept at least some of his demands and so upset his arrangements with Stalin for the partition of Poland. In spite of Polish firmness and determination, some members of the Polish Cabinet wanted Poland to compound with Germany. At a special meeting of the Cabinet at the Zamek on August 28th, Colonel Beck, the Foreign Minister, urged the Marshal and the President to come to terms with the Nazis, and Mr. Lipski, the Polish Ambassador in Berlin, called on Ribbentrop, bringing a special message from the Polish Government. But it was too late. Hitler was determined on war, and even if Poland had, at that stage, agreed to accept the German terms, it would not have made any difference. The German Army was already on the move. The Russians (although

this was kept strictly secret at the time) had about 250,000 troops on the Polish border. These troops had been kept ready for the invasion into Poland. Why the Polish Government had taken no counter measures, either diplomatic or strategic, remains unexplained. It is difficult to imagine that the Polish authorities had no reports of the proximity of the Russian troops. Yet not a single Polish military unit of any importance could be seen anywhere near the Russian border. The fortifications Poland had built on the Russian frontier, instead of on the German, were almost empty, although thousands of troops entrained throughout eastern Poland, unable to proceed to the Western Front, because the railway junctions had been bombed and bombarded by the Germans.

The failure to protect the railway junctions was one of the many causes of Poland's defeat. The responsibility for this, as for many other failures, rests not with the army, nor with the Polish people, but with the Régime and Supreme Command.

Of all the services administered by the Government, the Polish railways were the most efficient. The Polish railways were amongst the most punctual in Europe. The 5,500 locomotives and about 170,000 passenger and goods wagons were of the most modern kind. Yet a few days after the war broke out the whole system of communications was crippled and dislocated. Important railway junctions like Lublin, Siedlce, Lukow, Czeremcha, Kowel and Chelm were exposed to severe attacks of German bombers who arrived in large numbers and with relative impunity, for anti-aircraft defence was altogether inadequate. Only the big junction at Deblin, an important fortress and air base, was properly protected, and here a number of German 'planes were shot down. But most of the others, although vital to the military operations, were hardly provided with any anti-aircraft defences at all.

Never shall I be able to forget the experience lived through in the Government train which was taking us, a number of foreign journalists and over 1,000 Polish Government officials, from evacuated Warsaw to no one knew where. After travelling about sixty miles we arrived at an important railway junction north of Warsaw, linking the north-east of Poland with the capital. The junction was called Czeremcha. Hardly

had the train stopped when several German bombers arrived from East Prussia and began their fiendish work of destruction and death. Yet although the station had been bombarded two days before and was attacked some half dozen times on the day we passed, nothing was done to protect this important junction. The result was that we saw dozens of trains waiting on various small side tracks or at stations, unable to proceed through the damaged or attacked junctions, although these trains were crowded with soldiers and carried urgent war material and food supplies. On many of the waiting trains I saw guns, some of them large mounted guns, and also peasants' carts, horses, etc. The soldiers at the front were short of much of this material, which could not be conveyed to them because the railway junctions had been left unprotected.

On another occasion, at Kowel, a big city in Volynia and an important junction, our train was waiting at the station to be refuelled, along with other overcrowded trains, including those carrying soldiers. Suddenly a German bomber arrived and began circling over the station, each time coming down to a lower altitude. The passengers, panic-stricken, had no alternative but to hide in the station building or run into the fields, for there were no air-raid shelters available. Three times, slowly, the enemy bomber circled over us in the cloudless sky, and left us wondering fearfully why he had not dropped any bombs on us. There were no anti-aircraft guns to fire even a shot at the enemy. On the next day five German bombers arrived and bombarded Kowel, killing many people and damaging the station and railway lines.

This was not the only weakness which the war revealed in the plans and preparations of the Polish Supreme Command. The problem of evacuation was also mishandled, and the enemy was allowed to enrich himself with a great deal of Polish wealth, particularly that belonging to the civilian population, which could have been removed, and much war material, which should have been destroyed. Here again the difficulties in communication and transport were not foreseen in their immensity and provided for. Important orders issued by military commanders were often not delivered in time or not delivered at all because either the telephone was cut or the railway damaged, or petrol was not supplied for the

car or motor cycle to take the orders to their destination. Thus an order sent by the Supreme Command to the commander of an important military garrison in Central Poland, some 180 kilometres from Warsaw, did not reach him till hours later, because the telephones did not work. The result was that the commander, acting on previous plans, left earlier than he should, which made a great difference in war operations.

For two things the Polish Supreme Command was obviously not sufficiently prepared, namely, for the big attack of large units of heavy and light German tanks and also for the ceaseless and ferocious bombardment. Not till very late, about ten days or even a week before the war, did the Polish military commanders start making large-scale anti-tank barriers along the frontier. In some of the localities situated just along the German border the population received orders to supply timber for anti-tank barriers just before the war broke out. I myself visited the Polish-German frontier in Silesia not long before hostilities began. Whilst on the German side I saw feverish activity, trench digging and construction of fortifications and iron and barbed wire fences, few such preparations were to be seen on the Polish side. Instead of digging trenches, ditches and anti-tank barriers, people were calmly going walking about their business, obviously not realising the dangers awaiting them.

Polish defences against the German air attacks were also insufficient. Right from the first day enemy planes were darkening the sky over Poland from Silesia to Polesia, from Grodno to Cracow and from Warsaw to Lwow. The Polish army, for all its excellence and high morale, was not ready for such a contingency. Polish aeroplanes were the best available, and the Polish pilots accomplished daring and heroic feats in fighting the German bombers, but they were too inferior numerically to be able to hold out. I say numerically, because in quality the Polish air force was as good as the German, and the Polish pilots were even better.

Although the figures are not yet known, it is estimated that over 400 German planes were brought down by the Poles. A large majority of them were brought down not by anti-aircraft guns, of which there were not many, but by

direct fights in the air. In such direct air battles the Poles were as a rule victorious.

Although the Polish Government had prepared some evacuation plans for an emergency, none of them was actually realised. Apart from the Government and State officials no one was really helped in any way to escape. No children were evacuated from any place under Government schemes, as in Great Britain. People were left to work out their own salvation and escape if they could find some means of transport, which was not available. Only those who had motor cars and could, by official intervention, obtain petrol, were in a position to leave. Others had to stay on or walk. I met thousands of refugees who had walked for hundreds of miles, from Katowice to Lodz, from Lodz to Warsaw, and from Warsaw further east. But I also saw large numbers exhausted and hungry, lying by the roadside, unable to move further and waiting in utter resignation for the invader to arrive. It is estimated that about 250,000 Polish refugees journeyed to and fro over the roads of Poland, trying to escape before the enemy and his bombers, but very few of them actually reached safety abroad. Only the members of the Régime, State officials and quite large numbers of higher officers, including the Supreme Commander Marshal Smigly-Rydz, managed to escape in time.

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Many things in this brutal war on Poland wait for an explanation. People will want to know why a great and splendidly trained army, almost 2,000,000 strong, was forced to give in, although it was not really beaten. Why was it that the help the Poles awaited from the Allies did not come? When after three days England, and after four days France, declared war, they refrained from bombing Germany as Germany was bombing Poland. Had they done so, the Poles thought, Germany would not have sent all her strength against Poland, the Polish forces would have resisted much longer, and Russia would probably not have invaded Poland so soon. This view was expressed by many leading Poles as well as by quite a number of foreign observers.

But the question remains, why the Polish leaders fled abroad when the Polish army was still fighting heroically.

The citizens of Warsaw and the soldiers in the capital were still beating off the enemy when the Government was safely in Rumania. The soldiers of Modlin and Hela were fighting desperately when the Supreme Commander was crossing the bridge over the Dniester river to seek refuge in a foreign land. Not a single Polish worker, not a single Polish peasant and not a single plain Polish soldier had left his country. Yet all the members of the Cabinet managed to leave in good time, including the Prime Minister. Most of the members in the Government were Generals, some wearing the deservedly respected uniforms of the Polish army. Was not their place in the ranks of the army? Were they not bound to stay and fight 'till the last,' as many of the Régime had assured the Polish people they would? Many plain Polish citizens, who after innumerable hardships managed to reach Zaleszczyki, the Polish holiday resort on the banks of the Dniester and Rumanian border, were surprised to find that prominent members of the Régime were already there, awaiting the chance of crossing into Rumania. I saw Polish officers deeply moved by the news that the Supreme Commander had left the army and was in Rumania. Many, like myself, would not believe it at first.

When the Polish Government left Warsaw they had as yet no intention of escaping abroad. Although the evacuation of State offices, officials and documents took place in a rather panicky atmosphere, increased by the departure of the Government itself, the original plan was to remove the Government to Lublin, some eighty-five miles east of Warsaw. The proximity of the German forces in the north of the capital, as well as some sixty air raids on the capital within the first few days of the war, made the proper functioning of the Government machine impossible and dangerous. On September 5th, therefore, the Polish Government left Warsaw and only a few Ministers remained till the 6th. Colonel Beck, the Foreign Minister, and Mr. Koscialkowski, the Minister for Social Welfare and Public Works, were amongst the last to depart. All planned to meet in Lublin and resume their proper functions, believing and hoping that in the meantime the army would fall back on the Vistula and be able to hold the position till the Allies acted.

But once it left, the Government was never able to resume

its proper functions again. A Minister without officials, without properly working telephones, trains and wires, is helpless. Lublin was bombarded severely before the Government reached it. All officials and State documents unable to proceed to Lublin by the direct line through Deblin, which was under constant air attack, were sent by another line and never reached Lublin at all. Ministers were running about the country either singly or in groups, trying to trace their staff or find each other. High officials, who could still keep their cars and obtain petrol for them, which very few civilians could obtain, had to look after their families, trying to move them from one place to another to escape the German bombers.

Nevertheless, in spite of great dangers and difficulties, the Cabinet managed to meet and discuss the situation, although the execution of plans became more difficult every day. Unable to make any really full use of the Cabinet machinery, which was itself constantly forced to keep moving from place to place further east, the President and Marshal Smigly-Rydz decided on a new step. Mr. Kostek-Biernacki, the Governor of Polesia, one of the most efficient Voyevods, was appointed War Komissar. He thus superseded as it were many of the Cabinet's functions and was given almost unlimited powers, as the emergency required. The statement made by the invaders, that Poland had no Government, was therefore not true. For the Executive, to make its functions easier, was concentrated temporarily in the hands of one person, while the Ministers were left at their posts and would have acted again had the situation improved. Neither Dictatorial Germany nor Russia can regard an Executive resting in the hands of one person as an illegal non-existent Government.

Unfortunately the situation did not improve. German pressure increased on land, German bombing became more relentless. A difference of opinion appeared in the Cabinet and also in the Highest Command. It was felt that a People's Government should be formed with Mr. Witos, the Peasant leader, as Premier, Mr. Niedzalkowski, the Socialist leader, as Vice-Premier, whilst General Sikorski be given supreme command of the army, either alone or jointly with General Sosnkowski, both always classed amongst the foremost military brains of the Polish army. But the Régime, which

kept the Polish people in its grip for so many years, unwilling to share power with those entitled to it, refused, even now not realising its responsibility. With the exception of one of its members, the Lord Mayor of Warsaw, the Régime did not rise to the occasion either in this or in other ways. In the Military Headquarters opposition to the Marshal grew. The older generals began to disagree more and more with the Marshal's plans and quickly won over to their side a number of the younger generals, including the War Minister, General Kasprzyoki, who did not always see eye to eye with the Supreme Commander. By September 10th some generals began to act rather independently, some because they did not get orders from the Supreme Command in time, as the means of communication were constantly being damaged by the enemy, others because they simply disagreed with the orders they received and with the Marshal's policy. Thus Warsaw and Lwow and Modlin were defended in spite of the Supreme Commander's orders.

But, compelled to move on eastwards, the Cabinet had as yet not taken any joint decision to flee, although some of the members of the Régime were already nearing the border. A number of localities were rather characteristically reserved for the Government, for high officials and the families of officers and officials, to enable them to cross abroad in case of emergency.

Two things hastened the Polish Government's decision to flee and a third made it imperative. First, the realisation that there could be no hope of assistance from the Allies. On September 11th, after a long conversation Colonel Beck had with the British and French Ambassadors in Krzemieniec, it became evident that no help from the Allies was possible and the Allies were not inclined as yet to act in a manner likely to relieve German pressure on Poland. Informed of that, the Marshal, with the dissatisfaction against him growing in the higher ranks, decided in spite of opposition that he could not continue. It was then that the Government came up right to the Rumanian frontier, ready to leave and waiting only for the outcome of the attack on Lwow. With the fall of Lwow the Government was to cross the border. Many of the members of the Régime, including Colonel Beck, had sent out their families even earlier.

But the unexpected was still to happen. On September 17th Russian troops, kept waiting for weeks on the border, crossed into Poland. There was no alternative for a Government, already waiting to cross, except to enter Rumania. Possibly, had the Government not been so near the frontier, had they been somewhere in the centre of Poland, or around the Pinsk marches, they might, or some of them might, have taken a different course, since the bulk of the army was still free and active. But having already, as a measure of over-precaution, reached Kuty, within a short distance of the advancing Russian troops, there was nothing else for the Régime that had so misruled the country to do, except to depart.

J. CANG.

CONFUSION ON THE 'LEFT'

No event in modern history has so profoundly shocked, distressed and confused the British Labour Movement as that of the signing of the Soviet-Nazi Pact. Although there had been hints of the possibility of some such arrangement, no one had really expected it. All were taken by surprise, including the Communist Party. The resulting confusion is without comparison in any crisis since the British Labour Movement came into being.

The leaders of the Labour Party and the Trade Union Movement, who had ardently advocated a pact of mutual assistance between Britain, France and the Soviet Union, roundly denounced the new pact as the betrayal of democracy. They declared that Soviet Russia had 'double-crossed' Britain. The overwhelming majority of the Trades Union Congress, in session at Bridlington on September 4th, agreed with Sir Walter Citrine when he declared that the action of Russia had precipitated the war.

The 'Left' Socialists who had been the most enthusiastic supporters of the Soviet Union were bewildered and uneasily questioned each other as to the meaning of Russia's new orientation. Only the Communist *Daily Worker* was sure that it was the greatest action for peace the world had ever seen, and that it made not the slightest difference to the fate of the projected Anglo-French-Soviet Pact of mutual assistance. It mattered not that the Soviet-Nazi Pact definitely precluded an alliance of the Soviet Union and Britain and France. We could have both pacts. But the distress and confusion in the ranks of the membership of the Communist Party was as profound as in the ranks of the Socialist 'Left.'

Nor did events help to clear it away. The *Daily Worker* still demanded that the Poles should stand up to Germany, and assured the people of this country that the British Government was preparing another 'Munich.' When no up-to-date

'Munich' arrived and Hitler's troops marched into Poland, the British Government did the opposite of what the Communists had anticipated. It declared war on Germany. Unperturbed by the falsification of their prediction, the Communist Party issued a manifesto supporting the war, and declared itself prepared to 'support all measures to secure the victory of democracy over Fascism.' It was necessary to support the 'Polish people's fight for independence.'

After the Nazi Army had overrun two-thirds of Poland and the Red Army was in control of the remainder, Polish independence ceased to have any appeal. The war, it now declared, had become an 'imperialist war.' The freedom even of that part of Poland under Nazi domination was no longer an issue. The war was no longer a means to prevent the 'forcible destruction of every democratic right and liberty,' but was nothing other than a naked power struggle between rival imperialists. The double somersault was complete. Mr. Pollitt found himself deposed from the position of leader of the Communist Party and the party found itself operating an unsigned 'non-aggression pact' with the Peace Pledge Union and Sir Oswald Mosley in a 'stop the war' campaign.

Were it only a question of how events had created dissension and confusion in the ranks of the Communist Party of this country it would be, at present, a matter only of academic interest to the student of politics. But the repercussions from the change in Soviet policy are far more far-reaching. They stretch beyond the ranks of this party to the whole Labour and Liberal movements of this country and all other countries where such movements exist. It will therefore be worth while to analyse the development of the Communist-Labour-Liberal policy of recent years and to discover the reason for the current Soviet-Nazi relationship.

Whatever else may be said about the British Labour Movement in relation to its attitude to Soviet Russia, it has, with the exception of a few of its leaders, been a warm-hearted supporter. Although it has always proclaimed that it thought Socialism could come in this country by other means than through civil war, it has had a profound sympathy with the Russian Revolution, appreciation of its constructive work and an increasing admiration for its foreign policy.

And it could be added, that the further away from the leadership the stronger have been these tendencies.

The official policy of the Labour Party in relation to Russia may be summed up as that of Liberal in relation to Russia as a State, sympathetic towards the development of Russian socialist economy and social services, and disapproval of its political structure and theories of social development. Hence it was not a difficult matter, when, in 1934, Soviet Russia joined the League of Nations, for the Labour Party to hail the event as a profound confirmation of its own policy. It also made it easy for it to welcome the idea of a British, French, Soviet Pact. It appeared to the Labour Party that these developments were part of a liberalising process going on in the outlook of the Soviet leaders.

It was this latter assumption which laid it wide open to the blow it received when suddenly, with little warning, all its calculations as to the course of events were falsified. Although it was annoyed with the long-drawn-out negotiations between the British and Russian Governments, it really believed that sooner or later such a pact would be signed. The shock it received when it discovered that parallel negotiations must have been going on between the Russians and the Nazis in secret, added to the bitterness it experienced when the Russian-German Pact was signed. Both the *Daily Herald* and the leaders of the Labour Party expressed themselves with extreme ferocity and calmed down only when Government spokesmen pointed out that the Pact was not proving so advantageous to Nazi Germany as some people assumed.

This bitterness in the ranks of the leadership of the Labour Party, however, did not correspond to the feelings of the general membership. In the minds of the rank and file there was simply bewilderment. They did not, and do not yet, understand how it was possible for Bolsheviks and Nazis to come to terms. Of course, there was good reason for that. For years they had heard from every section of the Socialist and Labour Movement, including the Communists, that the Fascist Powers were the enemies of peace and civilisation. They had been told that 'peace was indivisible' and the Soviet Union was the natural ally of the democracies and peace-loving countries against the aggressor Powers—the warmakers.

Perhaps it is that the average man and woman has no pet theories to discard, but to at least my own astonishment, I found in the course of scores of conversations with Labour Party members and trade unionists, none of the bitterness expressed by the leaders. On the contrary, I found that the less politically sophisticated the spokesman, the more often I heard the comment: 'Well, it serves the British Government right. They should have made the Pact with Russia when they had the chance.' But they were alarmed as to the outcome and were convinced that whatever the Russians might do we had got to fight Hitler.

All the bitterness and bewilderment of the leaders seems to have arisen from the shattering of the illusion that Russia's entrance into the League of Nations meant that the Soviet leaders were becoming more Liberal and approximating more closely to the views of the leaders of the Labour Party.

The dilemma of the 'Left' Socialists and the Communists has a similar origin, in that what we may call 'the League of Nations period' of Soviet policy was regarded not as a tactical phase of a larger strategy, but as the basic policy of the Soviet Union. A perusal of the books, magazines and files of Communist and Socialist publications will prove this conclusively.

It is a striking fact that not one Communist leader or writer anticipated the present turn of events. Almost every other contingency was considered possible but that of Soviet assistance to Nazi Germany, waging war against the democracies—Britain and France. Ever since the rise of Hitler to power in 1933 the editor of the *Labour Monthly*, for example, has, month by month, expounded the thesis that the capitalist Governments of the world were converging amidst all the contradictions of their policies and their rivalries, for a common onslaught upon the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union was replying to these manœuvres by the peace policy of making non-aggression pacts. At one stage the British Government is the dominant conspirator. Later it becomes the aider and abettor of Hitler.

In June 1934, the Editor wrote:

. . . a still wider tendency of world grouping or alignment is brought sharply into view. On the one side, Britain, Italy, Germany and Japan, working with a considerable measure of combination

in a whole series of questions, despite particular differences. On the other side, less clearly defined and with varying degrees of inter-relationship, France and the League, the Soviet Union and the United States.

In April 1935, the same writer did see the possibility of Britain and Germany coming to blows. He wrote that there were ' increasing alarms lest the guns go off at the wrong time and in the wrong direction, with the consequent menace that the British imperialists may finally find themselves facing the wrong end of the gun they have helped to load.' By April 1938 he had reached the view that

> British Imperialism is revealed as the decisive, active, tireless driving force of preparation for a new world war, of co-operation with Fascism and of the anti-Soviet crusade, that the plans for partition extended, not only to the Ukraine for Germany and Poland and the Far Eastern Province for Japan, but to Central Asia and the Northern timber regions for Britain, that the British secret service has been in full activity on the same lines as the Nazi network in relation to the Soviet Union.

All this did not preclude the classification of Britain as one of the peace-loving Powers and Nazi Germany as an aggressor Power, alongside a constant agitation for a British Pact with the Soviet Union.

However one may agree or disagree with the views outlined, the striking fact is that the possibility and probability of the Soviet Union making a pact with Nazi Germany was never discussed by the editor of the *Labour Monthly*. Whatever wisdom or unwisdom there may be in it, he saw it after and not before the event.

Mr. John Strachey wrote a book called the *Theory and Practice of Socialism*, which was the book of the month for the Left Book Club and had an enormous circulation. Mr. Strachey expounded Soviet policy as follows :

> The Soviet Union is able to align herself, not with the necessarily aggressive states, which like Germany were deprived of large possessions by the last world settlement, but with the relatively satisfied states. For, despite her losses of territory, the Soviet Union, too, is a satisfied state—for her innate constitution is such that she needs no expansion. The hungry and aggressive states cast their eyes both at her and at the possessions of their more

fortunate capitalist neighbours. An inevitable community of interest grows up between the relatively satisfied capitalist states, who wish to keep the peace because they wish to keep the spoils, and the Soviet Union, which wishes to keep the peace because she has no need of the spoils. Hence there arise such instruments as the present Franco-Soviet Pact of mutual assistance [pp. 255–256].

The possibility of the Soviet Union making a pact with the 'necessarily aggressive capitalist state' is not considered; in fact, not thought of.

Another leader of the Communist Party, Mr. J. R. Campbell, wrote a book called *Soviet Policy and its Critics*. This also had a wide circulation through the Left Book Club. In it, on p. 292, he is very emphatic as to the immediate possibilities in Europe. He writes:

There are two immediate possibilities and two only in Europe to-day. The first is that the countries opposed to Fascist aggression remain split and that Fascism attacks them one by one, seizing parts of their territory, destroying the democratic rights of their peoples and in some cases ending their existence as independent countries. . . . The second is that the Soviet Union and the capitalist countries which are opposed to Fascist expansion, build up a peace combination strong enough to hold the Fascists in check and to give the people in the Fascist countries the opportunity of gathering their forces for attack on their oppressors.

Again there was no anticipation of the Soviet leaders coming to terms with the 'aggressor' and henceforth re-classifying the erstwhile 'peace-loving democratic powers' as the aggressors.

The reason for this and the consequent somersaulting in the Communist Party's policy finds its explanation in the fact that its leaders had fallen into the same error as the rest of the Labour Movement, and assumed that the principles of the Covenant of the League had become the first principles of Soviet foreign policy, instead of tactical weapons of a larger independent strategy. The secrecy attached to the removal of Litvinov from his post as Soviet Foreign Minister led to their overlooking its significance. The explanation of his removal was not broadcast, and it was only some months afterwards that it became clear that he had been accused of giving too much emphasis to the fight against Fascism. No one can read his speeches delivered at Geneva

without being struck by the fact that he regarded the Fascist States as the enemies of civilisation and that he was advancing the Soviet Union to the forefront of the struggle against the Fascist Powers. It appeared to Stalin and his colleagues that there was an increasing danger of the Soviet Union becoming the storm centre of the conflict and 'pulling chestnuts out of the fire for other people.'

Had the full significance of the dismissal of Litvinov been appreciated and understood, the scramble of the Communists of Britain to take up new positions would not have been so precipitate and the Labour Movement would not have been caught so unprepared by the events of August and September. The fact is that the Soviet Government is interested in the fight against Fascism only in so far as it affects the existence and development of the Soviet Union. It regards the fight against Fascism as a social policy and system, to be the task of the Communist, Labour, Trade Union and Liberal Movements within the countries threatened or overrun by Fascism. It has thus as little compunction about coming to an agreement, and even an alliance, with a Fascist country as with a democratic capitalist country.

There is a remarkable letter from Lenin to an American worker, quoted at length by Mr. J. R. Campbell in his book *Soviet Policy and its Critics*, which makes this clear. In this letter he explains how he negotiated with a French officer, de Lubersac, a monarchist, for the purposes of arriving at an agreement to secure French services for the blowing up of a German railway track. He finishes this letter by saying: 'I would not hesitate a single second to come to the same kind of agreement with the German Imperialist robbers should an attack upon Russia by Anglo-French troops demand it.'

Here is no designation of 'Fascist aggression' as the enemy, or of 'have-nots' and 'haves,' 'satiated and unsatiated' Powers. Any and every capitalist Power is useful or otherwise, according to circumstance and the interests of Soviet Russia, pending social revolution within other countries. Such considerations undoubtedly lay behind Russia's entrance into the League of Nations, its non-aggression pacts, the sacking of Litvinov and the signing of the Soviet-Nazi Pact.

But the British Communists and Socialists had not

thought of the 'Litvinov period' as governed by such considerations. For them the Soviet Foreign Minister's statements were full statements of basic principles which determined their estimate of the situation and their policy.

As a corollary, the Communists made a revaluation of capitalist democracy. Virtues were discovered in it which hitherto had been overlooked. Democracy became something which should be defended against all comers. This provided the basis for the creation of a popular front with Labour, Liberal, Socialist and Liberal-Tories to stem the tide of Fascism aggression at home and abroad. Mr. J. R. Campbell explains the policy in his book. He says:

> The People's Front tactic has a twofold aim: (1) It seeks to build an alliance of the working class and the intermediate sections of the population to defend democracy and preserve peace, and to achieve a Labour and Democratic government as a means to this end; and it seeks (2) to enable the revolutionary workers to win the working class and considerable sections of the 'middle classes' for the complete socialist programme [p. 323].

Capitalist democracy thus had virtues not possessed by Nazi totalitarianism, virtues indeed which were worth fighting for, and sufficient to put them on the side of Chamberlain against Hitler on the outbreak of war.

Having somersaulted from the international policy of overwhelming Hitler by a combination of the 'haves' against the 'have-nots,' to the policy of coming to terms with Hitler, there has been a corresponding revaluation of democracy in this country. It ceases to be a democratic country with such marked differences from Hitlerism, that there is no longer any need for them to tell us 'how to win the war.'[1] It has become once more simply an imperialist Power fighting an imperialist war against an imperialist rival. So the campaign for the popular front for the preservation of democracy has become a 'stop the war' campaign. What then is the implication of this? Surely it is that Mr. Chamberlain, who cannot be trusted to wage war for the right reason, can be trusted to enter immediately into negotiations to make peace.

Although events have thus thrust the Communists and

[1] Title of a pamphlet by Mr. H. Pollitt.

'Left' Socialists into a political whirlpool from which they have not yet emerged, it does not follow that the rest of the Labour Movement is unaffected. Officially it stands behind the Government, and is saying exactly the same things about the war. It has produced no independent aims and is only mildly critical of the Government. Its co-operation takes the form of bringing up the rear for the Government, and not that of an independent movement which has entered into an alliance with an opponent for specific limited ends. The leaders of the Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress are acting as the staff officers of the Chamberlain Government and not as the leaders of a prospective alternative Government.

Having denounced the Soviet-Nazi Pact, they do not know what to say about the subsequent developments of Russian policy and have simply echoed Government spokesmen. This is adding to the general confusion within the Labour Movement. Although it can be confidently asserted that the great mass of the members and supporters of the Labour Party and Trade Union Movement are prepared to wage the war for the defeat of Hitler and Hitlerism, there is a growing doubt about the way in which the war is being waged.

Up to the present time the Government itself has simply stated that we are fighting to crush Hitlerism in order that we can have a quiet life. The people are anxious to have something more positive. They want to know what is to replace Hitlerism and how the quiet life is to be secured. Not one leader has stood before the people to give them a vision of how these things may be. To restore the *status quo* of two millions unemployed, dislocated markets, depreciated currency, heavy taxation and general uncertainty is not a vision which will inspire a nation to sacrifice. Up to now this is the limit of the perspective which has been held out before us. The issue cannot be glossed over by perorations about a 'new world.'

The rank and file of the Labour Movement feel that their leaders should, before now, have produced an alternative, and are unhappy because it has not been forthcoming. They feel that if ever there was a time in the history of this country when their movement should prove to the nation that it is the real custodian of the fight against Hitlerism, and that it

has the alternative programme of action to ensure a better future for the people, it is now.

The longer it delays action of this kind the more sure it is, especially in this period when its independent activities are so greatly curtailed, that the morale of the movement will degenerate. Instead of the new social vision carrying the people of this country towards a Socialist society as a result of the fight to end Hitlerism, the very mechanism which the waging of the war inevitably brings into being is likely to fetter this country with its own kind of Hitlerism.

That is a grim perspective to contemplate, but it is most certainly inherent within the present confusion unless there quickly emerge from within its ranks the leaders with the vision which blazes through the mists of to-day and inspires the people with the conviction that its sacrifices are not to be in vain.

J. T. Murphy.

ANCESTORS OF THE U-BOAT

ALTHOUGH the World War of 1914 brought home to the general public the reality of the U-boat menace, submarines continue to be regarded as a somewhat novel technical instrument, the legitimacy of whose use in war-time is a subject of controversy. But long before Jules Verne's *Nautilus* aroused the interest of readers of imaginative fiction, the possibility of underwater navigation had occupied the minds of intelligent men. As far back as 1490, Leonardo da Vinci, who is also credited with the invention of the first flying machine, produced plans for a submersible craft which could cross rivers unseen by an enemy. There is, however, no evidence that Leonardo ever attempted the construction of such a vessel, and it is probable that having fathered the idea, he was content to let some more intrepid engineer investigate the practicability of his invention. What is probably the first reference to the submarine in literature appears in a play [1] by Ben Jonson, produced by His Majesty's Servants in 1625. In Act II, Scene I of this play the following conversation takes place :

NATH : They write here one Cornelius' son hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel to swim the haven at Dunkirk and sink all the shipping there.

P. JUN. : But how is't done ?

CYM : I'll show you, sir. It is an automa that runs under water with a snug nose, and hath a nimble tail made like an augur, with which tail she wriggles between the costs of a ship and sinks it straight.

P. JUN. : A most brave device, to murder their flat bottoms !

The Cornelius referred to in the dialogue above was a Dutchman known as Cornelius Debrell or Drebbel, who appears to have actually constructed a sort of primitive

[1] *The Staple of News.*

submarine in which King James I of England made a trial voyage on the Thames. Little is known of the principle by which it was operated. We do not hear of the submarine again until almost a hundred years later, when an Englishman named Day produced a wooden submersible in which he undertook for a wager to descend to a considerable depth, and remain under water for twenty-four hours. He won his wager—but he never returned to the surface to claim his winnings.

To America fell the distinction of being the first country to produce a submarine which carried out an attack on an enemy warship. During the American War of Independence, Dr. David Bushnall of Connecticut constructed *The American Turtle*, a strange craft which in shape resembled a turtle tail-downwards in the water. Motive power was supplied by a hand-operated screw propellor, and by taking in water ballast the submarine could descend to a depth of 25 feet. By way of offensive armament *The American Turtle* carried on her back a primitive torpedo made from a block of wood containing a charge of 150 lbs. of gunpowder. This charge was set off by fuses controlled by clockwork timing gear, and the whole cumbersome apparatus was attached to a screw on the hull of the submarine by a length of line. The procedure was for the navigator to anchor himself beneath the keel of the enemy vessel, to drive the detachable screw between the ship's plating, and then move away, leaving the torpedo to do its work. In June, 1776, an attempt was made against the British sixty-four-gun frigate *Eagle*, anchored in New York Bay. Fortunately, for the British, the operator of the submarine was unable to penetrate the hull of his intended victim ; the torpedo drifted away, and exploded some distance from the frigate, to the great alarm of all on board.

Nevertheless, the attempt was so nearly successful that other inventors were encouraged to continue their experiments with under-water vessels, and in 1801 the American engineer, Robert Fulton, produced the *Nautilus*, an ovoid-shaped submersible nearly 6 feet in diameter. The *Nautilus* was fitted with reservoirs of compressed air, and a tank into which water could be introduced to make her dive. A simple force pump expelled the water when the operator wished to return to the surface. As in the case of *The American Turtle*, this

vessel was propelled by a hand-operated screw, but when travelling on the surface additional motive power was supplied by a sail fitted to a collapsible mast, resembling in appearance an umbrella blown inside out. Fulton estimated that the navigator could lower the mast and submerge the vessel in two minutes. He carried out several successful tests before officials of the French Government, to which he offered his invention. But the French authorities rejected his offer on the grounds that the low underwater speed of the *Nautilus* (a bare two knots) rendered her unsuitable for operations of any real importance. Also, they did not hesitate to express their condemnation of a mode of warfare which they considered barbarous and inhuman ; indeed, the French Minister of Marine refused Fulton belligerent rights because he held that submarine warfare was piratical. 'This type of warfare' the Minister remarked, 'carries with it the objection that those who undertake it and those against whom it is launched will all be lost.' And a French admiral exclaimed : 'Thank God France still fights her battles above the sea, and not beneath it !

The disappointed inventor then offered his submarine to England, and Pitt, foreseeing the danger to England's naval supremacy constituted by this type of vessel, bought the *Nautilus* for £15,000. He stipulated, however, that Fulton should not disclose his plans to any other European Power. The Admiralty made no attempt to develop Fulton's invention for the obvious reason that it was recognised as giving an advantage to a weak navy over a stronger one, and its adoption could only impair the maritime supremacy of this country. British naval opinion has been hostile to the submarine from the very first.

The American Civil War of 1861 produced some innovations in the realm of naval warfare, for it was in the course of this struggle that such novelties as the ironclad, the rifled gun and the torpedo demonstrated their effectiveness for the first time. The Northern States possessed a small force of naval vessels of reasonable performance, but the Confederates entered the contest with absolutely nothing that could be called a warship, and their inadequate resources forced them to make use of every device that human ingenuity could suggest. In 1862 they established at Richmond a department

for the development of torpedo and submarine warfare, hoping by means of these weapons to break the stranglehold of the Union Fleet. The first underwater craft produced by the Confederates, the 'Davids,' were semi-submersibles powered with a steam engine coupled directly to the propellor. They were cylindrical in shape, with conical ends, and had a telescopic funnel, which could be lowered to make them less conspicuous, for they were incapable of diving, although by taking in water ballast they could submerge their hulls. Their armament was a single spar torpedo, consisting of a copper case 10 inches in diameter, 30 inches in length, with a charge of 130 lb. of gunpowder. The fact that these torpedoes had to be attached to the hull of the enemy ship by the submarine's crew made their employment a risky business. Moreover the vessels themselves proved extremely dangerous to handle; indeed, one of them was swamped by the wash of a passing steamer during her trials and sank with all hands, only her commander surviving. She was afterwards raised, and carried out a night attack on the Federal ship *Ironsides* off Charleston (October 5th, 1863). The explosion of the submarine's torpedo flooded the engine room of the *Ironsides* and started many leaks, but owing to the fact that the charge had been set too near the surface, little serious damage was done, and the submarine was herself swamped. Her commander, Lieutenant Glasson, and two of his crew were saved by a passing vessel.

Early in 1864 a new and improved type of submarine made its appearance. This was the *Huxley*, so called after her inventor. The *Huxley* was a cigar-shaped craft, 35 feet long, 3 feet in beam and 5 feet in depth, and was equipped with a small conning-tower. She was propelled by the hand power of eight men working on a handle turning the screw, had an air supply for two hours, and could make limited dives. The *Huxley* drowned three crews (a total of twenty-three men) during her trials, but there was no lack of brave men in the Confederate service; a fourth crew succeeded in getting her over the harbour bar, and on a dark night in February she made an attack on the Union Fleet blockading Charleston. The wooden frigate *Housatonic*, 1,240 tons, was singled out as her prey, and Admiral Porter of the U.S. Navy has left us an interesting description of the attack.

At about 8.45 p.m. the officer of the deck discovered something in the water, about a hundred yards away, moving towards the ship. It had the appearance of a plank moving along the water. It came directly towards the ship, and, within two minutes of the time it was sighted was alongside. The chains were slipped, the engine backed, and all hands called to quarters. But it was too late; the torpedo struck the *Housatonic* just forward of the main-mast on the starboard side in line with the magazine. When the explosion took place the ship trembled all over, as if by the shock of an earthquake, and then sank stern foremost, heeling to port as she went down.

It was at first thought that the *Huxley* had made a successful getaway after the destruction of the *Housatonic*, but some years later divers found her lying alongside the hull of her victim, and the theory was advanced that she had been drawn by suction into the hole made by her own torpedo. Her crew of nine all perished. The *Huxley's* achievement is of particular interest, as it affords the first and last example of a successful submarine attack until the war of 1914.

JOHN LEPPER.

1939

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF FREUD

The importance of Freud, perhaps his greatness, rests upon two foundation stones—his special theory as to the origin of the neurosis and, secondly, upon the theory of determinism of human conduct. If the special theory of the neuroses is true and if human conduct is indeed determined by antecedent events, then the procession of events of human life are capable of a more or less strict prediction. Furthermore, Freud's importance for general culture beyond the narrow confines of psychological medicine lies in the extension of the processes in individual psychology to the processes of group life. If Freud's theory of the extension of human family ties to the realm of social ties is true, then we are confronted with a social psychology which must embrace all social phenomena —artistic, cultural and religious. To this extent Freud can be classed amongst the social philosophers. He has not attempted a cosmology because he has never dared to place man in relation to nature, but he has dared to construct a social science which is entirely determined by a special theory, clinically deduced from individual psychology. It would be desirable to clarify these claims by a brief and all too skeletal description of his fundamental discoveries and his basic assumption. Some of his critics urge that his clinical discoveries are entangled in his assumptions. His protagonists defend him by stating that his assumptions are the only working hypotheses which his discoveries in the clinical field make possible.

An historical view will do justice to his theoretic views better than a bare clinical exposition. While working upon hysterical patients with his colleague Breuer, it was noted that in hypnotic attempts to restore such patients, mental events were related during the hypnotic trance, which seemed to have a close relationship with the condition from which the patient suffered. Such mental events in the patient's past

history were outside the conscious awareness of the hypnotised subject. Usually these events as they were related by the patient were accompanied by considerable emotional disturbance. Recovery frequently followed these revelations. As a method of therapy this was good enough for such persons who could be hypnotised. But relatively few could be so handled. Freud found, however, if he could induce the subject to become sufficiently relaxed and confident of the trustworthiness of the doctor, and if he were told to allow his mind to drift freely about associated ideas connected with his symptoms, he would eventually relate events and speak of feelings which normally lay outside the focus of conscious attention. In this rambling of reminiscences the patient would become emotionally disturbed. Recovery again frequently accompanied this 'abreaction.'

Freud found, in addition, that in the course of such reawakening of the forgotten memories heavily charged with emotion, the patients would relate dreams which they felt had some bearing upon the symptoms and were equally related with other phases of the reminiscent stream of ideas. Thus three important discoveries emerged and took shape from these early therapeutic efforts. Firstly, that the continuity of the mind apparently broken up into elements disconnected in consciousness was re-established by the lifting to the surface of links which lay outside the field of everyday conscious awareness. In other words mental causal relationships, continuous and unbroken, could be established by the admission that a considerable portion of the causal chain was submerged. Thus the concept of the active unconscious mind speculatively asserted by Von Hartmann and Schopenhauer now became a reality revealed by a therapeutic procedure. Further, the dream life imbedded in the sleep state in which we spend so much of the cycle of our daily lives is a source of mental material which is the stuff of the unconscious mental life, in other words 'mental' extended beyond consciousness. Lastly the discovery was due to obtaining in the patient a mood of giving up material which belonged to this wider than conscious field. The method of *free association* was in the instrument which made this discovery possible. No product of this instrument's activity could be discarded and, when the operator was detached, patient and receptive,

free from mental blind spots or prejudice, he could maintain an attitude of close communion with the patient, enable him to trace resemblances and get clear the clusters into which the mental life had become agglutinated. The instrument, in other words, established a mental structure, and laid bare streams of thought and patterns of emotion which the elements in ordinary awareness did not make at all clear.

All great discoveries have been associated with an instrument of research. The genius in forging a suitable instrument or technique is the power to reclaim phenomena which would be missed without it. The telescope made possible the Copernician revolution, the microscope the mystery of ultimate bodily structure and the existence of microbes, the spectroscope revealed not only the structure of stars but in betraying shifts in spectral bands it made possible or corroborated the Relativity theory.

The history of Freudian theory is the history of the products of an instrument. It, of course, can be asked what check is placed upon the theory which emerged from the Freudian instrument of free association. Firstly, repeated clinical observations proved that the early abreactive technique of liberating emotionally changed memories did reveal a mental realm of trends and structures which accounted for conscious behaviour. The mental structures and trends rapidly grew in Freud's mind into a corpus of doctrine as to the nature of mental mechanism the dynamics of which cried out for at least a working hypothesis. This working hypothesis can be considered under two heads: Firstly, the specific instincts and emotions which according to Freud were the foundation trends of conduct, and secondly, the structure which Freud gave to the mind. In his early clinical work Freud found that the vicissitudes of the sexual instinct appeared to lie at the root of all the neurotic disorders with which he had to deal, but the very fact that the neurosis was merely the outward expression of an underlying sexual problem necessitated an investigation of the forces that made the disguise necessary. The underlying sexual trends were discovered on analysis to be due to the fact that they were *underlying*, and not within the field of awareness because of certain forces in the personality which denied them access to consciousness. They were abhorrent to the subject's scale of

values. This scale of values was the patient's conscious social principles and moral code, but more important still analysis proved that they were equally abhorrent to certain internal moral forces of which the patient was unaware, but which constantly kept a censorious eye upon them lest they escaped into consciousness. He was therefore obliged to put forward the hypothesis that there existed in addition to conscious sanctions of conduct an internal censorship which kept vigil over the too turbulent instincts mainly sexual in nature which cried out for satisfaction. What, however, appeared in consciousness was merely what this censorship allowed. The instincts never appeared in consciousness, but their ideational representations did, or some substituted form of them. Through the whole range of culture sexuality has been subject to prohibition or to regulation, so that it is eventually measured out in lengths according to the ruling social standards. One of the characteristic ways in which sexual pressure asserts itself is naturally in sexual gratification, but not only does society regulate the impulse, but the forces within the self seem to cast it into a mould predetermined by the early history and experiences of the subject. These early forces are those which the parents exert upon the child and which they impose in virtue of their own personal and social standards. Freud discovered that sexuality could hardly be confined to the mature form that it takes after puberty. It has, according to his discoveries, its origin in a variety of bodily interests that ultimately grow into and make up the chemistry of the full sexuality. The diffused sensuality of the child, the pleasure it feels in carrying out all its bodily acts, gradually concentrate upon the genital activities, and it is only when, as he calls it, genital primacy is achieved, that the child loses the intensity derived from these diffused pleasure instinct activities by the maturing of the sexual feelings which, however, still retain some of the qualities of their origins. It is these bodily activities which suffer so much denial in babyhood and childhood as a result of training and the abhorrence which the adults themselves still retain with regard to them.

Furthermore, Freud claims to have laid bare what he calls the nuclear complex of the psycho-sexual life which has suffered the most vehement repression. This nuclear complex

is composed of those sexual feelings which the child feels for the parents. Inasmuch as the infant derives its first sensual pleasures from feeding at the maternal breast, this component part of the child's sensual instinctive life is interwoven with the person of the mother, and all ultimate feelings of love attachment are supposed to derive from this primary mother-child relationship. With further maturing the very young child begins to take up both positive and negative attitudes of love towards the parents. The female child moves away to some extent from the mother-child relationship and develops strong sexual urges for the father, and at the same time the mother becomes an object of dislike, indeed of rivalry. The male child continues his mother relationship, which has a sexual colouring, but the father becomes the rival. This is the nuclear or Œdipus complex, the central point of all Freudian theories, not only of the neuroses but of all love ties, even eventually of the social bond itself. There are naturally variations upon this central theme, cross-currents in the antinomy of love and hate which can occasion, as analysis claims, to form the basis of sexual inversion and the character peculiarities which these divergencies from the normal occasion. Although the battle to control these forbidden emotional propensities takes place in the interior of the mind under the repressing force of censorship, the escape of the repressed, as it is called, is perpetually going on. The human being as child and adult is constantly compromising with itself, attaining by subterfuge and by displacement some measure of satisfaction. The whole gamut of human peculiarities of character and behaviour are indications of this struggle. This conflict between rival forces Freud discovered to be carried on on fairly specified lines. To the majority of human beings the internal struggle to allow a certain measure of instinctual gratification to be achieved for the purpose of facing reality is attained by reaction formations which are called character. This is the normal solution inasmuch as character is the way in which our ethical normes or values give licence to instinctual demands, but where even character formation cannot alone absorb the emotions produced by frustration, the development of neurotic symptoms is an indication of the return of the repressed along the devious path of disturbed bodily functions, exaggerated moral values,

fixed ideas, obsessions and the like. In some cases the return of the repressed takes the form of a depreciation of the self which analysis discloses to be an unconscious sense of guilt at possessing intolerable desires. Sometimes the ethical self is so harsh a judge of the instinctual self that it demands a degree of punishment which depressive feelings alone will not express, but which can only be expressed through self-destruction.

The Freudian hypothesis, however, does not confine itself to an analysis of the vicissitudes of the sexual interests alone. The major part of Freud's work has been an investigation of the structure of the censorious forces which he calls the super-ego, which attempts to dominate the instinctual life. Furthermore, his analytical work for more than forty years was concerned with the part that the ego played in the growth of the mind and behaviour. To academic psychology the major instinct of the ego is self-preservative in kind and is expressed in man's efforts to find a *modus vivendi* in the harsh world of reality. Freud accepts this broad principle, but he is careful to distinguish between the ego as a perceptual instrument developed for the purpose of reality adjustments and an ego which must keep vigilance on three fronts. Firstly, to curb the turbulence of the instincts which the ethical self or super-ego does not permit; secondly, to adjust itself to the super-ego, and, thirdly, to use so much of the instincts as will be necessary for meeting the demands of adjustment to environment. According to Freud's more recent work, which is somewhat speculative in character, one of the instincts which seem to operate in life is the instinct of aggression. This aggressiveness is bent partly on attacking reality, but it is largely destructive in kind and stands opposed to the sexual instincts which emerging in love and in procreation are creative in character. Thus, according to Freud, within the soul there is a battle between love and this destructive impulse of aggression and perhaps the major issue in human life is to compromise between these two forces which, although blind within the depths of the unconscious, attain to vision only through the devious paths of compromise and neurosis.

Inasmuch as man has within himself an internal battle it is not surprising that man's sociality has been so difficult to achieve. While Eros within him seeks to form love or

libidinal ties between all men similarly made, so also he embodies the forces of destruction and hate which attempt to destroy what Eros seeks to establish. In this we see the germs of a social psychology which Freud has laboriously built up, using as the *fons et origo* the libidinal ties which exist in the mind of the child as the Œdipus complex. He has extended this conception by speculating upon the origin of the human family, the Cyclopean family of Darwin, as a battle between the powerful father of the herd who denies his sons sexual access to his women folk. They slay the denying father, but for ever after suffer from the pursuing guilt of paracide, band themselves together as brothers who expiate the primæval crime by deifying the murdered tyrant. This band of brothers with its love ties and its inner sense of guilt gives to society its basic emotional colour and its asocial sociability to use the aphorism of Kant. Sociologists alone can decide whether this Just-so story, as Freud himself admits it to be, is to be regarded as the basis of all social formations. It does admittedly throw a light upon the widespread incest taboo of primitive peoples. It illuminates the complicated exogamic social rules and it elucidates the Totem feast and some of the vagaries of matriarchal and patriarchal societies.

For a practitioner in mental disorders to have produced a theory of neuroses and the hypothesis so bold as the above regarding human society is no mean feat. Further researches in psychological medicine, collaboration with field workers in sociology and anthropology still have much work to do to carry on, to correct and to winnow the speculations which Freud has begun, but few will doubt, even his opponents, that when Freud died he not only left the world richer by the discoveries he made and the claims that he put forward, but he left the world of science and literature and art with a new vocabulary and a new instrument of enquiry. But, above all, he did what all great discoverers have done ; he has shaken the established beliefs, he has questioned every prejudice and he has demanded that even if all values are not to suffer transvaluation they must be constantly examined in the light of those deep forces of human personality which have given the shape and colour to civilisation and to culture.

EMANUEL MILLER.

POEMS

THE FIELD-GLASS

GREEN buds that spoke in hints
And frozen ground that set the flints
As fast as precious stones
Made spring and winter in the combe at once.

Now when I climb the hill,
Where smutted snow-drifts linger still
Helping the sun to shine
And set field-glass's greater eyes to mine,

Waking from winter sloth
Trees stretch themselves with magic growth,
And as I watch them shake
I see, but cannot hear, the sound they make.

THE DUNES

THESE heavy hills of sand,
That marram-stolans bind
Lest they should rise and fly off on the wind,
Hold back the sea from Sea-kings' Land.

Such a waste holds me too
From fields where shadows fly,
High wolds, deep woods and streams that quote the sky,
All the sweet country that is you.

AFTER THE GALE

I PITY trees that all their life
Have ivy for a wife
Or with dark mistletoe they bear
Keep Christmas through the year.

So seeing oak-twigs grow on thorn
Where they were never born,
And sprays of ash-keys and pine-cones
Grow on a briar at once,

I blamed the gale that through the night
Had with perverse delight
Quartered rich children on the poor
Like foundlings at their door.

FIELDS OF ASPARAGUS

From their long narrow beds
Asparagus raised reptilian heads
(Even the sand in May awakes)
And men who thought that they were snakes
With shining knives
Walked to and fro, taking their scaly lives.

My path went to the sea
But turning round came back to me
In clouds of wind-blown sand
Making a desert of the land,
Where men must fight
With purple snakes that grow up in a night.

THE FLESH-SCRAPER

If I had sight enough
Might I not find a finger-print
Left on this flint
By Neolithic man or Kelt?
So knapped to scrape a wild beast's pelt,
The thumb beneath, fingers above,
See, my hand fits it like a glove.

ANDREW YOUNG.

WORDSWORTH RECONSIDERED[1]

CRITICS and apologists have both contrived to impose on the reputation of Wordsworth the most unreal limitations. A succession of brilliantly expounded, but on the whole very early and very personal, reactions are to be held responsible for the complete lack of any genuinely comprehensive appreciation in the standard Studies. Professor Harper, for instance, allots more than four-fifths of his book to the first twenty years, and less than one-fifth to the remaining forty. Yet during this latter period the poet was conscious, for the most part, of no diminution of his power: rather the reverse was the case. The truth is, Harper shares with Professors Herford and Garrod, and with the much less important but possibly more publicised Mr. Herbert Read, any disadvantages which may naturally be expected to arise when critics are content to accept blindly the dicta of the poet's contemporaries or immediate successors, instead of going to the poems themselves and re-reading them with the freshness and alertness they deserve.

In no age has it been possible to do this with less prejudice than in our own. Nevertheless, paradoxically enough, in the most unexpected quarters one encounters the old heresy. 'It may be that after 1820 Wordsworth's poetry dwindled into a harmless metrical diversion, but his personality grew into a certain greatness, and his letters show it.' In such a sentence can Mr. Edmund Blunden at once reveal his acquaintance with Dr. Edith Batho's final vindication of the later Wordsworth as a man, and his own individual failure to appreciate the significance of *Musings near Aquapendente*, *The Pillar of Trajan*, and the *Stanzas . . . off St. Bees' Heads*, together with their attendant sonnets, to name but a few of the works of genius of this period.

[1] The material and in many cases the actual words of this essay formed part of a Thesis which was awarded the degree of Ph.D. by the University of London.

The trouble began with Arnold. Previous to him the poet had been accepted as directing his attack on the whole area of human life. Arnold's attempt to find in poetry a substitute for religion meant that only those poems were to be classed as major which he himself had found to be valid for his own particular problem. The private version of Wordsworth thus created involved necessarily the scrapping of the greater part of the poet's output, and was, after all, nothing but a rationalisation of Arnold's own abstract conception of the Ideal Poet. From his side, Swinburne attacked those who belauded the poet of 'spiritual insight or ethical doctrine,' but held that, 'as the poet of suffering, and of sympathy, with suffering,' his 'status' was 'unequalled in its kind.'

Such dicta did indeed lead their propounders to range extensively over the writings of their victim in support of their theories, but they remain all the while subjective in origin. They impose illogical limits within which approval must work, yet they manage to weigh down the Moderns with their authority. The result is that the latter, instead of bracing themselves to a scientific examination of the material and the facts, construct for themselves, as we have seen, an imaginary figure which reflects nothing but what was unthinkingly accepted, and found suspiciously acceptable, by their immature and eager adolescence. Mr. William Empson is a Modern, and an unusually intelligent one. But it is easy to see the limits within which his mind works when he elaborates his theory that Wordsworth, in common with other nineteenth-century poets, exploited 'a sort of tap root into the world of childhood' and that as a boy he had used 'the mountains as a totem or father-substitute.' It may be agreed that these generalisations cover a part of Wordsworth's work traditionally regarded as his most characteristic. But they are made to take their place in an argument tending to prove that he was always trying to escape from the intellectual framework of his day. In other words, they involve the absolute repudiation of the greater Wordsworth who, like the similarly maligned Shelley, demanded the heroic acceptance of the most contemporary conceptions of scientific discovery and theory, under certain not impossible conditions, and the continual and experimental efforts at adjustment with such new

thought, which remained a constant feature of his poetic activity right up to the end.

The purpose of this present essay is therefore to suggest the need for some modifications in the conventional view of Wordsworth, to analyse with an unbiassed eye this so-called 'harmless metrical diversion' and to show it as revealing poetic power at least as great as that of Thomson, Cowper, Tennyson or Browning, or any of the exquisite but minor poets of whom Mr. Blunden is the inspired apologist. The technical flaw in modern criticism has been the complete neglect of most of the poetry that comes outside what Professor Garrod calls 'the *decas mirabilis*,' and more particularly of that which comes after it. With the full corpus before one, it is possible to maintain that the poet's mind moved in no haphazard way, that it was not even a question of fighting 'a stubborn rearguard action.' The accepted view of Wordsworth's career makes it end about 1807, or at latest 1820. To justify this it is necessary to assume, not only that problems of literary expression no longer had any interest for him, but that the conception of Nature which became crystallised in his poems of 1807 was permanent and final. This is to attribute to him a dogmatism which he was far from exhibiting in his own words about his poems. A vast number are, it is true, statements of solutions to particular problems. But these solutions were not the important or even permanent thing. What he wished to impress upon the reader's mind was rather the method of solution. *The Prelude*, which is often treated as an elaborate philosophical key to the Wordsworthian attitude, is really nothing of the sort. It is simply what it claims to be: a psychological record of the growth of his mind. To seek in it any logical consistency, still more any finality in its pronouncements, is therefore quite inadmissible. In fact, it *was* superseded. And the closeness with which its supersession followed on its completion—due largely to the influences arising from the death of his brother—and the fact that for Wordsworth even its tentative solutions were no longer valid, explain its original withholding from the public, the concentration of creative energy on *The Excursion* and the continual and generally unsuccessful attempts to recast the earlier work.

Surely a truer view of Wordsworth's career would detect a kind of wave-like onslaught on the problems of the time,

the recoil of the first wave—which, admittedly, exhausted itself about 1807—gathering itself steadily into the forward-swirling movement of the second wave, until, in the third decade of the nineteenth century, it crashed with stern and unabated vigour against the iron ramparts of the newer Victorian world.

In the early stages of this forward-swirling movement, one is made aware of a vast amount of experiment in all literary modes, and not always along lines conventionally associated with Wordsworth. The lighter styles which he often essayed tend to receive less attention than they deserve, owing to the Victorian attitude of limiting the use of the term 'greatness' to serious things. But it is part of the essential sanity of Wordsworth, one of the inestimable qualities he inherited from the eighteenth century, that he worked with the same loving care over the artistic details of all his writing, whether his treatment were serious or comic. So, in a small but very interesting group of poems—*The Waterfall and the Eglantine*, *The Oak and the Broom*, and *The Pilgrim's Dream*—we find not a little of the subdued, urbane neatness, the idyllic elegance and sedately acid comment, which Frenchmen are accustomed to admire in La Fontaine. Even the *Lyrical Ballads*, which in his own day were already a serious problem to his apologists, are not to be thought of as showing that lack of literary tact of which they are generally accused. They derive, not from the ballad proper, whose terse directness he achieved perfectly in *The Seven Sisters: or the Solitude of Binnorie*, but from the nimble and chatty style used by Wither in *The Mistress of Philarete*, from which he had drawn a quotation for one of his *Daisy* poems. It was indeed through a sad miscalculation—but a psychological, not a literary one—that Wordsworth decided upon this tone of well-bred garrulity as the one through which to reach his contemporaries. He wrote to Fox of the 'profitable sympathy' which he hoped his poems might 'excite, in order to co-operate . . . with the illustrious efforts which you have made.' For he regarded himself as at all times an instrument for the bringing out into the light of day that other and greater Britain which for him the contemporary complexities tended to obscure.

Several literary devices were tried out at the same time. In *The Kitten and the Falling Leaves*, which Crabb Robinson

regarded as a poor starting-point for the true appreciation of the poet, we have that humorous lingering over small but entertaining detail which is characteristic of Chaucer and of Cowper. There is also the Düreresque contrast between the Boulogne fish-women and the legendary Nereids :

> How fearful were it down through opening waves
> To sink and meet them in their fretted caves,
> Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,
> And shrill and fierce in accent :

—on which Herford makes the question-begging comment : 'an amazingly un-Wordsworthian Wordsworth.' In a broader vein we have what Lamb called 'the Scarron entry of the rusticating parson' in *The Excursion*, the racy Dutch humour of the genre painting of *The Waggoner*, where Wordsworth, in his own phrase, encroaches on the 'convivial exultation' of Burns's masterpiece. His ability to do pleasantly witty and satirical writing is revealed in *The Epistle to Sir George Beaumont*. Here, the stabbing distich and the amiable stacking together of the travelling impressions reveal a Horatian Wordsworth, who saw himself as such, too, in his more general contacts with the world of his day. In this mood Wordsworth wrote several small odes—*Introduction* to the River Duddon sonnets, the *Ode on the Eclipse of the Sun*, 1820, and *Elegiac Stanzas*—and there are also references in his poem on *Liberty* of 1829 which support this view. The *Odes* are not characteristic work, but they reveal their source in the rather formal construction and balance of subject-matter, the courtly artificiality of language—slightly tinged with learned allusion—the maintenance of the elegant conversational tone, and the undercurrent of domestic or personal emotion which gives them genuineness. Of the influence of Vergil much has already been written, and it belongs also to this phase of stylistic experiments.

An important aspect of these, and one over which he himself spent a great deal of thought, was the development of the Fancy. Always differentiated in his psychological system from the Imagination, it played a very considerable part in his poetic creation. Its firm place as a stimulus of the feelings is expounded by him in his *Morning Exercise* of 1828. Its range was in his case wide and varied. It involved the

normal span of unusual simile and metaphor. But it extended also to the eccentric exaggeration, 'bombast of the intellect' as Coleridge called it, of the

> Wild rose tiptoe upon hawthorn stocks
> Like a bold girl who played her agile pranks
> At wakes and fairs with wandering Mountebanks,
> When she stands cresting the Clown's head and mocks
> The crowd beneath her,

with all its complexity of image association (white blossom—white waves—foam—and white-powdered face, for instance) quite in the Modernistic manner: as well as the majestic Elizabethan style of fluent and pellucid imagery (Marlowe at his very best!) which comes in *Love Lies Bleeding* (1842)—

> So dropped Adonis, bathed in sanguine dew
> Of his death wound, when he from innocent air
> The gentlest breath of resignation drew:
> While Venus in a passion of despair
> Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair,
> Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.

The man who wrote those lines was seventy-two years old: they occur, in all their triumphal freshness, at the end of what Professor Garrod calls 'the most dismal anticlimax of which the history of literature holds record.'

In his endeavours to widen his scope, both as a stylist and as a publicist, Wordsworth entered also upon certain areas of the poetic field, not indeed the rarest and most subtly scented, and certainly not often thought of in connection with him. In particular, the endeavour to reach the normal public mind, rather than the mind of the specifically poetic public, caused him to touch upon a type of poem which I think one might agree to call the Generalised Lyric. The term is new, but the conception is not. Examples in Wordsworth are mainly of the hymn type—*September* 1819 and *The Labourer's Noonday Hymn*—where the anonymous quality assumes added importance because the poet is aiming his darts at that collective mind of humanity which is so much more slow-moving than the individual mind. In the two *Odes on May* (1826), the sedately preserved metrical regularity subdues the riotous joy in Nature's exuberance to an almost depersonalised poetic activity. And in the three *Yarrow*

poems, although he apologises for the 'pressure of fact in the last one, owing to his preoccupation with Scott,' there is something of an approach to the pure song of Burns.

For such lyrics, 'the communications that proceed from the poet' must come 'with the life and charm of recognition.' It is not merely a question of style: the very personality of the poet requires to be kept subservient. In this respect it differs widely from the category of Light Verse recently established by Mr. Auden. It lies on the fringe of the writer's output. It is his contribution to that mass of poetry expressing in no very recherché manner what the ordinary man feels, or may be surmised to feel, when in a slightly unenterprising but pleasantly ruminative mood. It is a kind of poetry very difficult to write successfully: especially if the poet wishes to gain acceptance from the keener intelligence as well. Shelley was not slow to realise the difficulties, as well as the demands of this class of work: 'a writer,' as his wife said in her note to the poems written in 1819, 'being always shackled when he endeavours to write down to the comprehension of those who could not understand or feel a highly imaginative style.'

Pursuing this development, there is some indication that Wordsworth, between the years 1814 and 1828, was steadily working out a series of Odes in the Grand, or what is commonly called the Pindaric manner. They were to embody in a general and public way the leading ethical ideas behind his work. He admired intensely the ardour and sincerity of the patriotic canzone of Petrarch; and his enthusiastic reference to the 'prophetic inspiration' of Racine's choric odes in *Athalie* points to a more recent model. The early *Thanksgiving Odes*, 'poured out with a great deal of feeling,' exhibit considerable metrical irregularity, but with the subsequent *Odes* the ten-syllabled line, as in the course of the *Intimations* ode itself, becomes the norm; and there is even at times a regular alternation of rhyme. The style is abstract, and even ponderous, broken by occasional picturesque images or movements. *Dion* is a special kind of narrative ode, with allusiveness, invocation, and sudden detail to enwrap the general moral thesis. The *Vernal Ode*, with its unusual allegorical introduction, deals with the same sort of subject as the *Odes on May*. Rather a favourite in the Wordsworthian

circle, the *Ode on Enterprise* contains at least one very fine image, which would have appealed to the eighteenth century, and which has a clarity and symbolical fitness that might suit also the hard, unadorned accuracy of a later age.

> Still may a veteran few have pride
> In thoughts whose sternness makes them sweet,
> In fixed resolves by Reason justified;
> That to their object cleave like sleet
> Whitening a pine-tree's northern side,
> When fields are naked far and wide,
> And withered leaves, from earth's cold breast
> Upcaught in whirlwinds, nowhere can find rest.

The Triad (1828) is a vision—one would call it mediæval if it were not in fact so much of its own period—of three types of ideal English—or more specifically Wordsworthian—womanhood. The three Graces are all studied from members of his circle. It was strongly criticised by Sara Coleridge for its artificiality, and its inaccuracy—as an account of the 'daughters of three poets.' But surely it was just this generalisation of particular experience to which she objected, the absorption of the individual elements into a less specialised scheme, that was the basic intention of the new and experimental line of thought whose manifestations we are at present pursuing.

The *Ode on the Power of Sound* has its own importance in this connection. It represents the 'processional' type of Pindaric: or what we mean in England when we refer simply to 'an ode.' By comparison with other famous poems on music—Dryden's, Milton's, Pope's or Collins's—its treatment is very abstract: the thought moves through a completely generalised series of reactions. The poem thus aims at bringing the sense of hearing into that intimate relationship with the conception of the immanence of spiritual Being in the material universe, to which the sense of sight has hitherto alone appeared to him to respond. In accordance with my general theory of his development, the poet was evidently seeking some new basis for his attitude towards life. He had found a foreshadowing of it in certain aspects of Greek thought, notably in the Pythagorean theory of numbers and of music. That this was the case need not surprise those of us who remember the preoccupations of his Cambridge days,

or who are aware of the fascination the subject had for the later Yeats. He was ultimately to find his true basis not in the rarefied atmosphere of mathematical abstraction, but in a wider and more comprehensive organisation of intense personal experience. The imagery of the poem is not too sharply individualised, and there is no attempt to weave a spell of enchantment over the mind of the hearer by Romantic magic. So far the poem is in the Modern mood. Moreover the smooth flow of the limpid style bears along its course a succession of apposite but idealised images very much in the new manner of the contemporary Lamartine.

Wordsworth now began to move along certain hitherto untrodden paths in his endeavour to express the totality of experience as he felt it to be. He had *not* 'tied up his entire poetic capital with a single theory of æsthetica,' but as he moved forward, continually newer and more maturely digested subject-matter swept into his life, and exacted from him an ever more subtly modified technical dexterity to deal with its demands. Formal symbolism was a reaction from the explicitness necessary to French poetry. Wordsworth used with increasing frequency an imagery whose meanings were not conveyed by direct utterance—statement, or description—but through the workings set up unknown to himself in the mind of the reader, workings whose directional lines were given by the special technique employed by the artist. Two such symbols occur with some elaboration in Books 3 and 9 of *The Excursion*, and establish the dominant themes of the book with unforgettable vigour.

It is in certain of the sonnets that this tendency finds its most obvious form. One can merely indicate in passing, No. 14 of the *Duddon* series, and Nos. 6 and 20 of Part II of the *Miscellaneous Sonnets*. The *Continental Tour of* 1820 shows Wordsworth as sensitive to the delicate symbolistic possibilities of the Belgian cities as were the French poets of the *fin-de-siècle* period. *Yarrow Revisited* (1831) and the *Summer Tour* (1833) both develop further the same method, which thus became his most ordinary one in dealing with problems of expression. This method has never before been isolated, and credited to Wordsworth, because his most admiring contemporaries were more interested in his doctrines than in his poetic devices : but there is no doubt that he did plentifully

anticipate the late nineteenth-century writers in this aspect of his work.

There are indeed sonnets in which he does the sort of Parnassian poetry like that of Heredia—the concentration into one poem, by word, phrase, suggestion—in the strictest sense by the mere choice of diction—of all the dramatic implications of some historical moment. Such is *Mary, Queen of Scots* (1833), where the pathos of the queen's life was neatly caught with the rococo opening of the allusion to 'Loves' and 'Graces,' carried on with the melancholy image of the

> Star (that, from a heavy cloud
> Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts
> When a soft summer gale at evening parts
> The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud),

and given the sublimity and also the perspective of impending tragedy by the phrase 'Time, old Saturnian seer'—to descend, with the echoing knell of the vowel effects—

> (A long array
> Of war and degradation hand in hand)—

to the last painful resignation—hinting, as it did in the symbolism of a famous name, a vaguely romantic aftermath—of

> Weeping captivity and shuddering fear
> Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay.

No. 10 of the *Duddon* series seems to me to have the same sort of artificiality as one associates with the 'Keepsake' period, and it is difficult to believe that the precise and exquisite striking of the false note, as in the music of Stravinsky, can have been mere blundering. In No. 22 of the same series we have a decorative and leisurely opening, setting in its very phrases a remote and carefully poised romantic mood, and then the sudden breaking in of the dramatic moment, whose tragic issue is only hinted at, this time with the technique of the short story, in the calm retreating movement of its closing lines.

Amid this process of self-exploration upon which, for the final enrichment and deepening of his poetic work, Wordsworth was confidently engaged, there stands out remarkably, among the later movements of his mind, the power with which

the philosophical conception of an unalterable, pure, and permanent Reality was borne in upon him, towards the period from 1833 to 1837. This confident belief in an area of central calm, visible in the days of *Tintern Abbey*, to

> An eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony,

a central calm which *is*, and of which, and compared to which, all the amusing and even thrilling details of life are only the unsubstantial images of clouds, that

> are of the sky
> And from our earthly memory fade away,—

this confident belief gradually, with the advance of years, invaded his whole mind, and shifted the centre of gravity of his work from his old passion for Nature to this so much more fundamental conception. It is perhaps in the slow, and not at first clearly defined, revolution which ultimately swung his intellect gently into position only towards the late 'sixties of his life, that the meaning of Wordsworth's purposeful and powerful poetic career, and its strange, essential sanity, are to be discovered. The original movements, though in themselves so much more picturesque, and possibly more fruitful to the general reader, or even the main current of literature, were, in fact, just the first vibrant oscillations which found now their true equilibrium. There is a noticeable increase in the number of poems in which the Imagination goes behind the superficial poeticality of the object to the Reality on which 'Conquering Reason' can build

> Imaginative faith . . .
> . . . —the throne
> Of power, whose ministers the records keep
> Of periods fixed, and laws established, less
> Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness.

It was in 1837, during the tour in Italy of that year, that Wordsworth gave fullest and subtlest expression to the new and creative thought which was at that time filling his poetic life to the brim. The formal difference between the poems of this year and those of a few years back is most remarkable. There is, by comparison with the *Itinerary Poems* of 1820, a solemn and deepening tone. The style is characterised by a new and grave simplicity, which reflects, possibly, renewed

study of the unmannered dignity of the best Italian Renaissance masters of the sonnet, those of whom Montgomery justly said: 'It is rarely the originality of the thought or the revelation of phrase that makes the beauty: but rather the quiet eloquence of perfection and the restrained melody of the movement'—conditions which our own peculiar national sonnet-temperament has caused us to ignore, or to despise.

With this simplification of the texture of the language, there was, however, both as regards the treatment and the new problems presented, an increased complexity which brought Wordsworth rather startlingly into the Modern picture, even more so than in those earlier studies. This complexity finds its highest embodiment in *Musings near Aquapendente*, that fine, vivid, strong and profound poem in blank verse, comparable in many ways with the *Tintern Abbey* of forty years earlier. The problems were, from the very trend of the intervening development, necessarily wider and other. They were problems of Art and of the Historic Past, considered in their influence on mankind. And only to a limited degree was there introduced the old and once all-absorbing problem of Nature. In subject-matter, treatment and general construction, the poem has many points of similarity with Shelley's *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills*. Italian scenery forms the jumping-off point in both, and was used generally to secure a tempering beauty to the spiritual dialectic. Scott replaces Byron as the type of the suffering poet-friend: but the rhythm of ideas remains very similar to that in the poem of Shelley. The meditation on Scott's recent death and Wordsworth's own joy in feeling his own faculty for enjoyment unimpaired led him to emphasise the need of keeping his aim ever more steadfastly and freshly before himself: and the recording of his impressions of Savona induced him to attack, what Ruskin and Carlyle were even then in their more didactic way about to denounce, namely, the Modern, Utilitarian or Victorian Age, into which he had survived, and which seemed to him so completely cut off from all true spiritual life.

Of the superficial interests which the new Age was developing more especially, many traces are to be found in Wordsworth. The growing appreciation of the importance of Art and Archæology in human existence, which came with

Browning, can be found as well in Wordsworth, induced by his intimacy with that patron of the Fine Arts, Sir George Beaumont. An increasing respect for the historical approach is reflected in his handling of the Middle Ages in *Stanzas . . . off St. Bees' Heads*. Here he calls to his aid, not the romantic thrill of Scott, or Byron, or Keats, or Coleridge, but those economic and spiritual bases first announced by Cobbett, which were to bear such plentiful fruit throughout the nineteenth century into our own times.

The peculiar and in some ways false romantic sentiment of the age, with which he had really no natural sympathy, finds itself exploited, with a certain touch of playfulness, in a group of poems—*The Somnambulist*, *The Incident at Bruges*, *The Armenian Lady's Love*, *The Egyptian Maid* and *The Russian Fugitive*—all written between 1827 and 1830. The incidents are conventionalised along established lines, and the poems have the extemporised directness of Scott or Byron. They are *not*, what they are often criticised for not being, unsuccessful attempts to resurrect the defunct *Lyrical Ballad* form: they are experimental. 'Beautiful specimens of the author's powers of blending the simplicity and tenderness of the old ballad with the exquisite grace of a most pure and polished diction,' they anticipate somewhat Tennyson's style of ballad poetry.

The New Synthesis of Wordsworth's later years was the instrument which he had forged to overcome the violence of emotional agitation roused in him by the immanence of Reform and all that it meant to him—'Fires, Riots, and Burking—not to speak of the Cholera.' It was an agitation which certainly rivalled, if it did not exceed, that which had been brought about by the declaration of war on France in 1793. But whereas then Wordsworth had been able to see ultimately that the nation had behaved, at that earlier time, in accordance with the inner necessities of its spiritual being, and so to achieve reconciliation, he did not feel this to be the case in 1832. That he mastered this despondency is clear on a comparison of the poems written before and after that date. And although it is customary to scorn Wordsworth's political views of this period as hopelessly reactionary, it is still an undoubted fact that they did not differ so fundamentally from those of the 1798 period as is often thought. But the despondency of 1798 and its mastering became all-important to a

critic like Harper, because the issue gave a sort of democratic flavour to the subsequent poetry, and Harper is a democrat. That of 1830 and its mastering did not happen so to coincide: hence the lack of respect shown towards the various poems in which they find expression.

One of the great problems of these later years was Italy, in whose Risorgimento Wordsworth's failure to take an active interest is counted against him. What has never before been sufficiently realised is that the poems of the 1837 visit reveal an understanding of the new movement in Italian ideals far in advance of any which existed in normal Liberal opinion of the epoch. What contacts with the exiles of the Italian Revolution he had do not explain his comprehension. But Sonnet 7, with its very explicit references to 'the noble Roman's scorn,' the 'one meek smile beneath a peasant's shed' and the 'learned Patriot'—the details of whose themes are so elaborated, may well point to some definite personal counters during his stay at Rome. For the source of 'the noble Roman's scorn' we have Wordsworth's own statements, and it is difficult to avoid thinking that the 'learned Patriot' must have been none other than Mazzini, who, though this can scarcely have come to Wordsworth's knowledge until after his visit—but most of the poems were written on the return—had been engaged in an active and intensive propaganda for the Young Italian ideals, first in Marseilles and later in Geneva. The Republican conception, the belief in Italy's Messianic destiny to spread the spirit of free association among peoples, the hatred of isolated acts of violence which might soil the purity of the cause—even those points which were not hinted at in the sonnet—were points with with Wordsworth would naturally be in the fullest sympathy. Carbonarism, now the doctrine of the past, with its unmeaning ritual, its undirected opportunism, and its lack of spiritual content, could mean nothing to him, however much it might appeal to the melodramatic mind of Byron, and to the vulgar Liberalism which found in him its ideal. But it is significant that a reasoned, educative and spiritually-based cause like that of Young Italy roused his keenest and most understanding enthusiasm.

Thus in every department of his poetic activity Wordsworth is shown as maintaining the position, which he took

up early in his career, of the universal validity of poetry. In this respect the Victorians, with their failure to grasp the essential unity of experience and their acceptance of poetry as an escape from life, represent a retrogressive step. Wordsworth himself realised that for Tennyson or Arnold he meant quite plainly the wrong thing. He had arrived at his own truth by burrowing into his own mind. This necessitated an incorruptible honesty in the process of his thought. He had to recoil before nothing. And this is the quality which makes his work and his conclusions of such very special interest for the poets of to-day. It is not a thing of a few miraculous years only, but one whose value and importance, for him and for us, right up to the end of his life, is emphasised by discoveries in literary style and method, which, while they passed unobserved over the heads of his contemporaries, may well seem to us to constitute one of his strongest claims to the possession of original power.

BENJAMIN GILBERT BROOKS.

ON DOSTÖEVSKI

The Dostöevskian theory runs, crudely, as follows: 'Since God has been abolished' (by eighteenth-century rationalism and the French Revolution) man can find no values outside himself. The result is frustration: which, when combined with pride, leads to self-assertion. 'If God doesn't exist (*i.e.*, if I cannot find absolute truth) then it is up to me to do whatever I like.'

The theme of all the novels [1] is this theory carried to the *n*th degree. Dostöevski's heroes are weak characters aspiring to be 'Rothschilds' or 'Napoleons' (theoretical self-assertion) or strong characters making the experiment of 'doing whatever they like,' because there is no *fundamental* objection.

The extreme instance of both these experiments in self-assertion is, of course, crime. Raskolnikov (*Crime and Punishment*) kills an old woman just to show himself that he has the makings of a 'Napoleon.' Stavrogin (*The Possessed*) goes in for every kind of evil: his worst crime is to seduce a little girl, and to hold a watch while he knows that she is hanging herself in a cupboard.[2]

[1] Except 'The Idiot,' which is the opposite, a portrait of what a man would be like *without* pride.

[2] The point of the story about the little girl is not a morbid concentration on horror: but that the experiment should be carried, for argument's sake, to its extreme conclusion. This crime is evidently intended to be as bad as anything which Dostöevski can imagine. The whole of Dostöevski lies in what follows. While the little girl is hanging herself and Stavrogin is looking at his watch, he sees a little red spider on a leaf in the window box. Long afterwards, when through sheer callousness he had actually almost 'forgotten' his crime, he sees a red spider. At once his mind is flooded by a vision—*not*, by mental association, of horror—but of classical beauty. A whole dream, based on a picture which he has seen, of the islands of the Blessed which represents the extreme of beauty which (pagan) mind can conceive: just as the crime represented the worst. Thus the two are brought together, and their connection is implicit. The whole of Dostöevski lies in this implication, in the connection between the dream of utmost beauty, and the dream of utmost evil. Note that the dream is of pagan, Hellenic beauty. Christianity has not yet arrived on the scene to weld, by its symbol of atonement, the two visions into one explicable whole. Without it, neither of them is enough. Self-assertion (the dream of evil) leads, as we see, to destruction; and a purely æsthetic vision is akin to evil. (From a purely *æsthetic* point of

What is the result of these experiments? The conclusion, in every case, is that self-assertion which was regarded as the logical alternative to 'finding a value outside oneself'—is identical with self-destruction.[3] Stavrogin ends by hanging himself; and it is Raskolnikov's conscience cleverly exploited by the policeman, rather than the policeman himself, which discovers his crime. *Something* in human nature (*i.e.* even if 'God has been abolished,' and absolute truth *cannot* be established) calls for self-renunciation; and to deny it by pride (self-assertion) is equivalent to self-destruction, or spiritual death.

Dostöevski therefore preaches—the conclusion is implicit in all his tragedies, never explicit as he is a great artist—that the only practicable way of life is renunciation. Kiss the earth, he keeps on saying, and water it with your tears. Both Raskolnikov and Dmitri Karamazov end by going off to Siberia as convicts; it is only by humiliation that they can reach a new life.

In other words, a broken spirit and a contrite heart. Now this is the very spirit of Christian teaching. Dostöevski sends one back to Christianity, in so far as it represents renunciation as opposed to self-assertion: humility as opposed to pride.

Ultimately, what one renounces is to settle the question of good and evil for oneself—to aspire to an answer. The very pretension to reach an answer is a form of pride (self-assertion)! That is why so many conscientious people (like Lady X, the welfare-worker; or Professor Z, the League of Nations Union enthusiast) are even more wrong than the irresponsible sinners. Virtue is a form of pride: Christ liked publicans and sinners. This is not, of course, to say that one should deliberately be a sinner: but that good people are liable to be bad.

Renunciation, however, is different from resignation.

view, there is beauty in evil: or they are akin). Only love can give meaning to life (the æsthetic dream being no solution), and this is the message of, and the *necessity for*, Christianity. (He never published these chapters.)

[3] In one case this is literally so: as one of Dostöevski's characters carries the idea that it is godlike to 'do whatever one likes' so far that he announces his intention of committing suicide, on the theory that by doing so he will 'become god,' *i.e.*, substitute his own will for any will outside him ('god's') in the most complete way possible. This is an extreme symbol of Dostöevski's meaning: and, incidentally, provides a fascinating character, Kirilov the nihilist in *The Possessed*.

Take the case of Y, who habitually preaches resignation. He told me, once, that he had overcome his shyness in a room full of strangers 'by hating them': and when he was asked to write a book, he answered that he would not think of publishing a book for people whom 'he heartily despises.' (*Cf.* Paul Valéry, who adopted much the same attitude in *M. Teste* and in an article in the *Revue de Paris*.) The stoical resignation which Y affects is obviously based on bitterness which is yet another form of pride, and the reverse of Christian resignation. A bitter resignation is a proud one. (Byron's error—'had I not filed my mind, which so itself subdued' and 'I have not loved the world nor the world me'—it stinks!) Such resignation is equivalent to death or—if one likes to call it so—despair. (Though Y, no doubt, would only see hysteria if one called upon him 'not to despair'!)

Our problem (or disease) to-day is that 'God has been abolished,' *i.e.* we cannot find anything to believe in outside ourselves. Dostöevski suggests that resignation + love (= humility) *not* resignation minus love (= pride) is the only solution to this frustration. Roughly translated into every-day terms, it is *not* one's business (as half the world makes it his business nowadays) to solve the problems of the universe (God or no God? Communist or Socialist? etc., *ad nauseam*), but, modestly, to get on with one's job. This was also Voltaire's conclusion in *Candide*. If one looked for a rule of life as a result of all these speculations, one might say: 'Trust your conscience. Do not—whatever you do—as a kind of experiment, in search of absolute truth, flout it! In a word, behave yourself!' According to your lights, but with humility.

It was the apparent softness in this humility which D. H. Lawrence made it his business to attack. Here we reach an important point—the essence of Dostöevskian subtlety and teaching. There *is* something degrading about softness: beautiful in pride. A *broken spirit* is what Dostöevski says is essential. But to be 'broken' it must have been hard. Through pride to humility. This is why Dostöevski is accused of preaching (the necessity of) evil. In a sense, good *can* only be reached through evil: humility through pride. The saintly monk suddenly bows down

before Dmitri Karamazov: because he has realised that Dmitri is about to become a murderer, a great sinner! This is what the philosopher meant when he asked his two pupils: 'What has evil got to do with beauty?' One replied impetuously, 'Nothing,' but the other reflected and said 'Everything.' In a sense, good is something which is arrived at through evil (Dmitri, as a murderer, is a potential saint: that is why Christ liked the sinner): and the dynamic conflict between the two is beauty (or 'life').[4] Good is not static, something which one can touch and be clear about, like a plate. It is a dynamic process: in which evil plays an essential part.[5] The Christian myth symbolises this process of good by atonement for evil.

So we have been a long way round to come back to a very simple conclusion. We are frustrated because we cannot find any values outside ourselves. But selflessness *is* outside ourselves; we have got the solution inside ourselves, and all we have to do is—so to speak—to turn ourselves inside out: *i.e.* renunciation (which is turning our desire for selflessness towards the world). If we can only see it, our frustration is its own solution. Our very hankering (and who, nowadays, has not had this experience?) for a value outside ourselves *is* selflessness. Once we have realised it, *i.e.* once our renunciation has become conscious, we have become fully alive.[6]

ERIC SIEPMANN.

[4] *Cf.* the words of an English author (written in 1937): 'That man (Goebbels) must be one of those dangerous lunatics who can see nothing but black and white, good or evil, truth or falsehood, light or darkness . . . If the world were really as he sees it, without that shading and blending and combining in different ways *which is beauty*, we should all go mad.'

[5] *Cf.* Berdyaev's *Dostöevski*, a brilliant book. Berdyaev sees this dynamic idea of good and evil as essentially Christian, and as a revulsion against classicism, against the Platonic ideas of inner calm and an absolute good or beauty. (One may recall Taine's analysis of the origins of the French Revolution as an over-simplification due to classicism: to a desire to boil things down to *one* idea instead of many, tending to monomanias.) *Cf.* also note (²) with its 'classical' vision.

[6] Most people value love and selflessness. More and more people—which is more important—are coming to realise that this is all which one can believe in, and that there is no short-cut formula (*e.g.*, Fascism or Communism) which provides a simultaneous solution to the problems of the Universe and of behaviour. Shaw reaches this conclusion—which is why he appears inconclusive. (Incidentally, Shaw and other Socialist writers did a dangerous thing—necessary, perhaps, at the time—and helped to undermine morality, by laying emphasis on the social conscience *at the expense of* the individual conscience. Shaw was apt to insist that 'there is no salvation in individual virtue,' etc.)

THE BELLS OF LIVERPOOL

When the bells of Liverpool are made they will be worthy of the superb English cathedral now being built beside the Mersey. They will last as long as the edifice itself. Bells do not wear with use. The ancient church bell-foundry in London where they are being cast can show its 'founder's mark' on bells centuries old that are still in perfect condition in various parts of the country. A ring of thirteen has been ordered for Liverpool. They will be hung so as to swing in the English manner, and will be the heaviest ringing peal in the world. The huge tenor, weighing 4 tons, was successfully cast last December; the other bells, dwindling to a treble of 10 cwts., will be completed by 1940. The cathedral has also ordered a bourdon or great bell of 14½ tons that will be second only to the heaviest bell in England, Great Paul of St. Paul's Cathedral. The various fraternities of bellringers already look forward to the first peal on the bells of Liverpool, which will perhaps be a new composition to commemorate the occasion; and as it will probably be broadcast to the world, one hopes that efforts will be made to obtain for that occasion an expert band of ringers, even if local pride is touched by choosing some from outside the Lancashire Bellringers' Association. The St. Paul's Cathedral ringers point proudly to the first peal on their twelve bells, a peal of Stedman Cinques, 5,014 changes, as is recorded on a tablet in the ringing chamber. Inevitably there will be people of Liverpool who are not looking forward to the installation of these bells, who will probably object to them as a nuisance. Bellringers are used to these complaints and do their best to avoid them by muffling the bells during rehearsals or by practising their methods on handbells; though they consider that the complaints come a trifle oddly from dwellers in noisy cities. The bells, of course, will not be hung and the great bell will probably not be cast, until peace returns.

Whether in deserted Sabbath streets, or in fertile valleys,

or on the solitary hills, or at sea rolling faintly from some belfry near the shore, the music of the bells will sometimes touch our very heartstrings. According to temperament or occasion, the tintinnabulation may seem to have a wedding gaiety or the melancholy expressed in those famous lines of Gray. The bells, as primarily is their function, may remind the churchgoer that it is high time to leave home, or they may appeal to those learned in the art of English change-ringing only as instruments well or badly pulled; but it is merely churlish to describe them as a noise. There are, one knows from personal experience, people in remote parts of the Empire who are moved to tears when hearing by radio for the first time the music of bells ringing for service from some English village church or famous cathedral. Doubtless part of the emotion rises from a nostalgia for the home country evoked by the familiar sound; the bells naturally associate themselves with these feelings because consciously or not the hearers know that the ringing is part of the English scene. Yet there are few books on campanology; even the poets have sung but little in praise of English bell-ringing. One might quote Poe's *The Bells*, but his verses, melodramatic and second-rate, beginning with sledge bells and ending with bells rung by demons, have no real connection with campanology. Dryden, writing of harmony, heavenly harmony, remembered Jubal's chorded shell, the trumpets loud clangour, the thundering drum, the complaining flute, the sharp violins and even the sacred organ's praise; but he forgot the bells. Thomas Hardy forgot them in his poem on the building of a church. English writers have largely disregarded the subject, though it is used learnedly and with excellent dramatic effect as a theme in Miss Dorothy Sayer's tale of murder, *The Nine Taylors*, the very title of which refers to bell-ringing. Yet the English love of bells has created a special music, a method of ringing bells in a peculiar planned order known as change-ringing. It is a native art hardly known outside this country. In that most English part of the United States in and around Boston there are some churches where English bell-ringing is practised, and Kent School, Connecticut, recently imported bells from England and engaged a London ringer to teach the boys the art of campanology. In Canada there are some bells that were cast in England which are rung in the English

manner; for instance, at Christchurch Cathedral, Victoria, the English Cathedral, Quebec, and the Catholic Cathedral of the Holy Rosary, Vancouver; there is also at least one church in Australia, St. Paul's, Melbourne; but I believe there are few others in any part of the Empire or indeed in the world.

Do they not, it may be asked, ring bells in the rest of Europe, in Asia and on the American continent? Assuredly they do, but the preference elsewhere is for the carillon, in which the bells play tunes and in which they are played by a mechanical arrangement that causes the hammer to strike the unmoving metal, thus making the bell an instrument of percussion, which it should not be. Or, if they swing the bells, they swing them only frame high and in a disorder that is not inharmonious but which in a musical sense is a jangle. The English, at least since the early years of the sixteenth century and probably long before, have rung their bells quite another way. By means of a pull on a rope they throw their bells mouth upwards to the sky so that the clappers strike naturally as the bells move, a form of ringing that alone produces the full humming tone and the majestic roll of a heavy peal. As the bells ascend they are checked before passing the point of balance, they fall back, are pulled so as to ascend in the opposite direction, are again checked before they can complete the full circle, and fall. So they swing, freely upwards and downwards. This is the traditional use of church bells in this country, and change-ringing, as the English bell-music is called, is the traditional way of ringing them. Our bell-ringers therefore despise the carillon, and are inclined to regard the ringing of tunes and jingles as somewhat childish. What they have devised and developed during the centuries is a music mathematical, subtly composed and difficult to execute. Their swinging bells weave their way from the fundamental overture of 'rounds' through a complicated pattern in which each bell constantly moves its place in relation to the others. The bells never repeat the order in which they ring until the conclusion, when they fall again into 'rounds'—that is, into the straightforward sounding of each bell in order of weight from treble down to tenor.

Like the race to which they belong, these English bell-ringers are modest about their accomplishments. Yet their art when executed by some living experts is as far removed

from the infantile sweetness of the carillon as is the music of Mozart and Beethoven from the nursery rhythms and cannibal noises of the dance bands. There are altogether about 40,000 to 50,000 ringers in England, but one hears little about them except when one of their older societies makes festival, as did the Ancient Society of College Youths in 1937, when they celebrated their tercentenary. The College Youths, a London fraternity, who ring the bells of St. Paul's, the Abbey, and Southwark, Bow Bells and the bells of other fine City churches, is one of the oldest of these societies. Other old ones are the Company of St. Stephen's Ringers, Bristol, founded in or before 1620, which exists now only as a social body, and the Company of Ringers of Our Blessed Virgin Mary of Lincoln, who enrolled their first members on September 23rd, 1614. Perhaps it may seem pedantic to give the exact date. One gives it in order to prove that these English bell-ringers show their inward pride by keeping the chronicle of names from generation to generation. The College Youths treasure the original volume in which the first Master, a Lord Brereton of Cheshire, and his fellows, set down their names on November 5th, 1637, and the list is continuous to the present day, except for a slight break in the eighteenth century due to a neglect of the records. Painted on the walls of the Ringers' Chapel in Lincoln Cathedral is the roll of Masters from 1614. But the Lincoln company have not, I believe, maintained a continuous existence as ringers. Only the College Youths have done so.

One of the expert band who ring at St. Paul's Cathedral was once persuaded to initiate me into the ringers' mystery. One day he took me up the dark winding stone steps, lit only as in a castle by narrow apertures in the thick walls, to the belfry, where in a double sense he showed me the ropes. St. Paul's tenor weighs 62 cwts.; even the eight bell turns the scale at 22 cwts. How is that massive tenor swung easily backwards and forwards, as has been described, not in a monotonous rhythm neither, but, in certain kinds of peals, such as a Cambridge Surprise, altering its pace so as to strike in changing order, moving its position constantly in relation to the eleven other bells? One part of the secret is that the tenor and other of the heaviest bells do not hang at rest mouth downwards. Once having been brought to the inverted

position, a heavy bell is kept upside down by means of a movable wooden brake or catch. When it is to be rung the ringer releases it, the bell swings over the balance, and he has to accelerate the momentum of its fall only by a pull that swings it as high again. There is, however, much virtue in that 'only.' If he pulls too lightly the bell will lose its impetus, the striking will be out of order, and he may indeed find himself unable to accelerate such a mass of metal to its original speed. If he pulls too strongly the bell will ascend too high and too quickly, with the same disastrous results on the ringing, and with the added danger that if he tries to remedy his error by holding on to the rope a second too long the bell will lift him off his feet and may even throw him head first to the rafters.

But this is the mere technique of rope-pulling, these are the outward signs and flourishes of the ringers' art. Can one expound the music of change-ringing to the layman? One watches the ringers as they stand on wooden boxes that differ in size according to the weight of the bell overhead. In their shirt-sleeves, with solemn demeanour, the little circle awaits the conductor's cry of 'Go!' Then, one after the other, treble first, tenor last, the bells ring out in the plain ding-dong-bell of 'rounds' until the signal is given to begin weaving the decided pattern. They are by then in perfect rhythm, and that rhythm must be maintained as they heave at the ropes, keeping each bell along its proper path until with a shout of 'Bob!' the pattern is thrown into a different form. It would be difficult to describe without tedium how they follow faultlessly and unfalteringly through the permutations of 720 changes of Oxford Treble Bob, or the 5,040 changes of Stedman Triples. Technically, nothing under 5,000 changes counts to-day as a 'peal' in the vocabulary of campanology; less than that number is a 'touch,' or section of a peal, the smallest division being a 'course.' The record peal to date was conducted by a member of the Cathedral band (he is a business man in the City, ringers are of all ranks from dukes downwards), who with his fellows in a Berkshire church after twelve hours of continuous ringing successfully completed a peal of 21,363 changes of Stedman Caters. This record may one day be surpassed; not easily, for there are limits set by the physical powers of the ringers; but easily

enough in the sense that they by no means exhausted the possible changes even on the ten bells on which they rang this peal. The twelve bells of St. Paul's—and the Liverpool Cathedral ringers will in effect have the same number—their thirteenth bell is there so that they may practise on a light eight bells of correct octave—would not be exhausted until they have been rung in different order exactly 479,001,600 times. This perhaps is a startling figure, but it may be checked by anyone who remembers that three bells are limited to six changes (3 × 2), four bells to twenty-four changes (4 × 6), but that with five bells the limit expands to 120 (5 × 24), and so on.

One has mentioned a 'course' as the smallest section of a peal. It also is the key or basis of a peal however many changes that peal contains, for the varying fundamental patterns that shape the different kinds of peals extend only to the length of a 'course,' which averages between seventy and eighty changes. By learning the 'course' of the chosen pattern, the ringer finds his way along a peal of 5,040 changes with comparative ease, for succeeding 'courses' in that particular peal are only variations of the one pattern, and the variations follow an agreed order. The different methods bear such attractive titles as Grandsire, Double Norwich, Kent Treble Bob, London Surprise, and the like. To learn these patterns and the principles upon which they are elaborated to 5,000 or 20,000 changes is only, to be sure, the beginning. One may understand a method perfectly well on paper and yet fail to co-operate in ringing it properly at the ropes. Ringers have to acquire a knack, and as in other things —in sport, in art—some are too clumsy ever to achieve mastery. In the ringing process known as 'hunting,' especially where the bells are 'hunting down,' the men at the 'sallies,' as the brightly coloured rope-tails are called, must have 'rope-sight,' or the ability to watch all the other ropes while pulling their own ; without that they never ring well.

If one has conveyed, to some small degree, how English bell-music is composed and executed, one quite despairs at the attempt to explain without confusion the remarkable developments in campanology in which different methods are spliced, that is, in which separate fundamental patterns are interweaved. There are a few, and only a few, who are capable

of learning and ringing what is called 'Spliced Surprise.' I can assure those who have never heard it that a peal of this kind rung on fine-toned handbells by master ringers makes most delicate musical entertainment. Such intricate elaborations as these are quite modern, and are sufficient evidence that the interest in this indigenous English art is still alive. The art began to flower into sophistication towards the close of the seventeenth century. The first book on the technique of ringing and of composing peals was by Fabian Stedman, a Cambridge printer, whose *Tintinnalogia, or the Art of Ringing,* was published by him in 1688 and dedicated to the College Youths. Original copies of this volume are rare; even the Society, which elected Stedman as their Master for the year 1683, to-day only possesses a nineteenth century reprint. In all probability members of the College Youths were the first to learn and ring the Stedman 'method,' peals based on which are still widely used. Probably the first great performance in London was also rung by the College Youths a few years later at what is called to-day Southwark Cathedral, where, again according to their ancient 'peal book,' members of the Society rang three 720's of Oxford Treble Bob, College Single, and Oxford Single, 2,160 changes in all, 'being the first time so many changes were rung without stopping.' The reader will note from that limit of each peal to 720 changes that the Southwark belfry then held only six bells. It was the paper elaborations divised by composers of peals at that period and the increasing enthusiasm and number of ringers that led to the demand for additional bells, six being then the maximum number in a 'big' peal. In the eighteenth century, as more bells were added to existing 'rings,' peals of 5,040 changes and over became a commonplace. Seven bells set the limit of possible changes at 5,040, but eight bells extended it to 40,320.

Change-ringing before the seventeenth century appears to have been of primitive simplicity, though it held the seeds of all modern developments. According to a present-day authority, Mr. J. Armiger Trollope, in the earliest change-ringing one bell only moved its position at one time, all the rest 'lying still' except as they made room for that one bell. These were called Plain Changes. They were worked out, he states, in sound mathematical lines, but when extended to five

or six bells were both difficult to ring and monotonous to hear. They went out of fashion when composers developed Cross Peals, in which all the bells moved in and out in a formal dance called Doubles and Singles. In the middle of the seventeenth century the first known composer, Robert Roan, wrote the method known as Grandsire; and by extending it to a peal for six bells, a Grandsire Bob, he laid the foundations of all later compositions. Mr. Trollope notes that Roan was Master of the College Youths in 1652, and, as were many of the ringers at that period, that he was a man of some social standing. Until about 1850 ringing was more of a secular sport than part of the Church service. After the Reformation, at any rate, the clergy did not encourage change-ringing as a means of calling the congregation to service, though they allowed the bells to be used at other time for this purpose. This attitude was emphasised under the Puritans, who tried unsuccessfully to stop the bells altogether as a Popish superstition. Their prohibition, the present Dean of St. Paul's once remarked, was probably due not so much to the fact that the ringing upset their religious prejudices as to the certainty that it gave pleasure to the ringers, just as they forbade bear-baiting not because it was a cruelty to the animal but because it was enjoyed by the spectators. The secularisation of ringing had one curious effect in the eighteenth century: it made ringing a popular sport in which the various companies were as keenly competitive as in football to-day. Heavy bets were laid on rival teams, and records in accuracy, speed and length were keenly watched and at once were followed by attempts to surpass them. This tradition of sport died hard. After the art of change-ringing lost much of its popularity, the tradition survived to the days when, with the encouragement of the ecclesiastical authorities, ringing grew once more into favour, and as Barham wrote in the *Ingoldsby Legends*:

> . . . the blythe College Youths—rather old stagers,
> Accustomed for years to pull bell-ropes for wagers,
> Rang faster than ever their 'Triple Bob Majors.'

One has spoken of 'rope-sight' as one of the many engaging technical words that have been minted by the bell-ringers, and the word leads me back at last to the bells of

Liverpool and to the bell-foundry where they are being cast. Owing to the unusual weight of the bells, to the great span of the vestry tower, and to the record height at which they will hang—over 200 feet above the cathedral floor—the question of the bell-frame was complicated by a number of special problems. The conventional material used in most English belfries is timber, the frame being constructed of huge cross-beams of seasoned oak. Oak beams sufficiently large were considered nearly impossible to obtain to span the vestry tower; iron and steel were thought unsuitable for various reasons; so for the first time it was decided to employ reinforced concrete, and the use of this modern material, together with the ample space available, led to a novel design. The frame will be circular in shape, and the bells instead of hanging as they usually do in two or three straight lines will thus swing to and from the tower's centre. From the structural point of view this will reduce the immense vertical and horizontal strains and stresses set up by swinging 17 tons of metal at such a height; and by allowing the bell-ropes to fall plumb from the ringing wheels to the ringing chamber in a circle of minimum diameter it will make 'rope-sight' easier to attain by bringing the ringers as close together as is practicable.

The foundry expected to have the bells, including the great bourdon bell, ready well before the stipulated date. But it likes to have ample time. Bells that are to last for centuries are not to be made in a hurry. In any case it is not possible to make good bells quickly. Mass production methods are useless here. The very nature of the work requires the craftsman rather than the machine. The essential principles on which a bell is moulded and cast differ little from those of mediæval times, and if Robert Mot, the first master of the Whitechapel Bell Foundry, were to return he would find himself quite at home with the methods used. He would find improvements; but the only unfamiliar process that would require explanation would be the tuning of the bells. Until about 100 years ago, when the foundry invented a rotary machine that thinly shaves the metal until the exact note required is obtained (when it is tested by means of tuning-forks that register 'frequencies' to a nicety), the tuning method was to let the craftsman chip the inner rim until his

ear was satisfied. Whether scientific tuning is an absolute improvement is a point of controversy. Some are of the opinion that the bells tend to lose 'character' by uniform tuning. The reader would not be interested in the arguments, but it is worth noting that while the rotary machine is probably a new method, scientific tuning, by which the harmonics of a bell are correctly obtained, was known to the famous mediæval Flemish bell-founders. Their secret was lost, and it was re-discovered in England only by the efforts of a Victorian cleric who persuaded bell-founders to put their minds to it. The harmonics of a bell consist of the tap note (the note we hear), a minor third, a fifth and an octave note above the tap note, and an octave hum note below it. These notes, as I say, are checked in tuning by applying the tuning forks to the relevant parts of the bell, and when they are correct the bells are in tune with each other and with themselves. When the harmonics of a bell are thus exactly attuned it has been found that the bell's note is stronger. Trinity House, which buys lighthouse and buoy bells from this foundry, has discovered from experience that they throw their warning sound in a wider radius. I once watched Sir William Bragg demonstrate the five notes of a bell, which are called 'hum,' 'fundamental,' , tierce,' 'quint,' and 'nominal' by visual means. Using a square metal plate instead of a bell he scraped the edge of it with a violin bow, and the sand he had sprinkled over the plate moved from those parts of the metal that were vibrating to those that were not. By bringing out the five notes of a bell he showed how quite different patterns were formed in the sand.

Thus ancient ways are blended with modern methods in this church bell-foundry, which is now housed in an early Georgian building, once an inn, to which it moved from the other side of the Whitechapel Road 200 years ago. It was established in 1570, some years before the Armada sailed. When you first enter the huge raftered workshop and find the earthen floor crowded with the dark shapes of bells, the smithy fire softly roaring, the anvil ringing to the rhythmic strokes of the hammers, the scene is almost incredible after just stepping from the speeding London traffic. The foundry often receives for retuning bells it cast in early days. I found there once a bell just cast, one recast there from fourteenth-

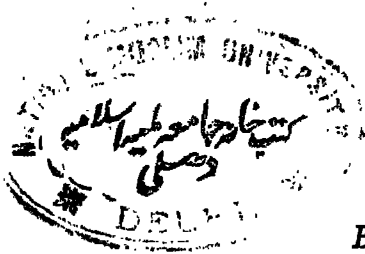
century metal when Victoria was a girl, a third made when George III was dying, a fourth when Elizabeth was at her zenith, a fifth, as could be read in the inscription round the rim, 'made in 1666, yeere of plague, warre, and famine.' Mention of the fourteenth-century bell reminds me that it is now forbidden to recast mediæval bells. The present master groans to think of the ancient bells, beautifully decorated and inscribed, that have been melted down in his foundry. There was a moulder on the staff in mid-Victorian days who felt so keenly the destruction of these mediæval masterpieces that before the melting-pot received them he spent his leisure hours making exact drawings of them in Indian ink. Four large volumes of these meticulously copied facsimiles are still at the foundry, and one marvels not less at the patience of the copyist, whose details can be properly appreciated only with a magnifying glass, than at the exquisite mediæval lettering and ornamentation he thus preserved. This craftsman also made an elaborate scale drawing of Big Ben, a bell he helped to make; he rendered the picture more interesting by drawing a family grouped round the bell to give a proper appreciation of its size.

But in the same manner that this craftsman moulded Big Ben, so Robert Mot moulded the two bells ordered by the fifth Dean of Westminster in 1583 and 1598, bells that bear his 'mark' and which yet hang in the Abbey belfry. And in the same way the bells of Liverpool are being moulded, for this vital process has not altered. A bath of mud made of London clay mixed with horsehair and horse manure is first compounded: the hair binds the mud; the manure aerates it so that gases created when the molten metal touches it can more easily escape. This mixture is slapped by hand slowly and carefully on to two iron bell cases. The mud is placed on the inside of the 'cope,' the larger case, and on the outside of the 'core,' the smaller one. Shaped to these casings by moulding strickles of carefully calculated measure (the huge strickle that shaped Big Ben is still in the foundry), when the mud has dried and the cope drops over the core, the space in between is the shape, size and thickness of the desired bell. These moulds, now clamped together, are placed at the bottom of a pit dug in the foundry and are buried in loose soil so that only a hole into which the metal is poured and a venthole for

the gases engendered to escape are left uncovered. Blocks of mixed copper and tin are then thrown into the furnace, and when they are melted the liquid is let loose and pours in a swift stream of glowing red almost silently into the orifice. Some of us who were privileged to watch the casting of the Liverpool tenor bell threw sixpences into the furnace.

The intricate calculations that allow for shrinkage of the metal and of the mould while cooling so that the cast bell will emerge roughly to its correct weight and note are based on formulæ passed on through generations of Master founders in Whitechapel, whose names and years of service are not matter of conjecture. A 'family tree' that includes all of Mot's successors is kept at the foundry. The founder's 'mark' on bells that hang in belfries from the Tyne to the Severn also record these names indelibly. In this foundry the foreman has always followed his master if a blood relation could or would not succeed. Thus Mot was followed by his foreman, Joseph Carter, in 1606. The list of names spans the centuries. In 1865, for example, the joint masters were Mears and Stainbank, the senior partner being directly descended from a line of Mears at the foundry, the first member of which was junior partner in 1782. For the last seventy-three years the firm has kept to its Victorian title, though the present master is Mr. A. A. Hughes, son of Arthur Hughes, who as manager succeeded A. S. Lawson, who became Stainbank's partner when Mears died. The Hughes and Lawsons were related. Hereditary craftsmanship is to be found also in the men at the foundry, most of whom have followed fathers and grandfathers who were there before them. It is obvious even to the casual visitor that these men take the greatest pride and interest in the work they are doing. Indeed, when with a faint hissing sound the molten metal has poured into the last mould, when drawn cool from the pit the last of the Liverpool bells has been tuned and polished, when, finally, a clapper hammered out in the smithy has been fixed inside, then it may surely be said that something has been made that only an inherited skill could create.

JOHN SHAND.



BOOK REVIEWS

Marginal Comment, by Harold Nicolson (Constable, 5*s*. net).

An echo of the political past and a gentle record of our retreat from 'appeasement,' this collection of Mr. H. Nicolson's weekly comments in the *Spectator* from January to August of this year, is a reminder that wit and politics may exist amicably together without cynicism.

Some people will misunderstand Mr. Nicolson and find his attitude superior and his wit sarcastic. Uncertain of his meaning, they will fix triumphantly upon the elegant superficialities with which this book abounds, and deliberately ignore its more serious purpose. But behind this studied elegance and polished style, the author betrays a deep anxiety which, week by week, he has tried to impress upon an unwilling public, though however great this anxiety may have been, however serious the situation, he writes with the detachment and poise of a diplomat.

For people like Mr. Nicolson, who recognised the imminence of this present catastrophe, weeks, months, even years ago, the apathy and escapism of the educated and influential classes had become unbearable. The accusation frequently heard in France, that the English were 'making the ostrich' was only too true. How deeply moved he must have been, to write that 'spiritually and intellectually we are the most cowardly people on this globe!"

This book will not make good reading for the sad army of 'appeasers,' although in the bustle and importance of their war-work they may conveniently forget their pre-war defeatism.

Even as late as August, there were many who treated every mention of war and of air raids with scorn. On March 17th, Mr. Nicolson wrote, 'to suggest that the menace to our safety and independence is an ever-present menace, is regarded

as disloyalty to our tribal medicine man, and as indicative of "war-mongering" or fear.'

While the upper classes of England were lulled into a false sense of security by Herr von Ribbentrop and his English friends, Mr. Nicolson found reassurance in the attitude of the general public. It is not of them that he wrote '"why is it . . . that the British people in losing their idealism have also lost their sense of reality?"' He leaves us with the impression that if 'Führer's,' Cabinet Ministers and Ambassadors had drunk fewer cups of tea with the peerage and more glasses of beer with the people, the course of history might have been changed. He is obsessed with the urgent need for an awakening from the opium dream of 'peace in our time,' and the recognition of unpleasant facts.

At the moment when our minds are preoccupied by practical problems, a dispassionate study of the events that led up to the declaration of September 3rd may be morally impossible. All that Mr. Nicholson feared has come to pass, and it may need some courage for those who were antagonistic to his point of view to read this book, and face the truth that it was their weakness which contributed so largely to the great catastrophe.

Although *Marginal Comment* deals mostly with questions and attitudes that are now past history, and for the most part, irremediable, there is one phrase which touches on a seemingly persistent weakness in British political thought. On June 3rd, Mr. Nicolson wrote: 'Great Britain hitherto had been paralysed by fear of seeming provocative: it was time for us to realise that only by risking provocation could we serve as a deterrent.' The days are past when the word 'provocation' should matter.

Mr. Nicolson is never discourteous. He very much dislikes being unkind, but his sense of fastidiousness is such that M. Pierre Flandin has a small and remote paragraph where we can learn without tears as much as we need to know about him. As a rule Mr. Nicolson's malice is gentle and always in the best of taste. It has, moreover, a decorative quality which makes it curiously impersonal.

If there are paragraphs which are rather obviously 'padding,' and where there is little matter but much literary flourish there are others where he is brilliant. His descrip-

tion of Lord Curzon and the Lausanne Conference is masterly. However cosmopolitan we may be, it will be impossible not to feel after reading this paragraph that 'foreigners are a mistake'—confident of our overwhelming superiority over these poor creatures.

There is a good deal of attractive frivolity in this book. There are delightful anecdotes about the Dutch, the Yugoslavs and the Turks. He dances lightly through the kitchen, dallies in the garden, crosses the Channel on a small yacht, and is constantly overhearing other people's conversations in railway trains—usually to his great distress, as the speakers either seem to know too little—being English—or too much—being foreign. Undoubtedly, one of the most delightful qualities of this book is its sense of style, its cultured and tolerant attitude, and its mellowness of thought. Mr. Nicolson's technical skill is such that he achieves a rare spontaneity and freshness.

One of the most moving passages in *Marginal Comment* is a quotation from Thomas Mann's letter to the Dean of Bonn University after he had learnt that his name had been struck from the Roll of Honorary Doctors there. Here is all the dignity of 'man's unconquerable mind'—and if in our darker moments, however sure we may be of what we are fighting against, we forget what we are fighting to preserve, it is perhaps in those three words that we may find an answer.

E. SCOTT-MONTAGU.

Leben ohne Tod (Gedichte der Erneuerung), by Karl Hagner (Chr. Kaiser Verlag, Munich).

The religious Crisis of our day has left its mark on German letters; indeed, the conflict is the *substance* of the best, almost of the *only* contemporary German literature that has any greatness, a greatness unsurpassed in Europe to-day.

Not since Luther has there been German prose like that of the 'Confessional' theologians, Asmussen, Dibelius, Vogel, Niemoeller, and Karl Barth (who, though not a German, belongs to the same theological and literary school). The prose of Karl Barth's famous pamphlet, the first in the series entitled *Theologische Existenz heute*, is comparable with that of

the Areopagitica. Niemoeller is pre-eminent for courage, crystalline integrity, and singleness of purpose rather than for subtlety of intellect. His sermons are more impressive when heard than when read. But in his letters—notably those which he addressed to the German Ministry of Ecclesiastical Affairs—have all the polemical power of 'Junius,' as well as a moral grandeur that belongs to a world very remote from the world in which 'Junius' lived.

So far the marvellous tradition of German hymnology has been little influenced by the religious Crisis. Vogel's versification of the Psalms have not quite the stark immediacy of Gerhardt and the early German hymn-writers.

In Germany, as in England, religious poetry had almost ceased to exist. Rilke's *Stundenbuch* is not religious but romantic. In his profound and powerful *Duineser Elegien* Rilke reveals a king of pagan immanentism that has but a distant kinship with true religiosity (to write poetry, even good poetry, on religion is not to be a religious poet).

We in this country know nothing about Karl Hagner. He would seem to be a youngish man and—unless we are mistaken—a member of the 'Confessional Church.' His *Leben ohne Tod* is an impressive '*Zeitdokument*'; and much more, for, in association with genuine poetic power, it has that religiosity for which there has been such a hunger all these years. It is an intensely subjective narrative in thirty twelve-line stanzas of the poet's progress from a strong earth-bound secular religion (he would seem to have been a convinced National Socialist) through an immense despair to faith in the Redeemer.

The thirty stanzas are ordered in three parts of ten stanzas each. In the first part (*Aufgereckt sind wir der Mensch*) the poet is arrogantly defiant of Death. In the second he is overwhelmed by Death's omnipresence and omnipotence. In the third he has overcome the fear of Death through submission to God's will.

The quality of National Socialist literature is so wretched that ideas made familiar by Hitler, Rosenberg, and others, acquire a strangeness when expressed in refined and measured language.

The Will to Power and the domineering pride in Power, or the sense of Power achieved pervade the first part:

> Wir sind die Sicheren, im gleichen Gang
> Der Tage ueben wird en gleichen Sinn,
> uns stark zu wissen ohne Ueberschwang,
> und nie zu zaudern vor dem Neubeginn.

So does the arrogant neo-paganism of the Third Realm :

> So unerhoert erdachten wir uns nie
> Das Menschensein, so ohne Mass entfacht.
> Doch nun erkannten wir, dass nach uns schrie
> Des Gottes Wollen, der in uns erwacht.

So does the repudiation of Christianity as the faith that 'asks only for the poor and lowly, so that there may be an abyss between God and His servants . . . so that a godlike race may never arise' :

> Was soll uns dieses Menschsein, das Geschick
> Nicht mit der eignen Faust zu formen weiss,
>
> Das nur die Armen und Geringen will,
> Damit die Kluft sei zwischen Gott und Knecht,
> Damit der Himmel nicht zur Erde quill
> Und aufersteh das goettergleich Geschlecht !

Part 2 (*Komm herab, du Trost der Welt !*) is dark with the discovery that the Will which seemed so masterful was broken from the beginning, with horror of Life and even greater horror of Death :

> Du bist das Ende, unausweichlich wahr
> Zerbrechen wir an dir und keine Flucht
> Kann uns Verlorne retten, sinnlos klar
> Sind wir der Halm fuer deiner Sense Wucht.

Throughout these verses there is not one topical reference. The 'situation' is never indicated. Hitler and the *contemporary* religious conflict might never have existed. What is said might have been said any time since the beginning of the Christian era, for the religious Crisis of our day is, and always has been, implicit in the Christian Challenge as such. Only it is so much plainer now—and yet so little perceived—than in so-called 'normal' times.

Hagner makes no reference to National Socialism or the 'Confessional Church' or even to Luther. There is no specific mention of the world as it is to-day. And yet, these

verses are so topical as to seem impregnated with the hour and more completely actual and present than any article in any newspaper—and yet timeless.

All who were ever wrung with the temptation exercised by the Kingdoms of this World and by the obdurate impulse to disobey the First Commandment, and by the eternal human preference for the safe rendering unto Cæsar over the difficult and dangerous rendering unto God, will be profoundly moved by the Third Part (*Hoch gepriesen sei der Herr*) ! with its love of Life, and love that is all the greater because Life is not our own and may be taken from us any time, and by the final triumphant confrontation with Death, '*the dark Door to God's great Light*' :

> Du bist verloren Tod, wie bist du arm !
>
> . . . . .
>
> Du kannst uns nicht verderben, denn dein Thron
> Ist umgestossen, weil sich einer fand,
> Der staerker ist denn du, da Gottes Sohn
> Dich niederbrach und aus dem Grab erstand.
>
> Du wirst uns finden, wenn dein Herr dich schickt,
> Dass du uns leitest vor sein Angesicht.
> Wir gehen hin und sind von dir beglueckt,
> Du dunkles Tor zu Gottes grossem Licht.'

PETER GURNEY.

Moses and Monotheism, by Sigmund Freud (Hogarth Press and the Institute of Psycho-Analysis, 1939, 8*s*. 6*d*. net).

In his Bampton Lectures of last year, entitled *Prophecy and Divination*, Dr. Guillaume laid a stress that may have been a surprise to some of his readers on the work of Moses in Hebrew religion. The tendency for some time, at least among Old Testament scholars of the Higher Critical School, had been to lay great emphasis on the monotheistic teaching of the Prophets and to show considerable reserve with regard to the religion of Moses and the nature of his theology. In its extreme form this tendency involved something like a complete obliteration of Moses as a historical person. Dr. Guillaume, himself a distinguished adherent of the Critical School, showed no such scepticism ; in his pages Moses lived as a great leader and teacher. This reversion to tradition is

still more marked in the most recent work of the late Professor Freud. Moses was a man of great ability, who, about the year 1350 B.C., led a company of Israelites out of Egypt. He taught a strictly monotheistic doctrine; and when in the eighth and later centuries the prophets taught with increasing conviction that there was one supreme God, and only one, they were returning to the religion of Moses.

That is what may be called the conservative side of Freud's book, and it is indispensable to the whole of his argument. But it is the elements and suggestions which are far from being conservative that give the book its special character, and will, according to the judgment which prevails with regard to them, determine its place among the contributions that its author has made to knowledge.

Here, then, is his theory with its mingled historical and psychological features. Moses was an Egyptian, a follower in religion of Iknaton, the king who made the cult of the Sun-God Aton the stepping-stone to an exclusive monotheism. He died in 1358, and in Egypt his religion was swept away. Moses taught it to the Hebrews whom he led out of Egypt; after a time, however, they turned against him and murdered him. Sometime later another leader, afterwards confused with the original Moses, appeared, and was largely responsible for the dedication of the people to the cult of a very different god—Jahve. Yet the religion of the Egyptian Moses did not die; it lived on, though 'repressed,' for centuries, a 'dormant tradition,' which, however, slowly returned, and 'succeeded in transforming the God Jahve into the Mosaic God.' But that is not all; the murder by the Jews of Moses was a repetition of the murder, constantly repeated among primeval men, of the father of the horde by his sons, an act which stood at the beginning of a process of religious and social development which led to totemism—the worship of a father-substitute, and to exogamy with its abandonment of marriage with mother or sister. It is this, repeated by the Jews in the case of Moses, but never acknowledged by them, which gives the clue to their tragic history and isolation. And what they did not acknowledge St. Paul did through his interpretation of the death of Christ; his doctrine of expiation relieved those who accepted it of all sense of guilt. And because the murder of Christ was the murder of the Son of

God Christianity became a 'Son religion,' and the Father was displaced. As compared with Judaism, Christianity is not thoroughly monotheistic; its triumph meant 'a renewed victory of the Amon priests over the God of Iknaton.'

The skill with which Freud has built up his theory and the modesty with which he writes when he is on ground where he lacks expert knowledge give the book an attractive character, but cannot conceal its radical weaknesses. The murder of Moses, which he declares to be 'an indispensable part of our reasoning,' has not a scrap of real historical evidence to back it. Only one Old Testament scholar, E. Sellin, is quoted in its favour; Hosea and other, unnamed, prophets are said to point to the tradition, but no definite references are given. Freud relies on Robertson Smith's totem theory for his own description of primitive religion. He knows that Robertson Smith's theory has been discarded by later ethnologists. He rightly remarks that this does not prove that they are to be followed; but adds the truly astonishing observation that 'I am not an ethnologist, but a psycho-analyst. It was my good right to select from ethnological data what would serve me for my analytic work.' This is hardly a satisfactory way of determining the true nature of primitive religion.

As to the strictly psycho-analytical side of the discussion, it is reasonable to ask whether the analysis of events in the life of the individual, even assuming that Freud's theories give a correct account of the way in which those events occur, with the distinction between the Ego and the Id, is a sufficiently strong foundation for such a theory of historical religious development as is here presented. And when we reach such an opinion as that apparently, apart from the murder of Moses and the 'supposed judicial murder' of Christ, there could have been no 'genesis of monotheism,' we may well ask whether any doctrine of the origins of belief in One God has ever been more insecurely based. One can well understand Freud's desire to add, as it were, to his life's work a final chapter, showing that man's ascent to the sublimest heights of religious belief can be explained through psycho-analysis. It is a chapter marked by much subtlety and brilliance; but, so far from its thesis being proved, it does not begin to appear probable.

J. K. MOZLEY

The Dynasts and the Post-War Age in Poetry, by Amiya Chakravarty (Oxford University Press, 7*s.* 6*d.*).

A great deal of pains has been devoted to the writing of this book. It is possible, even probable, that the author is a man of extreme poetic sensibility. Yet nowhere is there any indication that he is conscious of that subtle and quivering life of words which alone gives, for English readers, the reaction 'Here is poetry.'

Hardy, as a poet, occupies a peculiar position. His language is divested, as is that of scarcely any other poet, of any penumbra of suggestion. More than the writers of the eighteenth century, he says what he means. And this is a circumstance all the more startling as he stands midway between ages in which the exploiting of the atmospheric properties of language has been carried on as never before. This accurate aridity of style forces the critic to give first place either, if he is primarily a philosopher, to the ideas, or, if his interest remains still largely poetic, to the architectonics of any given work. Dr. Chakravarty rightly appreciating the position, honours both, and indeed emphasises the former in his subtitle, but commendably allows the latter to govern his attack.

From this position two results follow. The whole difficulty that stands in the way of Hardy's acceptance by an English mind—the lumpish insensitiveness of his verse style—is completely left out of account. The truth of what he says, in other words, is discussed as one might discuss the validity of a series of propositions in philosophy, instead of being considered in terms of the effectiveness or not of the poetic experience. And on the broader issue, when we are told that '*The Dynasts* was chosen as a promontory from whence to view the turbulent stretches of modern verse,' we can scarcely be expected to realise that this is going to end in the ignominious dismissal of contemporary poetic drama wherever it fails to conform to the standard pattern thus set up by Hardy.

The queer attitude adopted to Mr. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* is a case in point. The play is definitely stylised. It is a kind of Noh drama. The characters are posed, even to the use of individual metrical frames for speech, much as

the saints in the art of Byzantium. A situation thus rigidly established is analysed with profound insight, and taken out of the temporal connotation so that the whole play becomes what in a briefer poem would be a symbol. Yet Dr. Chakravarty, misled by his preoccupation with *The Dynasts*, notes only the development from *The Waste Land* towards an increasing vividness in the living beings who embody Mr. Eliot's conflicting ideas, and therefore condemns the 'unreality' of the tempters and priests in this play. Generally speaking, it may be said that to an English reader, quite apart from the soundness of their implied theory, writers like Messrs. Eliot, Auden, Spender, Day Lewis and MacNeice do have a clear, convincing and direct poetic meaning, as Hardy has not. They are, in fact, 'simple, sensuous and passionate,' and such a statement as that 'their materials and their theories and valuations, so long developed in separation, are showing signs of being brought together,' may have some point to a Marxist, but can have none to the student of poetry.

Several matters of detail might be selected for criticism. We all know, of course, that the 'nineties, historically, were the blossoming period of Shaw, Kipling, Wells, Bennett, Davidson, Henley and the Yellow Press. But Dr. Chakravarty is wrong in thinking that when we refer to the 'nineties we mean precisely that. On the contrary, we mean the last delicate flower of the æsthetic and decadent movements, and no appendix, however crammed with references, will ever alter our understanding of the term. On p. 85 he reveals the fact that, not having been encouraged to read outside the recognised selections, he is unaware of the painfully close contact which both Wordsworth and Shelley maintained with *their* 'contemporary life.' His generalisations about the Imagists and the Sitwells are very much open to question. 'The flower and foliage of poetry were replaced by metallic cubes.' Where? And in any case how are 'metallic cubes' more to be reprehended than the wooden blocks and philosophical forms against which the reader of Hardy may complain of having 'barked his shins'? And why 'political walz' for Mr. Spender's *Vienna*?

The top-heaviness of the book is obviously due to its being only part of a bigger study, and these comments may be of use in suggesting modifications in approach or phrasing.

Of the major section, which handles *The Dynasts* itself, one must say that it is full of valuable analysis, and that the thesis that Hardy brooded over the Napoleonic subject until it took life in a peculiarly personal vision of the unconscious will gradually becoming conscious, and that he accepted this interpretation under compulsion of his material and not because he had read Schopenhauer is proved up to the hilt. It is, I think, the first time that the influence of Hardy's work on the younger poets has been so interestingly and profitably discussed. But the post-post-war generation to which they belong differs from those of Lascelles Abercrombie and Mr. Blunden in finding Hardy largely unreadable, so that I should be rather inclined to say that it was a case of parallel development, induced by obscure and forgotten memories. The relationship is not so open or obvious as Dr. Chakravarty thinks.

BENJAMIN GILBERT BROOKS.

Beware of the English, compiled by W. G. Knop (Hamish Hamilton, 8*s*. 6*d*.).

This book has been carefully compiled and has an excellent preface; but one wonders if the average English reader will have the patience to wade through the diatribes against his country. Anti-English outbursts seem to run in cycles in Germany. The present writer was in Germany at the outbreak of the South African War when newspaper articles and cartoons similar to those in this book were widespread. But hostile as the German Press was as a whole to Great Britain at that time, there were exceptions, such as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and *Kölnische Zeitung*. In present-day Germany, however, if Hitler flings mud at England, the whole German Press follows suit. Following the Boer War, if not indeed some time before its conclusion, hostility to England died down, although numbers of books by so-called military experts were published in Germany on a future war in which England would be invaded and the British Empire perish. But during the period immediately preceding the Great War, relations between Britain and Germany were more cordial than they had been for a long time. After the war the feelings

of friendship towards England were revived, mainly owing to the decent behaviour of the British army of occupation and owing to the great hatred against France. A book, entitled *Der Geist der englischen Politik*, by Hermann Kantorowicz, which is extremely pro-British and defends and explains the very events which are the subject of hostile articles in Germany to-day, had a large sale in Germany.

A nation like Great Britain, with its vast Empire and one so dependent on international trade for its well-being, must inevitably have its difficulties, and these are the main themes in the book under review. There is a distinct atmosphere of 'Schadenfreude' throughout the articles. Be it noted that there is no English word for 'Schadenfreude,' which broadly means delight in somebody else's discomfiture.

The cartoons are, with a few exceptions, crudely drawn, and have none of the subtle humour produced by the leading English cartoonists. The present writer, when told by a German (who had never been to England) that England was the 'land without music,' retorted that Germany was the 'land without humour.' The fact that in Germany humour is kept out of everyday life and is a matter for the specialist, explains a great deal that is puzzling in German mentality. During the Great War the German 'Hymn of Hate' was the theme of innumerable jokes in England, as was the slogan 'Gott strafe England.' A German would never make slogans directed against his country the subject of ridicule. He would treat them with ponderous seriousness. Germans who have seen English skits and burlesques on the 'Hymn of Hate' and 'Gott strafe England' were bewildered at what they considered English irreverence. Self-mockery is one of England's most frequent forms of humour. In Germany it is non-existent.

The fact that a book like *Beware of the English* should be published at all in this country speaks for itself. The publication of an anti-German book is unthinkable in Hitler's Germany. There is a significant passage on p. 78: 'The British have often given a superficial impression of decadence . . . at the outbreak of the World War certain appearances could also be regarded as symptoms of decay. But in this terrible trial of strength the British people again did its utmost and achieved outstanding results.' Germany will find

that Britain is more resolute and better prepared than she was in 1914.

There is an amusing article (p. 93) on what is 'shocking' in England. Here the writer makes the same mistake as the French used to do by attributing to the word 'shocking' a meaning that it never possessed. On p. 98 we read 'on such occasions one often hears "The Land of Dole and Glory" sung in an ironical rendering of the English national anthem.' This is the first time we have heard that 'Land of Hope and Glory' is the British National Anthem.

On p. 139 the late Joseph Chamberlain is referred to as 'Lord Chamberlain.'

H. E. LATIMER-VOIGHT.

WAR IN ASIA

The Case against Japan, by Charles R. Shepherd (Jarrolds, 7*s*. 6*d*. net).

The People's War, by I. Epstein (Gollancz, 7*s*. 6*d*. net).

Both volumes are first-hand records of facts. C. R. Shepherd has for a quarter of a century been a close student of Oriental affairs and in constant contact with Chinese on both sides of the Pacific. His book is of great value to every student of East Asiatic politics. Moreover, it is very instructive for the discussion of present-day European policy. It tells the story how an aggression developed during half a century, consistently, inexorably, undeterred—and unchecked. The propagandist accompaniment to that aggression is of no less interest than the facts themselves. In recent years we have been accustomed in Europe to witness how Governments will perpetrate most shameful acts of aggression to the tune of declarations of the noblest principles of international morality. But it is in the Far East that this method was first tested. When on the occasion of Japan's declaration of war on Germany and the occupation of Kiaochow by her troops in 1914 the American Press could not refrain from expressing anxiety about the war aims of Japan, the then Prime Minister of Japan, Count Okuma, solemnly declared in a message to an American newspaper: 'As Prime Minister of Japan I have stated, and I now again state, to the people of

America and of the world, that Japan has no ulterior motive, no desire to secure more territory, no thought of depriving China or any other peoples of anything which they now possess. . . . My Government and my people have given their word and their pledge, which will be as honourably kept as Japan keeps promises.' This utterance now seems grimly humorous, remarks Mr. Shepherd, in the light of Japan's subsequent depredations.

England, France and Italy were compelled during the war of 1914–18 to put up with Japanese aggression in China. President Wilson had to give in to the joint pressure of the Allies in Europe and of Japan at the Peace Conference. But such of his advisers as Rob. Lansing and General T. H. Bliss considered those concessions as a dangerous mistake. In a letter to the President they wrote: 'If we support Japan's claim, we abandon the democracy of China to the domination of the Prussianized militarism of Japan. We shall be sowing dragons' teeth. It can't be right to do wrong even to make peace. Peace is desirable, but there are things dearer than peace, namely, justice and freedom.'

Mr. Shepherd draws a history of the diplomatic and military conquest of Korea and Manchuria, as well as that of Japanese expansion in Northern China, written with vigour and well documented. His last chapter, 'As Japan Sees It,' makes good reading: it gives arguments of Japan's expansionists. The reader of these arguments cannot deny that there is a certain logic behind them. The starting-point is—here as in any other expansionism—'self-defence.' Under the eyes of a whole school of Japanese thought—of historians, statesmen and strategists—Japanese conquests on the East Asiatic Continent are nothing but the erection of a big defence line against the Russian Empire. An American theoretician of Japanese expansion, George B. Rea, Counsellor to the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Manchukuo, puts it this way: 'We see Russia entrenched in Mongolia, with strategic railways encircling its Western border. . . . Faced with this formidable menace to her security, what could Japan do? Was she expected to wait until Russia was ready for the next forward move? . . . Should Japan have appealed to the Powers for permission to defend herself?' It is not too difficult to discern that such an ideal of complete 'self-

defence' and 'safety' will hardly stop short of anything but the conquest of the globe.

I. Epstein shows much sympathy for Chinese Communism, and his book, no doubt, bears the mark of propaganda. But, in spite of all that, it is an extraordinarily instructive piece of work. The author had lived in China since childhood, and since the start of the present Japanese campaign in China he spent many months on the front and in the rear behind the lines of the fighting armies. He is thus an eye-witness in the direct sense of the word. The book contains almost exclusively accounts of facts and very little comment, which is its greatest advantage. Its purpose is to explain the miracle of Chinese resistance to the Japanese invasion. It is of interest not only to the student of politics but firstly, perhaps, to the sociologist. A European is invariably inclined to judge the war between Japan and China in his own way, with his own set canons. In this aspect we deal with the war as an armed conflict between two nations and two armies. But in reality the Chinese nation, in the modern sense of the word, is in the process of making. It is this war, indeed, that forges the Chinese peasant in the remote provinces into becoming a nation, welding far-away provinces into an entity, bringing home to them the consciousness of national unity. Mr. Epstein's plastic pictures reveal how this new national consciousness gathers momentum.

Of still greater value is that the author shows how this new nationhood finds itself expressed and embodied in the new national army to be set up. Indeed, the formation of the national consciousness can be accomplished only through the army and in the army, one is inseparable from the other. How the human dust of peasant villages brings about the formation of a people's army, how the partisans turn into regular soldiers, how the guerilla fighting is being led, provided for, financed in the rear of Japanese advance—all that is masterly depicted on the pages of Mr. Epstein's book.

The author is, though, too much of a propagandist and too little of a sociologist to grasp the whole problematics of these developments. He knowingly—or is it unconsciously?—eludes many questions so as not to be disturbed in his propaganda of national unity. Otherwise he would have dealt more thoroughly with, say, the relations between

the military and the political command within the army, between the military commander and the political commissar, a question well known from the history of the Soviet Red Army. Again, there is too much of the official revolutionary optimism in his view of the relations between Kuomintang and the Chinese Communist Party. But for all these defects—the outcome of his attitude—Mr. Epstein will fully make up with the rich and plastic material he offers.

His book was concluded as late as in April, 1939. That adds the point of actuality. That is why the conclusion of this good and essentially objective observer is especially valuable: 'An army still essentially undefeated. A partisan movement actively challenging Japanese control of the occupied areas. Unprecedented development of internal communications, of industry in the hinterland, and of new routes connecting China with the rest of the world. A national United Front which, though still unsufficiently strong, stood firmer than ever before for resistance to the ultimate victory.' Maybe there is a bit of exaggerated optimism in that. But it is hard fact that Japan has not succeeded after over two years of bitter fighting to crush the spirit of resistance in the Chinese people. On the contrary, one can safely assume that that spirit is gathering and surging in the people. Mr. Epstein's book must be considered an important contribution to the history and the sociology of the heroic struggle of the Chinese people.

GREGORY BIENSTOCK.

A History of the Canadian West to 1870–71, by Arthur S. Morton, M.A.(Edin.) F.R.S.C., Head of the Department of History of the University of Saskatchewan (Nelson & Co.)

It has been a great privilege and a great delight to read Professor Morgan's *History of the Canadian West to* 1870–71. Anyone who, like myself, has lived in a prairie province and loved it, will naturally con over the familiar names of the explorers and early settlers with the interest born of admiration of their exploits, and of experience of what some of their difficulties from the severity of the climate and the lack of transport must have been. But no less to those, who have

not yet been there, will this book appeal as one of the very stuff of which history is made—the heroism and perseverance of those, who undertook to chart unknown regions, to deal with savages, to forego the easier natural pleasures of home and family life, in order to break the trail for others.

Professor Morgan's work is the outcome of many years' research in Western Canada, in the archives of the Hudson's Bay Company, and in the 'Jesuit Relation.' He quotes from the daily entries of the factors' journals, and the correspondence of the forts with the Governor and the Committee in London, bringing to light many a hitherto unexplained detail, thereby giving the 'torso' of the work the quickening spirit of the men concerned.

The preface tells us 'the work is devoted to the history before confederation of that part of Canada which lay north of Lower Canada that was, and north and west of Upper Canada. An attempt is made to treat the region as essentially a unit. True, the exploration of, say, Hudson Bay, might not seem to be connected in the remotest degree with that of the Pacific coast, but, after all, the one and the other issued in a traffic in furs, and in time the fur trade of the continent from Labrador to the Columbia and the Pacific Sea was brought under one controlling "concern," the North West Company, and from 1821 the Hudson's Bay Company, by which the North West Company was absorbed. Nor is its unity wholly destroyed when the movement of settlement westward introduces a new theme. The fur trade still remains the centre of the narrative—a fur trade slowly yielding ground to agricultural colonisation.'

The activities of the Hudson's Bay Company, covering 250 years, constitute the most continuous factor in the history of Western Canada. The claim that the Company held the west for the British Empire during 1670–1870 is well-founded. During these two centuries the Company's influence was political as well as commercial. Following the organisation of the west under the Confederation, the Company's activities were narrowed to the sphere of commerce. For the purpose of review the history of the 200 years has been studied under the following topics: the founding of the Company in 1670 under Prince Rupert, cousin of Charles II, who gave his name to 'Rupert's Land'; the trade rivalry between the

English and French begun by Groseilliers and Radisson; the explorations of La Vérendrye (1731–38–42) and his sons; the growth of the fur trade between the Indians and the white people, including the interlopers, who ignored the Hudson's Bay Company's charter; the trade rivalry between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Canadians (who united to form the North West Company); the explorations of Mackenzie and Hearne; Lord Selkirk's Colony (1812–1818); the union of 1821 between the rival companies of Hudson's Bay and the North West under the able governorship of George Simpson, whose even-handed and impersonal administration led the two factions into a common loyalty to one another and to the Company; the transfer to the Crown of the Company's charter (1864–1869); the first North West Rebellion (1869), and the entry of the West into Confederation.

This historical work, with its excellent sketch maps, extending from the shores of the Hudson Bay right across the Canadian continent to the mainland of British Columbia, south to the site upon which San Francisco now stands, and north to the Mackenzie and Macfarlane Rivers, will give the reader some idea of the Canadian hinterland, and the conditions under which the first settlements on the prairie were made. Now that we no longer cling to the tracks of the railways, thanks to the motor highways and the air routes, we may estimate, with the help of this book, the size and variety of the gigantic terrain stretching to the Arctic, which is at the back gates of the North West Territory, and which has hardly changed since the first Hudson's Bay posts were built more than 200 centuries ago. What a field of endeavour and of new opportunities of service it yet offers!

Since 1763 Canada has solved three problems, the question of race, that of responsible government, and that of confederation, but constructive action to meet business and economic problems is yet called for, and additional research facilities in the west are urged to investigate and develop commercial outlets for the products of the prairie provinces.

Yet, though it would be idle to deny the economic motive which sent, and still sends, 'Gentlemen Adventurers' into Canada, it is folly to omit the tale, here so convincingly told, of the heroic exploits which they wrought. The moment that Jacques Cartier in 1535, penetrated up the St. Lawrence, and

so made the first approach to the great fur trade by the French from the south, a door was opened into a field of adventure, as broad as the continent, a field which still shines with fresh possibilities and attractions. As the settlers from the Old World found, step by step, their way overland and by waterways towards the Pacific was set with shifting scenes, picturesque and adventurous.

But, while every schoolboy knows tales of Red Indians, friendly or hostile, and has read of herds of buffalo or of perils which were part of the daily life of explorer, fur trader, missionary, miner, railway-builder, and settler, yet, in order to achieve that unity of Canada which present-day politicians realise of extreme importance to off-set and neutralise tendencies which make for economic unrest within the Federal Union, the cultivation of a national sentiment must be the aim. During the crisis of last September, the Canadians, faced with a danger in common with other countries, gave a striking example of national unity and duty. Now that war has come, they have done so again.

If an exhilarating sense of living in a vast grand Commonwealth of Nations is imperative to the survival of that democracy, the picturesque and romantic past must be kept alive as a central point round which all may rally. Over here, we need to know Canada, not as the producer of wheat and canned foods for a Mother Country, which cannot provide sufficient for herself, but as a country of human drama, so that the history of liberty and heroism may become a living tradition, and a torch to light future emigration.

Just such an inspiration has this outstanding authoritative history by Professor Morgan provided.

KATHLEEN NEWTON.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING

I HAD filled my basket with large, ripe blackberries; rarely have they been better or more plentiful than this autumn. As I turned my back on the hedge I recognised Mr. ——, a neighbouring farmer, closely followed by his two dogs. 'There now! I weren't zure as 'twaz ye or not.' 'I've been helping myself to your blackberries,' I replied. 'Oh! you'm welcome, more than welcome. I reckon it's the furst time this zummer we'm finished early so I'm looking around for that there hare wot my milker sez he's seen afore now. P'haps you've a mind to come along tuu? Bless me, if he b'ain't sitting there. Hi! Nipper! Hi! Dash, go tu 'im!' 'Sorry I didn't take that bet on with you, Mr. ——.' ''Ess, you b'ain't th' only one,' Mr. —— replied. 'Dang it! I should have paid out pounds by now, zo zure I ware that there'd be no war: pity it be too, a purty second crop of hay and we'm too short handed to car' im,' and Mr. —— kicked a handful of cut grass to emphasise his remark. 'There's my Tom joined up so we'm pushed for milking: that comes of putting he to varming since he left school.' 'What does Mrs. —— have to say to that?' I asked. 'Frettin' her heart out, Mother be. Spent all his savings he has, *and* keeps asking for more every blessed time he'm home.' 'How many acres are you ploughing up?' I ventured to ask. 'Not a durned acre! Wot's more we'm selling all the sheep. 'Es, they'm all being sold and if our Fred's taken into th' army, and I reckon he will be, *then I'm packing up*. Drat it, if th' old hare ain't beat them dogs—well I'm damned!' There was a cool wind coming over the plains and, anxious to reach home before dark, we parted company.

It was market day. An elderly man was discussing the latest war news with his companion—a poorly dressed woman. 'I've only got one in the war—my youngest son—he's the only one left, for I lost my old man and our three eldest boys

in the last war.' 'That's bad luck,' replied her companion. 'I've got four at the front: two sons and two sons-in-law, and if they'd take me I'd be there too—like I was last time.'

'Ah! but I can't help worrying as to what may happen to my boy. You see he's just been made a P.O.' 'Ah! but don't you worry, Mother, I know one can't help it sometimes, so we'll just hope for the best; there now, let's have a cup of tea, Mother, that'll cheer you up, for I know you've had a long walk this morning.' 'Maybe you're right, Mister; if only I could stop worrying I'd be all right, but, as you've said, we'll just hope for the best.'

At this moment two women pushed their way towards the tea stall. It was easy to see they were strangers to the town. 'Hullo, Mrs. ——, still sticking it?' 'Yes, worse luck, blinking nuisance, I call it, stuck down here; there don't seem to be any sense in it; no war . . . well, no war to speak of; as to air raids . . . there ain't going to be no air raids.'

'That's just what I thought,' was the rejoinder, *but don't you believe it*, Mrs. ——. I've been stuck around here for weeks now—fair homesick I was, so went back home for the weekend just to see how my man was getting along without me. Coo! I wouldn't go back to live there till this funny sort of war's over—no, not for worlds! It's just awful there—you just don't know what's going on in —— (mentioning a well-known naval town). Do you know, Mrs. ——, they're making thousands of three-ply coffins there ready for the air-raid victims. Coo! You won't catch me going back—not 'arf!' A puny little man here joined in the conversation: his bowler hat was pressed well over the top of his ears, his stained rain-coat reached nearly to his ankles and his gas mask hung round his neck. 'You don't catch me going back neither. You don't know what war's like—you can tike it from me, lidy. Lunnon's jest the worst 'ole there is—not 'arf it ain't. Orl I can siy is that you're goin' posh in —— with yer three-ply corfins: up in Lunnon we're making 'em by the *million*, turnin' 'em out in cardboard—foldin' ones what farsens tops and tiles wif metal clips.' 'Cup o' nice tea, Ma, *and* don't forget the sugar,' came from a lorry driver who had worked his way to the 'front line.' 'Sugar,' retorted 'Ma,' 'tryin' to be funny, be you: we'm

lucky if we gets a pound when we'm expecting five: you'm forgetting there's a war on, bain't ye?' 'Ain't much fear of forgettin' that, Ma; you try loading up what I've just brought down, and what's more, anyone's welcome to drive the old 'bus on your hilly roads and the damned blackout too.' 'Let's hope you've got sugar on your load, Mate, and then us won't complain.' 'What complaints you've got, Ma, you can make to 'Itler and his gang—it ain't nothing to do with me.' ''Ear, 'ear,' said the puny little man in the bowler hat, ''Itler's the man . . . it ain't them Germans, ses I, but I don't trust that man Rippy no more: wot's 'is gime with the Bolshies, any'ow? Naw if I wus Chimberlin I'd give it 'em 'ot and strong. Peace be blowed, and if Chimberlin gives in to 'Itler, blimy, I'll jine up myself.' 'I wouldn't wait to see if I was you,' said the lorry driver, 'it's men like you what's wanted.' 'You needn't be so sarky,' added the woman from the naval town, 'we shall want all we can get before this blinking war's over.' 'Coo,' replied the lorry driver, watching the little man shuffle away into the crowd, tightly grasping his respirator container, 'p'haps he's taken the 'int and gone to join up. Cheerio, Ma, I'm off to unload yer sugar!'

Even Sir John Simon's War Budget left our village unperturbed. The mason reckoned he'd knock off a few daily cigarettes; as to beer . . . well, it wouldn't run to the extra penny. No! he'd order a barrel of cider right away. The barber made a resolution to give up smoking for 'duration,' but when, meeting him a few days later, I ventured to ask if he was sticking to his guns, he replied: 'Oi've been thinking it out, M'am, and it bain't playing the game: us poor folk can't pay income tax like the gentry—and they'm being 'ard 'it too—so by paying that bit more on our fags, well, we'm doing our bit to pay for the war . . . leastways, that's how it strikes we: us can do that if we can't do no more.' I was continuously asked by 'all and sundry,' young and old: 'What is Mr. Chamberlain going to say to that there Hitler about that there peace offer?' 'He (Chamberlain) b'ain't going to let we down, be he?' enquired the postman when delivering our belated mail. 'T'is the funniest war I ever did hear tell of. And then them Russians walks into Poland and takes the very ground from under old

Hitler's feet; going to mind it, I reckon, till they've cleared them Nazis out and then hand it back to the Poles so as Hitler don't get it.'

'*Now* let's hope we can get on with it (the war) and stop all this fooling around' were the first words I heard after Mr. Chamberlain's speech had been broadcast. 'This suspense since Hitler's so-called 'peace' offer has been almost as bad as the crisis last year' was another remark I overheard, 'but, thank God! Chamberlain's not having any—reckon Czechoslovakia just about sticks in his throat.' But one of the questions I have yet to answer was put me by my young maid—born and brought up in the village: 'Doesn't it strike you, M'am, as being very funny that we should be buying Russian timber to be convoyed by British boats through the Baltic?'

ELIZABETH DASHWOOD.

WORLD OPINION

A Press Summary

This month's survey is mainly devoted to comments of the German press during the first month of war.

As regards neutral opinion, the extract from the *Izvestia* article 'War and Peace' reflecting the official views of the Moscow Polit-Bureau is worthy of special attention. To those who firmly believed in the 'fundamental antagonism of the Nazi and Soviet systems,' this article must have come as a rather unpleasant eye-opener.

Germany

During the period under survey the five chief topics of the German press were:

(1) *Germany's victory over Poland*, with sub-divisions: (*a*) the profound humanity of German warfare, (*b*) Polish atrocities, and (*c*) the 'war of eighteen days' or the 'invincibility of the German army.'

(2) '*British Perfidy*.' Sub-divisions: (*a*) the activity of criminal warmongers (Churchill, Eden, Duff Cooper, etc.), (*b*) Mr. Chamberlain—the man of straw of the warmongers, and (*c*) British 'high-capitalism' fighting by order of 'World-Jewry' to destroy 'German Socialism.'

(3) *The 'Poor Neutrals'*—being (*a*) the first victims of British blockade and naval warfare, and (*b*) all violently anti-British because Britain has destroyed all hopes for peace by rejecting the generous proposals of the Führer.

(4) '*Unfortunate France*.' Sub-divisions: (*a*) The French are being bullied into this war against their own will by their masters in the City of London, and (*b*) Germany has no quarrel with France. (On the whole very few references to France. Even the term 'die Westmächte' is rarely used as it would suggest unity between Britain and France.)

(5) *The Soviet Union*—represented as: (*a*) Germany's true friend. (*b*) Economic support from Russia is defeating the British blockade. (Every utterance of Soviet leaders or the Soviet press is displayed with great prominence.)

National Zeitung (Essen) (October 7th) contains a leading article under the headline 'The Basis Of Peace' from which the following extract is taken: 'Already during the weeks of the Polish campaign the Duce of Fascist Italy did not tire to point out the madness of war among the chief European Powers, a war which could have no real aim, but merely Utopian war aims. . . . Although he has not yet been successful, one cannot deny that a diplomatic peace action as well as a direct appeal to the nations of this globe will find a solid basis after the Führer has spoken. It will also find a far greater response from the Governments of the Great Powers than it has so far. Furthermore, we are now convinced that more fighters for peace will rise in Europe and that their aim will be to bring about a discussion among the great European Powers on the basis of the Führer's ideas. It would seem more than probable that also Russia will become an active supporter of all European endeavours for peace after she has revived her interest in the affairs of Europe following the conclusion of the Moscow Agreement. Also the rest of the neutral States: Spain, Belgium, Holland, the Northern States and the Balkans have a vital interest in seeing this conflict settled so that European peace may finally be secured. The French people who would, in all probability, bring the first terrible sacrifices in blood for the capitalist and Jewish interests, will, no doubt, seek to influence the decisions of their Government with all the political instinct that is characteristic of the French . . .'

Berliner Boersenzeitung (October 7th) states: 'As regards both the events in Central Europe in recent years and the liquidation of the former Polish State, the ethical justification of the Greater German Reich in all these years has been the fact that the Führer is leading the struggle against Versailles because the revision of the Treaty of Versailles happens to be the pre-requisite of a free and natural development of the German people. . . . The former Polish territory (" Staatsraum ") was a mockery of man and nature. German action, which has so thoroughly changed the map of Eastern Europe,

was based upon the law of the living rights of the nation. What will be created there, is developing organically, and is essentially constructive—contrary to all the products of Versailles which were merely the outcome of Hatred and the will to destruction.'

Voelkischer Beobachter (October 7th) says : ' The Reichstag speech of the Führer might be called a plea for the " dynamic of the natural development." But it was at the same time an appeal to the intelligent and reasoning mind of the nations. Even the professional warmongers will have to admit that the generous appeal of the Führer was not an expression of his feeling of weakness but, on the contrary, surrounded by the halo of a man who was always proven right by his success and by the language of political realities. If to-day the Führer is facing the entire world, developing his generous peace plan, then no man, not even one who wishes him ill, can deny that his prestige is great enough for such an action.'

Angriff (October 14th) contains a leading article under the headline : ' War At Any Price.' It says : ' England and France went to war for the alleged aim of helping an ally. Without moving one finger they let their ally perish. . . . The world was kept hoping and guessing. Many even prayed. Then Mr. Chamberlain spoke. Those who were still optimistic had their eyes opened for them. A broken old man, blind in his fanaticism, pushed on by a Jewish clique of warmongers decided once again to sacrifice hundreds of thousands of young Frenchmen and Englishmen for aims of which they have no knowledge. It was certainly not his own decision, but it was his job to announce it. And certain elements in the circle of the British war cabinet are only too glad to let him do this job, because they hope that he will no longer be alive when the day comes when every deed will be accounted for. . . . To the amusement of the gangsters of international politics Chamberlain had the cheek to follow up Hitler's final declaration with an impudent ultimatum and to reject Adolf Hitler's peace offer in a disgusting and hypocritical manner. . . .

' What can the democratic nations do ? They are being lied at and sacrificed. For there are things at stake—in the opinion of these gangsters—which are no business of the common people. . . . Mr. Chamberlain, who has the respon-

sibility, has flatly turned down our last offer. He wants the war which will destroy him and his clique. The German nation have closed their ranks at the inner and outer fronts expecting their orders.'

Nationalzeitung (October 14th) writes in an article entitled 'England Wants The War': 'The reaction of the German people to the speech of the British Prime Minister in the House of Commons was as instantaneous as it was unanimous. In former times the German liked the Englishman better than any other foreigner. The feeling of racial kinship always gave us new hope that we might find understanding and sympathy. The arrogance of the rich cousin with which England treated us throughout the post-war period might have cured our optimism. . . . The flaming fury of the German people was indeed the eruption of feelings which had long been suppressed and kept down with great patience. In his Reichstag speech the Führer expressed the peace will of the German people in such a manner which finds no parallel in the history of mankind. In Chamberlain's reply there is not one sentence, not one word which remotely indicates a readiness to consider this generous offer. The leading statesman of the British Empire which was built up during the past 300 years with lies, broken pledges and brute force, has had the cheek of posing as the moral judge of the German people and its Government in order to find, in this typically English manner, some reasons for waging a war of destruction against Germany. May be that dark and sinister forces have pushed him on—forces which prepared for war many years back—but: Chamberlain has degraded himself by making himself their speaker. It is he who carries the responsibility . . .'

Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung (October 14th) states in a leading article: 'If we are told that England has gone to war "in defence of the small nations, the existence of France, and of all freedom-loving peoples" we know what London means by these words. Indeed, we understand it far better to-day than in 1914, when England mobilised the nations of the world for her cause with exactly the same slogan. That is the remarkable thing about this war—it has not produced one single new idea in so far as England is concerned. All the old slogans are brought to life again—the "Kaiserism"

of yesterday is the " Hitlerism " of to-day, and the " defence of the freedom of the small nations " which have suffered only through English policy. The English politicians have grown old. They can no longer produce new ideas. Even English democrats are complaining that their bourgeois democracy is lacking vision and imagination. Even more it is lacking moral principles. Chamberlain believes that he can give the clarion call for a crusade against Hitlerism. But what can he offer to the nations of the world except his capitalist democracy which is in fact nothing but the irresponsible dictatorship of the financial powers in the City of London. Even Englishmen themselves have little doubt about this. Sidney Rogerson who wrote a book on British war propaganda on behalf of the Government, states laconically: " Democracy is a form of government which is only suitable for rich countries." Not all countries are rich. That is why the poor ones should let themselves be ruled by the rich democracy of Britain and enjoy the freedom which another Englishman once defined as the freedom of the individual to exploit all others. . . . That is the system which England wishes to see in practice all over the world: a world trust of British Capitalism. But the capitalist epoch is over, and wars can no longer be won with gold alone. The new measure of value in the world is labour. What is decisive is the achievement of work and the force of a new idea. That is the decision against England. Even the smaller States do not only know that England has started this war, but also that England is guilty of its continuation. They have no longer any illusions whatsoever about England's real war aims, and that is why they stand aloof, carefully guarding their freedom against the menace of becoming the victim of an English " liberation " . . .'

The following extract is a typical example of the exceedingly skilful methods by which the Nazi Press—carefully avoiding an open lie—manages to create an impression favourable to Germany when reporting on the reactions in the neutral Press.

Berliner Boersen Zeitung (October 14th) contains the following paragraph: 'The leading Argentine newspapers are unanimous in believing that Chamberlain has definitely

rejected an agreement with Germany. *Prensa* as well as *Nacion* declare in almost identical terms: "Chamberlain rejects Hitler's peace offer." Argentinians fully realise the significance of Britain's unscrupulousness, and of the consequences it is bound to produce. *Prensa* gives a detailed description of the deep resentment felt in Germany about Mr. Chamberlain's rudeness and quotes many German papers.'

The paragraph is dated 'Buenos Aires, October 13th.' The same page of the *Berliner Boersen Zeitung* contains almost identical despatches from: Brussels, Madrid, Athens, Mexico, Rio de Janeiro and Shanghai. Superficial reading would seem to convey the impression as if the Argentine press were violently anti-British and pro-Nazi. But closer analysis reveals the Nazi technique. For all we know the articles of the two papers quoted may have been written in support of Mr. Chamberlain and attacking the German Government.

Soviet Russia

The following is an extract from a long article which was published after Hitler's speech in the German Reichstag. The article was reprinted—almost in full length—on the front page of the *Voelkischer Beobachter* of October 10th.

Izvestia (October 9th) writes: 'The rapid disintregration of the Polish State has proved its lack of vitality. Even the blind can see that it is impossible to re-establish the Polish Government as it formerly existed, and in its former territory. Therefore the Anglo-French war against Germany under the banner of the re-establishment of Poland is unjustified, and constitutes senseless bloodshed. Cessation of hostilities would correspond to the interests of all peoples of all countries. Hitler's proposals can be accepted, rejected, or amended, but it must be recognised that they could serve as a realistic and practical basis for negotiations directed towards a rapid conclusion of peace. . . .

'It might have been expected that the British and French Governments, whose declarations always emphasise their desire for peace, would treat in a serious and businesslike manner an opportunity for the rapid liquidation of the war. The reactions of the French and British press are, however, evidence to the contrary, most newspapers demanding that

the war should continue until those purposes which Great Britain and France set before themselves have been completely achieved. Characteristically the demand for the re-establishment of Poland has receded into the background. The destruction of Hitlerism is now proclaimed by Great Britain and France as the main, and even the only war objective. . . .'

'Every man has the right to defend or reject this or that ideology, but the destruction of human beings because one does not favour certain ideas and Weltanschauung constitutes senseless and ridiculous cruelty. Such policy recalls the dark days of the Middle Ages, when destructive religious wars were conducted for the purpose of the extinction of heretics. History proves that ideological and religious crusades have only destroyed whole generations and thrown nations into cultural darkness. It is impossible to destroy any ideology through fire and the sword. Respect or hate for Hitlerism is a matter of taste, but war for the purpose of the destruction of Hitlerism is a criminal stupidity in policy. . . .

'Until recently Great Britain and France have not shown great readiness to shed blood and particularly to spend money for ideological ends. Their high-principled declarations usually conceal mundane and practical ends. Therefore, the question naturally arises whether the slogan of the struggle against Hitlerism does not camouflage the desire of the governing classes of Great Britain and France to strengthen their world domination. The British and French governing classes are little worried about the fate of Poland or the liberation of the German people from Hitler. These Governments have concentrated in their hands an overwhelming majority of colonial possessions. . . . The desire to hold these gigantic possessions against German claims, to maintain an unrestricted dominion over these colonies, which permits the unlimited exploitation of hundreds of millions of colonial slaves, is the more realistic motive for the interest of the British and French Governments in the war against Germany. The attempt to ignore Hitler's peace proposals means assuming the responsibility for the further unloosening of war and for a colossal number of victims and the destruction connected with war. But whose interests are served by this war for world domination? Certainly not those of the working class which can only suffer thereby. . . .'

UNITED STATES

The following are the more important quotations from leading American papers commenting on Hitler's peace 'offensive.'

New York Herald Tribune (October 8th) states: 'This is no peace offensive. It is barrackroom statesmanship, and one cannot resist the impression that it was intended more to fortify the moral of the great barracks into which Germany has been converted than to reach the people who are still free to decide their own destinies. . . . Appealing to force Hitler has rendered all solutions impossible except those of force. It is he who has sentenced a continent to the judgment of an utterly barren bloodshed.'

New York Times (October 8th) writes: 'Either Hitler, still miscalculating the strength of the French and British purpose, has now become convinced, after his ready triumph in Poland, that he can actually have peace on his own terms, or he has abandoned all hope of peace, and has made the first of what must ultimately be a long series of efforts to stiffen the morale of the German people.'

Baltimore Sun (October 8th) comments: 'If ever there was a speech which proclaimed the supreme egotist, the man who regards himself as an infallible leader of an infallible nation, it is this one. . . . He justifies everything he has done in the past. He justifies by implication everything he may do in the future. . . . So long as he continues in that frame of mind—and such fanatics are rarely cured of their obsessions—his peace offers will have a vain and hollow sound to those who have not come under his spell . . .'

New York Enquirer (October 8th) says: 'Everyone knows that the despot of the Nazi Reich is a consummate pledge-breaker and a master of the art of bad faith. He is, without doubt, one of the most unconscionable liars in the records of history since the dawn of civilisation . . .'

TURKEY

In view of the recent conclusion of the Anglo-French-Turkish Agreement the following quotations from official Turkish newspapers are of special interest.

Tan (October 8th) comments on Hitler's 'peace offer' and says: 'The speech does not indicate any new foundations for world peace, but rather reveals German ambitions in Eastern and South-eastern Europe. Through Russia's action Germany is no longer in a position to occupy Rumania, enter Hungary, or invade Yugoslavia, and consequently she cannot, by military and political means, find there a Lebensraum for her 80,000,000 people. The Danubian countries can, however, still be occupied economically, and therefore all racial, political, and national causes of conflict must be removed. Therefore minorities must be exchanged. Afterwards Germany will send technicians and machinery to increase production, and gradually Germany's needs will thus be satisfied. . . . Events will show how far Germany can count on Moscow for the realisation of this policy . . .'

Yeni Sabah (October 8th) writes in a similar vein, saying: 'The speech is cold, lacking in colour, and full of empty words to which the world has become accustomed, and a strong dose of optimism would be required to induce the belief that peace could be made possible by this speech. If the essential preliminary condition to the discussion of peace terms is the Polish question, it is shown that Hitler is not offering peace, but dictating a conqueror's terms. Therefore a negative answer from Great Britain and France was most natural and most reasonable . . .'

SWEDEN

The extract reprinted below may be taken as a characteristic example of the Scandinavian reaction to Russo-German co-operation in Eastern Europe.

Svenska Dagbladet (October 8th) contains the following paragraph on what it calls 'Germany's diplomatic poker game.' '. . . It is vital for Germany to have Russia as an ally, and she cannot oppose any Russian demands anywhere —in Scandinavia, in the Balkans, or elsewhere. No German undertakings or pledges are now valid. If Russia demanded the naval ports of Gothenberg and Karslkrona, Germany would not try to prevent her.

'At first, Britain thought that the Russian penetration of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania would make Germany dismayed.

The plan miscarried and Germany is now giving Russia a free hand in Finland. If Great Britain does not make peace and Russia desires further expansion, Germany will not oppose a continued Russian advance in North Europe. If such an advance induced Great Britain to make peace, Germany would consider herself the victor.

'The evacuation of Germans from Estonia and Latvia shows that Germany expects a swift Russian entry into the Baltic States. It is an open question whether this fantastic game of poker will succeed. It is improbable if Finland resists, or Russia voluntarily stops at a point where she thinks Great Britain would call a halt.'

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

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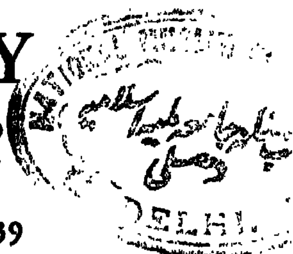
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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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'WAR AIMS'

It is regrettable, and even a little outrageous, that persons of some influence should use the opportunity presented by the Second World War to publicise certain utopian projects of their own as though they could become suitable war aims for the nation. By 'war aims' we mean, or ought to mean, what we are fighting for, what many, even now, have lost their lives for, what the whole community is enduring heavy sacrifice and tribulation for. Our 'war aims' are, or ought to be, a very serious matter—so serious that any one of us is, or ought to be, prepared, without hesitation, to give his life, and more than his life, if, by so doing, he can contribute ever so little towards the achievement of these 'aims.' It is, therefore, a little outrageous that certain persons should so far remove themselves from their fellow countrymen who are, or ought to be, drawn closer together by the immediacy of war, as to obscure and confuse the clear purpose of the common effort by inflicting upon a devoted public, hungering after direction, the misdirection of projects that are entitled 'war aims' but are nothing other than fashionable utopian fantasies which, at no time related to any recognisable reality, are in almost inconceivable incongruity with the imperious demands of the present hour.

These projects are publicised as capable of solving not merely this or that international problem, but all international problems rolled into one abstraction, the abstraction which passes as *the* problem of peace and war, as though the shifting, infinitely diverse and intractable complexities and contradictions that make and unmake peace and war in our era—as in every era—could be reduced to a common denominator called *the* problem of peace and war. It is doubtful whether any of our major problems could be solved even if they could be isolated—and there is not one that can be isolated. They either solve themselves or they remain, sometimes losing their virulence, so that it matters little whether they are solved or not. Or they are solved in a manner that leaves the solution even more problematic than the original problem. Or they recede into latency, only to reappear after a long interval of years, like the Jewish or Polish problems.

There may be a solution for this or that narrowly circumscribed problem, but even then the solution will rarely, if ever, be unproblematic or unproductive of new problems. But the belief that the eternal and universal problem of peace and war, no less than the problem of riches and poverty, and, in a last analysis, of good and evil, can be 'solved' at all is arrogant or frivolous or both.

All contemporary projects for the establishment of everlasting peace and concord resemble those schemes and formulæ for solving the problem of perpetual motion, or for creating life in test-tubes, that fascinated pseudo-scientists a generation ago (it is no mere chance that the principal adumbrator of the *a priori* impossible, the chief pseudo-scientific projector of *that* day, should also be the chief pseudo-political projector of *our* day, namely H. G. Wells).

Two recent projects—Sir Walter Layton's 'Allied War Aims' (published by the *News Chronicle* on November 2nd) and the 'Principles of Peace' (as stated by Mr. Attlee in his address at the Caxton Hall on November 8th)—call for special examination, both because their authors are men of some eminence and because their projects are typical of their kind. We must agree with Mr. Attlee when he says that 'anyone who urges that the war should be ended at any price is no real friend of peace,' and with Sir Walter when he demands

'guarantees that the present situation shall not recur.' It is when we examine the principles which they regard as essential foundations of the peace that is to follow the war that we must disagree in the most emphatic manner.

Mr. Attlee's 'first principle' is that there shall be 'no dictated peace.' Unless the Allied Powers mean to 'dictate' the terms of peace, there is no reason why they should go on with the war. Every war is an attempt at 'dictation.' We are at war to render Germany unable to resist 'dictation.' We are fighting so that we may 'dictate' certain essential conditions of peace. There will, of course, be a Peace Conference and there will be 'negotiation.' But, if we win the war, negotiation will relate to details; the *general* character of the peace will be determined—and *dictated*—by the victors, who will, let us hope, decline to lose by negotiation what they won by fighting.

Mr. Attlee demands the 'complete abandonment of aggression and of the use of armed force as an instrument of policy.' The peace will not, and cannot, satisfy the vanquished (else they would not be fighting to avert it). They will wait (as we should wait, if we were to lose the war) and resort to 'aggression' (just as we should) at the first opportunity of reversing war's verdict. To prevent this, or, in the words of Sir Walter Layton, 'so that the present situation may not recur,' it is essential that 'the use of armed force as an instrument of policy' be not *abandoned* but *maintained*. It is, or ought to be, the essential war aim of the Allied Powers that they retain this 'use' for themselves and permanently deny it to the defeated foe (for, if they do not, he will transform his defeat into victory).

Mr. Attlee—and with him Sir Walter—demand that the liberty of the individual and the 'rights of national, racial, and religious minorities' must be respected in all countries. This is a prodigious imperative, for it means that western liberalism shall be imposed upon powerful nations who have no interest in western liberalism, who do not want it, and do not understand it. To inflict it upon them as a permanent political theory and practice is to create a permanent *casus belli* in Europe. They would also be condemned to permanent internal crises, for a state adopting political institutions alien to the character of its subjects will always swing from

despotism to anarchy and from anarchy to despotism (old Polish and new German history are as conclusive on this point as history can be conclusive about anything). What Mr. Attlee and Sir Walter propose is a form of 'totalitarian' —and essentially illiberal—regimentation for all Europe. And, indeed, for the whole world; for although their scheming is intended for Europe, they also hanker for conquests greater than the conquests dreamt of by Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and even Hitler, namely a despotism that would impose liberal politics and socialist economics upon all the nations of the globe (Mr. Attlee modestly demands 'bold economic planning on a world scale').

Mr. Attlee and Sir Walter, although opposed to a 'dictated peace,' would not only dictate to every Power its internal political order, they would also dictate the international order which the European Powers must accept. And woe to them if they refuse! Mr. Attlee becomes almost biblical. 'Europe,' he declares, 'must either federate or perish.' It is as though the God of Wrath had spoken.

Mr. Attlee, like Sir Walter, demands 'an international force' of 'overwhelming strength' for the establishment and maintenance of their 'totalitarian' regimentation. He regards 'an international air force' as 'the most appropriate instrument.' As all the nations are to be disarmed, there would be no fortifications or munition works for the international air force to bomb. It would, therefore, have to exercise its 'overwhelming strength' by bombing open towns—in fact, it would do what the Germans have done in Poland, because she was inadequately prepared, and have so far failed to do in this country because we are much better prepared.

There is some disagreement between Mr. Attlee and Sir Walter in the matter of armaments. The former demands disarmament, the latter such a limitation of armaments as would remove 'the existing disparity'—in other words, the very thing we are striving to achieve by an unprecedented national effort, for without an ever-greater disparity between our armaments and Germany's we cannot hope to win the war. And unless this 'disparity' is permanent, we shall have lost the peace, however signal our victory in the field will have been. The difference between Mr. Attlee's and Sir

Walter's proposals with regard to armaments is not fundamental. Both proposals would, if carried out, have the same consequences, namely the German domination of Europe. Germany began her present attempt at domination by demanding precisely what Mr. Attlee and Sir Walter would now concede—' equality ' (' *Gleichberechtigung* ') in armaments. Germany's demand was granted by the Western Powers—the Second World War is the result. Mr. Attlee and Sir Walter would grant it a second time—and so bring on the Third World War.

' Equality,' whether achieved by general disarmament or by the limitation of armaments, will always make Germany master of Europe, because only by ' inequality ' or ' disparity ' in armaments is it possible to counteract the immense advantage which Germany enjoys by virtue of her central position, her internal lines, her industrial organisation, and her vast resources in men and material.

Mr. Attlee would allow each country no more than the armed forces needed ' for the preservation of internal order.' These armed forces would be biggest where internal order is most menaced, that is to say, where there is least freedom. The Russian G.P.U. and the German S.S. exist solely ' for the preservation of internal order.' Compared with the police of other countries, these terrorist organisations are powerful armies, equipped with machine-guns, artillery, tanks, and bombers. Mr. Attlee's proposals would, if carried out, automatically make Russia and Germany by far the greatest military Powers in Europe.

Mr. Attlee and Sir Walter would establish ' an international authority ' (they both use the same expression) which would be the central executive in a federal Europe. This ' authority ' would be a sort of European League of Nations endowed with coercive powers. It would despatch the ' international air force ' against recalcitrant States or impose economic ' sanctions.' Such a League would always be a packed jury. And as Germany is the strongest Power on the Continent, and as she has more small neighbours whom she can bully into compliance than any other Power, she would do the packing. She would also enjoy the support of Russia and of Italy in every attempt to achieve the aim which she and her

the overthrow of the British Commonwealth. Germany would be master of the new League—and it is she who would, in the end, command the 'international air force.'

The Attlee-Layton proposals would, therefore, if carried out, make Germany the real victor in the Second World War, even if she were defeated in the field. Mr. Attlee, Sir Walter, and their followers and supporters do not consciously desire this end. What they do want is that there be no ultimate victory, not even the victory of the Allied Powers. They are prepared to see these Powers win the war, but they are determined that they shall not win the peace. What they do not realise is that there is no alternative to an Allied victory, in the war, as in the peace, except a German victory.

Their proposals are, therefore, *defeatist*. Our attitude towards such proposals should be one of absolute and uncompromising rejection. Indeed, if there were any chance of their being accepted, we ought willingly to risk our lives in resisting them, just as we are willing to risk our lives in resisting Hitler. Hitler himself could accept them, if hard pressed in the war, and so avert his own ultimate defeat. But in no circumstances can they be accepted by the Allied Powers. It would be far better to make peace forthwith, rather than go on fighting for such aims. To stop fighting because we prefer defeat to war is at least human. But to go on fighting so that we may be sure of our ultimate defeat and leave Germany master of Europe is madness.

It may be said that there is no harm in publicising proposals like those of Mr. Attlee and Sir Walter because they will never be accepted. Can we dismiss them as merely frivolous? Frivolous they may be, but it does not follow that there is no harm in them. The war aims of the Allied Powers have been adequately stated by the French and British Governments. They can be reduced to one phrase—*permanent* security against German aggression. What are the conditions of this security? First, that the Western Powers retain a *permanent* armed preponderance in Europe; secondly, that the Rhine be their *permanent* strategic frontier (without the second condition the first will remain illusory); and thirdly, that they have the *permanent* indisputable ascendancy of the Mediterranean. The third condition is not contingent on the present war, unless Italy intervenes against the Allies. But

it is an essential condition, for only as long as the Western Powers hold that ascendancy are they able to prevent the inevitably hostile alliance between the three 'totalitarian' Empires, the German, the Italian and the Russian, from being formed (the essential nature of this condition is made manifest in the most unmistakable manner by the revival of Russian Imperialism).

Unless our strategic frontier is on the Rhine, there can be no independent Poland, no independent Czecho-Slovakia, no independent Austria. The German reoccupation of the Rhineland was a death sentence passed on these Republics. An independent Czecho-Slovakia is incompatible with a strong Germany—and the same is true of an independent Austria. An independent Poland always has been and always will be incompatible with a strong Germany and a strong Russia (Russia is only strong because Germany is strong; she lives on the margin of German rearmament, and, once Germany has been defeated, Russia will revert to her previous condition of relative impotence).

Incompatible with a strong Germany, also, are the security of the Western Powers and the peace of Europe as a whole. Europe will either be free and at peace (with the Western Powers holding the balance, as they alone are able to do, for they alone are strong enough, and they alone, of the Great Powers, do not desire domination), or Europe will be dominated by Germany. Our essential war aim, therefore, is 'to reduce the exorbitant power of Germany' (if we may use the language of the eighteenth century, a language so much more honest than that of the twentieth) and to *keep* that power reduced.

To say that this aim is unattainable is to say that victory is unattainable. To say it is unethical is to say that victory is unethical. To say that it is unjust to the 'German people' (about whom we are so solicitous) is to imply that justice to them comes before justice to the Czechs and Poles—and to ourselves and the French. Besides, will 'injustice' have been done to the 'German people' if they are saved from leaders who will drag them into yet another war—saved, also, from the terror and from concentration camps (these are but part of the preparations for war and would not exist if they had

That defeatist proposals should be made by the Leader of the Opposition and by one of our most influential publicists is a serious matter, even if the proposals themselves are frivolity—serious because the present war is our *last* chance of survival as an independent Power. All we are and all we stand for depend on the outcome of this war, and our minds should be concentrated upon victory in the field and upon a peace that will make victory endure.

The public do not receive nearly enough explanation and inspiriting political guidance from the Government, in the Press and, above all, on the wireless (the failure of the B.B.C. to guide and encourage, day in day out, is lamentable). The public accepted the war with a strong conviction, an eager spirit, and a clear purpose. They are threatened with a deep perplexity because their conviction is not constantly fortified, because their eagerness is constantly discouraged, and because their purpose does not receive enough direction. That perplexity should be deepened, and that the simple and tremendous issues of the hour should be confused, by defeatist proposals of the kind we have examined is, as we have ventured to state, outrageous.

THE EDITOR.

SEA POWER

It has not taken long for rumours of invasion to be heard in this country. Within six weeks of the opening of hostilities stories were being circulated of a German intention to run troops across the North Sea to land on our East Coast, to be accompanied, it was said, by the dropping of parachute troops from aircraft.

Whether there was any real substance behind these rumours cannot, of course, be known at the present time; certainly not to anyone without access to official intelligence. It is not, however, easy to think that the Germans could seriously be contemplating an invasion of the British Isles in view of the great superiority of the British Fleet over their own. Presumably they will have looked to see what history has to say on the subject, and will be aware that she speaks with no uncertain voice. Instances of successful invasions or raids on the part of the weaker naval power are exceedingly hard to find, especially in recent centuries. As the speed and reliability of communications have increased, so have such ventures become progressively more hazardous. Coastal raids were more difficult to carry out successfully in Nelson's time than in Drake's. They were harder still in Jellicoe's. Nowadays, with air reconnaissance to 300 or 400 miles out at sea to take into account, they are a good deal harder even than in 1914. For now the chances of an expedition reaching these shores unobserved is small, and an expedition sighted is an expedition defeated so long as the British Navy remains predominant. It is not always realised what a bulky and vulnerable thing is a military expedition at sea. It requires about thirty fair-sized merchant ships to accommodate a division of, say, 20,000 men. That means that an invasionary or raiding force of 100,000 men would need an armada of 150 ships for its transport. The odds against being able to con-

covered are obviously great; while, even if the odd chance came off, the presence of the expedition would be given away the moment the troops began to land. It would then be only a matter of minutes before defending aircraft came roaring over to bomb the transports and machine gun the crowded troops, and probably no more than a couple of hours at the most before a superior force of cruisers and destroyers was seen rushing up over the horizon, with the certainty of bigger ships to follow, while torpedoes from submarines might come streaking in at any moment. If one puts oneself in the Germans' place and looks at a military expedition against Britain from their angle, it cannot appear alluring.

But in that case, why should the Germans trouble to spread rumours of this kind? If invasion is so unpromising from their point of view, why should they expect our rulers to take alarm at hints of it? As a matter of fact, the expectation would not be so unintelligent as it might appear. The present German leaders are reputed to be students of foreign psychology, and if they are, they may well be aware that invasion is a matter about which the English are prone to be unduly sensitive—and English Ministers even more than the English public. For some reason, British Ministers have hardly ever seemed able to make a judicious estimate of the security afforded by the possession of the command at sea. They seem always to have found it difficult to persuade themselves that invasion over an uncommanded sea is so unlikely as to be practically negligible. Time after time a threat of invasion has thrown them into a state of acute apprehension, even when the supremacy of the British Navy has been unchallenged. On one occasion after another troops have been raised or retained in very large numbers in this country to repel an invasion which has never materialised. Military preparations were indeed necessary in order to ensure that any hostile invasionary force was of sufficient size as to make its discovery and destruction by the Navy reasonably certain. But the preparations nearly always went further than that.

Ministerial failure to appreciate, or reluctance to admit, the security that the Navy could give was illustrated in the last War. Before 1914 it had been officially agreed that, in a war with Germany, it was necessary to keep in this country a force capable of repelling a raid of 70,000 men. Hardly, how-

ever, had the war started than this estimate jumped suddenly up to a raid of 145,000 men; though there was no tangible evidence to warrant this large, or indeed any, increase. It was a plain case of nerves. Later on in the War, about 1917, after a three years' immunity had brought a measure of reassurance, the figure was reduced to 70,000 once more; but, even so, the defensive garrison kept in England was more than ample for the higher figure. In actual fact the Germans never entertained any serious thought of making any such attempt; and this was very natural, for the prospects of success were extremely unpromising, while failure would have meant a disastrous reverse which must have had particularly damaging effects on German credit abroad. Our own Dardanelles failure did our prestige no good. How infinitely more harmful would it have been if the expedition had been obliterated on the way, or in the first few hours after its arrival off the beaches. But the British Cabinet could not free its mind of the invasionary menace, anyway not until the 1918 March offensive on the Western Front forced its hand and compelled it to send overseas large numbers of troops that had previously been guarding the East Coast.

In the previous major upheaval of a hundred years before the same tendencies are to be noted. In 1801, Britain had been left alone to face not only a France victorious on land, but also a hostile 'armed neutrality' of the Baltic Powers, including Russia. In the previous years, Britain had conquered most of the French West Indian Colonies, and at this actual time had a military expedition engaged in driving the French out of Egypt. Napoleon immediately began to play upon British fears of invasion. The superiority of the British fleet over the French was so great that the invasion had not the smallest chance of success. Nevertheless the effect was all that Napoleon could have wished. Addington, the Prime Minister, called out the Militia and set them to work digging trenches in Kent. He went on to buy off the invasionary menace at any price. So scared was he, and so anxious to achieve a quick peace that would remove the danger, that he agreed to peace terms in which he handed back all the French overseas possessions that we had taken in the war without insisting on any corresponding sacrifice by France. She was thereby left in control of North Italy, the Netherlands and

Switzerland, which she most certainly should have been required to relinquish in return for her former colonies. In such a hurry was Addington to escape the dread thought of imminent conquest that he could not even wait to hear the result of Abercromby's expedition to Egypt; although, had he but known, Napoleon was just as anxious to conclude a rapid peace before the expected news of the French expulsion from Egypt should come through. As it was, the intelligence reached England the very day after the preliminaries of Addington's deplorable Peace of Amiens were signed.

Addington ought to have known that the threat of invasion was a bluff. He should also have realised that the British acquisition of the French West Indian Islands and the impending conquest of Egypt (which he would not even wait to hear of) gave him bargaining counters which he could have refused to hand over except in exchange for the whole of the French conquests in Europe. But evidently he and the other British Ministers could not see that. They could not bring themselves to realise that the fleet gave the country all the protection it needed.

The next four years showed how unnecessary had been their fears. When the war broke out again in 1803, Britain was immediately faced with the very danger from which Addington had retreated so precipitately in 1801. Napoleon proceeded to prepare for the invasion of England, and he was able to do so without any other distraction. There was no enemy but England for him to deal with, and if invasion were ever to be a practicable possibility this was the time. It became clear, however, that invasion was not a practicable possibility, and in the end, after waiting for many months, Napoleon marched his 'Army of England' away in despair. He did so simply because he could not gain command of the sea, and he knew that it was useless for him to stage an invasion without it.

British Ministers, however, were thrown into the same state of agitation over the new invasionary threat as they had manifested four years previously; and thus showed that they harboured a less accurate estimate of naval protection than that held by their principal enemy. Their alarm was not, however, shared by those who had to provide that protection, and who were therefore the best judges of all of how sure it

could be. 'I do not say,' said Lord St. Vincent before a nervous House of Lords, in a phrase that deserves to be remembered as one of the classic sayings of English history, 'I do not say that the French cannot come. I only say they cannot come by sea.'

It is legitimate to wonder why the leaders of the world's chief maritime nation should seem so consistently to undervalue the naval weapon at their disposal. Is it because the sea is so far removed from their everyday life that, as landsmen, albeit belonging to an island people, they do not fully comprehend its secrets? It is more than possible. At the same time, there are likely to be other complicating factors tending to confuse the issue, one of which may well be the Hanoverian succession. In welcoming George I to London, Britain was saddling herself with the protection of the new King's European territory of Hanover. Henceforward, for many years, whenever Britain was at war, British Ministers frequently found themselves obliged to send troops for the safeguarding of the Royal Hanoverian domains without any question of British security being involved.

If the employment of troops and the expenditure of money for this purpose were to be justified to the Parliament and public of a country that had protected itself against the Spanish Armada by the Navy alone, that justification could only be effected at the expense of sea power. This may be the explanation of the elder Pitt's declaration at the end of the Seven Years' War that 'Canada was conquered on the plains of Germany.' Now Pitt was one of the ablest war Ministers we have had, and it is not easy to reconcile his skilful manipulation of sea power, and the clear indications of his unusal grasp of the possibilities that it placed in his hand, with the above-mentioned remark he is said to have made. He was referring, of course, to the British military participation in the Continental fighting on the side of Frederick the Great; the suggestion being, which Fortescue accepts as true, that the Anglo-German operations attracted so many French soldiers to the European battlefields as to prevent France reinforcing her Canadian forces. If Pitt really believed in that theory of causation, he was curiously blind to the influence of that maritime factor which he was nevertheless utilising so successfully. For it is not the fact that Canada was won in

Germany. It was won in two other places. One was Canada and the other was the ocean. It was the British naval supremacy, expressed in the naval blockades of Brest and Toulon and the victories of Lagos and Quiberon, that permitted Wolfe's success by preventing the despatch of French reinforcements to Montcalm. The degree of mastery over the French fleet obtained by Hawke and Boscawen was the real explanation of the French inability to send troops to Canada. It is true that the poor reconnaissance and uncertain mobility of the sailing days gave opportunities to weaker fleets to slip out and endeavour to carry military expeditions to their destinations by the evasion of the superior enemy squadrons. It is also true that such raids almost invariably failed. Napoleon certainly managed to reach Egypt by this means in 1798, but the destruction of his escorting fleet shortly after he had landed left him and his army marooned in Egypt, and therefore the prospective victims of a subsequent expulsion by a superior enemy force. The raids on Ireland and Fishguard were not only failures but fiascoes, and those attempted by Missiessay's and Villeneuve's squadrons in the West Indies were not much better.

The fact is that the conducting of a successful military overseas expedition has always been a difficult and complicated business, and the hurry and anxious uncertainty attending those launched from a fugitive squadron are generally inimical to its success. The knowledge that the supporting fleet must sooner or later be either chased away or destroyed cannot be encouraging to the raiding soldiers; while, even if they are successful in gaining their objective, it will only be a matter of time before superior reinforcements from the country having the command at sea arrive to turn them out. The ace of trumps thus held by the superior naval power is well illustrated by the fact that when British reinforcements were sent to the West Indies in 1805, following the despatch thither of the French squadrons mentioned above, the British authorities realised that any necessary re-conquest could be done at leisure, and they left it to the General in command to decide whether to use the troops immediately or to keep the men in Canada until the coming of the healthy season for campaigning in the West Indies. Napoleon's failure, despite his possession of the finest army in the world, to prevent the French overseas

possessions from falling into British hands is inconsistent with Pitt's assertion that Canada was won in Germany.

The suggestion that the British fleet was really the deciding factor in whether or not French reinforcements could reach Quebec receives further support from the French preparations for the invasion of England in 1759. Some 60,000 men were assembled for this purpose and kept ready at various points on the French coast. Obviously, if these troops could be spared from the operations in Germany, they were also available for despatch to Canada, assuming that the French could get them there; and if they were not sent, there is a fair assumption that the French did not trust in their safe arrival. And if anyone should doubt the French Ministers' judgment, he might usefully take a map of the St. Lawrence River and ask himself how the French were to reinforce the Quebec garrison in the face of the British fleet that was lying in the river.

Pitt's comparative nonchalance towards the invasionary threat of 1759 leads one to think that, after all, his grasp of the character of sea power was surer than his remark about winning Canada in Germany would indicate. For he made only the most trifling military preparations in England to meet the threatened invasion, preparations that Fortescue describes as of 'astonishing insignificance.' And meanwhile he proceeded without hesitation in the furtherance of his various schemes of overseas colonial military attack. He could not have done this and thereby left England virtually denuded of troops in the face of an invasionary threat unless he had had a complete trust in the Navy and a sound understanding of its capabilities. But, in that case, what is the explanation of his remark about winning the colonial war in Germany? For if, as must have been the case, he believed that the Navy could prevent the French getting to England, he could hardly have failed to think that it could, in the circumstances, have equally prevented them getting to Canada.

The probable explanation has already been hinted at, namely, political expediency. It was political considerations that compelled Pitt to send troops to Germany, in the first place, in order to protect Hanover; and, in that case, since there was to be fighting on the Continent, the officers of the Army would wish to be in it, as we know they did, and not be frittering their time away in any of Pitt's unpopular French

coastal raids. The place for honour and glory was the Continent, just as it was deemed to be in 1914. The Army being then, even perhaps more than now, officered by the aristocratic and wealthy classes, it follows that many men of Court influence and political consequence would be personally involved in the Continental operations. For Pitt to make flattering references to the importance of those operations was therefore an act of elementary political wisdom.

But if Pitt were really suffering from muddled thought on the subject of sea power, there would be a good deal of excuse for him; for it has regretfully to be admitted that it is not unknown for naval officers themselves to set a bad example in this respect. Lord St. Vincent's justifiable confidence in the ability of the fleet to defend this country has already been quoted. Fifty years later the naval authorities had apparently become less certain of themselves. It was in the middle of the last century that a Naval and Military Committee, on which were sitting several important admirals, recommended the erection of elaborate fortifications around Portsmouth, Chatham and Devonport to ward off a French attack, *in case the British fleet lost command of the Channel.* The report was accepted and many millions spent on perfectly useless forts and earthworks. The naval members of the Committee did not seem to realise that if the British fleet lost the command of the Channel the French would not need to waste their time besieging Portsmouth or Plymouth, since a Britain that had lost the naval command of the Channel was already beaten. The millions spent on military works would therefore have been better expended on more ships to ensure that the command of the Channel would not be lost.

If, then, the nationals of the greatest maritime country in the world, and even some of its naval officers, occasionally find it none too easy to make a true appreciation of sea power, it cannot be a matter of surprise that Continental nations find it more difficult still. The fact is that, as a rule, they seem to find a proper understanding of it extraordinarily hard. To many Frenchmen, for example, sea power seems to be a closed book. Foch's unenlightened pre-war estimate of the British Navy as not worth one bayonet to France is well known. That perhaps was understandable in the case of a Continental soldier at a time when the full potentialities of sea power had

not been strikingly demonstrated for 100 years. But what is truly astounding is that in the last year of the Great War, when the tremendous advantages bestowed on the Entente Powers by the British superiority at sea were apparent to the whole world, Foch could actually press a senior member of the Admiralty Naval Staff to send the crews of the Grand Fleet ships to the trenches in France. And if so eminent a warrior as Foch could prove so clottedly obtuse on the subject of sea power, one can begin to understand why Napoleon's dabblings in the same sphere were so uniformly unsuccessful. One can also begin to suspect that a sea-minded nation possesses a great natural advantage in naval matters over a Continental enemy by reason of its superior inherent understanding of sea warfare.

It is extremely unlikely that a man of Foch's attainments could be alone among his compatriots in his misappreciation of sea power, and one supposes that there must be many Frenchmen of a like state of mind. And we are not without evidence that such may be the case. The following extracts are from a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* of January 4th, 1939, from M. Sauerwein, the foreign editor of the *Paris Soir*:

> Our cause is that of England. Our soldiers would fight were England attacked, without a moment's hesitation. But we feel anxious when we consider the time which she would require to create an army so indispensable if victory is to be ours. We appreciate the efforts made in Great Britain. But we know that months would go by before she could add a sufficient number of troops to those of the French Army, which would have to bear the first shock at Germany's and Italy's frontiers. We realise that there is in Great Britain a great distaste for compulsory military service. For this reason, it has occurred to me that propaganda could be directed in the following fashion.
>
> First, the principle should be laid down that on the first day of an armed conflict every Englishman capable of bearing arms shall become a soldier . . .

This letter is a revealing one. M. Sauerwein, who is a newspaper editor and therefore a highly intelligent man, evidently views the problems of warfare almost entirely in terms of land fighting. In suggesting that every Englishman capable of bearing arms should become a soldier, he was ignoring the possibility that Britain might want some extra

men for her fleet, or her mercantile marine, her shipbuilding industry, or her Air Force, to say nothing of her workshops and munition factories. Once again one feels that the main kernel of the matter has been missed. M. Sauerwein obviously cannot grasp the essential nature of sea power. For, if he could, he would hardly have committed himself to the statement at the beginning of the above extract that 'our soldiers would fight were England attacked, without a moment's hesitation.' It is to be feared that Englishmen will derive little comfort from that assurance; for the only possible occasion when French *soldiers* would be needed to defend England against attack would be if she were invaded. But England could only be invaded if she had lost the command at sea; and, in that case, French soldiers could no more get across the Channel to defend old England than Napoleon's men could get over to attack her.

That the Continental dweller finds it difficult to comprehend the nature, strength and value of sea power is not his fault. But the fact that he obviously does find it difficult strengthens the theory that sea power is an elusive subject for all men; for the Continental inhabitant more than for the islander; for the landsman more than for the sailor. The moral for us in Britain, to which history lends its support, is that we are safer behind our watery barrier than we are generally ready to realise. Whenever the matter has been put to the test, at the time of the Spanish Armada or that of Napoleon, it has been found that the Navy alone was, as George V said in 1914, the sure shield of Britain against her enemies.

In recent years we have repeatedly been told that the air has altered all that, and that Britain must now regard herself as a Continental nation. But is that really true? So far the war has not supported the alarmist forebodings of the air prophets, and though admittedly it may yet be early to speak with confidence, nevertheless up to now the chief discernible lesson of the war in the air is that the defence is much stronger than the attack. Moreover, there is evidence once again that, as in 1914–1918, our men are, on the whole, more competent airmen than the Germans, just as they also proved, on the whole, more competent seamen. This is not to say that some aerial attackers will not get through and that damage will not be done. That obviously can never be expected, any more

than complete immunity against coastal bombardments can ever be assured, however strong the fleet. What the evidence does suggest is that the ancient principles that history offers for our use may still hold good, and that we are still in a position to echo the saying of Lord Halifax in 1694 that 'the first article of Englishman's creed must be that he believeth in the sea.' In that case we should do well to follow the practice of our predecessors of past centuries when faced with external danger and call, in our turn, for ships, more ships, and yet more ships; ships that float on the surface, ships that delve beneath the waters, and ships that fly above them.

'PELICAN.'

WHY THE DOMINIONS ARE FIGHTING

MANY people believed a short time ago that the British Dominions would never participate in another European war. Some inhabitants of the Dominions believed the same. These countries had now grown old enough to think for themselves, and most of their thought about war and its consequences was definite and unequivocal. Why should they be involved in the Old World's perennial folly? And they were now quite free to make up their own minds.

Therefore the immediate reaction of all the Dominions to the present conflict was contrary to some expectations, if heartening to all hopes. At once the Dominions offered full support to Great Britain and her Allies. They proceeded to translate the offer into terms of direct military and economic assistance, and to-day the British Commonwealth is more united than it has been since its foundation.

What is the explanation of this remarkable phenomenon? A brief survey of salient events in the recent history of the Dominions may lead to an answer.

In 1914 the Dominions had already attained nominal independence, but were actually dependent upon Great Britain for the conduct of foreign policy. They had evolved fairly comfortably behind the broad back of the Mother Country, and had so far found it neither necessary nor convenient to develop international minds of their own. But the first German war hastened their growth. By their efforts in the field and elsewhere, the Dominions soon earned a responsible place in the Imperial council chamber. It was just and proper that afterwards they should assist in reconstruction, and when the League of Nations was formed they became independent members, quite apart from the British representation. That war finally broke the Imperial egg-shell and the chicks were out.

In post-war years the Dominions gradually evolved inter-

national policies, according to individual circumstances. Thus it was natural that Canada, with a mixed population and the powerful United States for neighbour, should consider now that she had played her part in European power politics once and for all. This Dominion made first employment of her new influence to advise Britain against continuation of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty. Thereafter she concentrated upon improving her economic relations with the world and did not speak again until the formulation of the Statute of Westminster, which she approved. In the early 'thirties responsible Canadians increasingly favoured a policy of isolation. A Liberal Government came to power practically pledged to such a policy.

And a few years later the leader of this Government was stating publicly that if Britain were involved in war Canada would be at her side! It was the consciousness, to quote Mr. Mackenzie King, that 'the only way to overcome force is by force,' which convinced Canada that she 'must be strong and prepared to play her part in the defence of liberty and freedom.' Then came the Nazi invasion of Poland, the British declaration of war, and Canada an immediate ally.

The case of South Africa is still more remarkable. After the first German war this Dominion concluded an agreement with Britain to ensure that the Royal Navy would continue to protect her protracted coastline and tenuous trade routes; but Nationalist sentiment seemed to increase steadily in post-war years, and was reinforced dangerously by definite pro-German influences, often in the Union Cabinet itself. Even the Nazi aggressions of 1938 and 1939, subversive Nazi activities in South-West Africa, and the strengthening of a potentially hostile Power in the north did not sway General Hertzog and his followers from their intransigent attitude. It was confidently expected by most observers that South Africa would remain neutral in a war, and that the loyalists would be unable to make their voices heard effectively. But within a few days of the outbreak of war the power of General Hertzog and his strong party was broken. General Smuts and other ex-rebels against Britain gallantly led South Africa to war at her side.

Admittedly Australia and New Zealand rarely spoke officially of isolation during those interregnum years.

Officially they both doubted the wisdom of the Statute of Westminster and even said so. But neither of these Dominions gave blind, unswerving support to British policy, and often expressed their dissent. The very strong body of Labour opinion in Australia consistently urged that Australia should not again be involved in 'Imperialist wars.' New Zealand elected a Labour Government that voted against Britain at Geneva and loudly proclaimed pacificism. A large number of intelligent people in both countries thought it neither probable nor desirable that expeditionary forces be sent overseas again.

There is no doubt that the *volte face* in the Dominions dates from the Nazi threat of September, 1938, even if it did not reach full circle until March, 1939. From Munich onwards the yeast of public opinion in the Dominions began to work violently. Always clear-eyed when presented with facts, inhabitants of the Dominions began to realise that civilisation itself was threatened by these new forces of foreign evil. The subsequent Nazi invasion of Czecho-Slovakia and Italian conquest of Albania finally fixed this realisation in overseas minds.

Consequently Hitler's August demands on Poland met with only one reception in the Dominions. All considerations of isolation were swept finally from indignant, determined minds. And no mere national pride nor Imperialistic vainglory inspired this united stand. The British Commonwealth arose, not in patriotic enthusiasm for a war against Germany, but in plain rebellion against the very idea of war.

I may be derided for this claim. I have myself said in the past that the Dominions 'could not afford' to remain outside a British war. I still hold that opinion. But I do firmly believe that the Dominions have not come in for selfish reasons alone at the present juncture. There is something more in it than that, something more than ordinary Imperial patriotism or economic necessity.

Let me return for one moment to Mr. Mackenzie King and those other Dominion Statesmen as they spoke in the hour of decision. Mr. King said that Canada '*must be prepared to play her part in the defence of liberty and freedom.*'

Now this was a very remarkable statement from the lips of a man who had proclaimed only a year before: 'We are

unlikely of our own motion to take part in wars of conquest or wars of crusade.'

But later Mr. King gave a still more definite indication of his changed attitude. In a special appeal for peace to Hitler, Mussolini and the President of Poland he took pains to state 'the belief of Canadians that there was *no international problem which could not be solved by negotiation.*' And they believed equally that '*force is not a substitute for reason and that the appeal to force as a means of adjusting international differences defeats rather than furthers the ends of justice.*'

As for South Africa, the first official reactions were a number of statements by prominent pro-British members of the Cabinet to the effect that South Africa 'could not afford' to remain neutral in a war. Parliament was then recalled and the Prime Minister, General Hertzog, read a declaration of policy that South Africa's relations with the various belligerent countries should 'persist unchanged and continue as if no war was being waged.'

But General Smuts immediately challenged this attitude, called for a division, and defeated the Prime Minister by eighty votes to sixty-seven, thereafter forming a Cabinet pledged to sever relations with Germany and continue full co-operation with the British Commonwealth. During the debate General Smuts stated his reasons for forcing the issue: General Hertzog had said that Danzig was 'a Polish affair with which South Africa had nothing to do.' But he, General Smuts, was profoundly convinced that although Danzig and the Corridor were the immediate occasion of war, *the real issue went far beyond Danzig and Poland and touched South Africa.* This Dominion, under his guidance, would 'adopt the clear line recognised by international law, sever relations with Germany, and look upon her as an enemy.'

The attitude of Australia and New Zealand does not require such careful analysis. Australia declared her support of Britain from the first. The Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies, stated on August 23rd:

> If Britain's great peace efforts fail, we will stand by her side. It is committing a cardinal error if any other country assumes that there is any lack of unity among the British peoples. In these matters Australia stands where she stood twenty-five years ago.

Afterwards, however, Mr. Menzies took care to enunciate the principle that had inspired this declaration. He said that the 'great cause' to which Britain had attached herself was '*the peaceful settlement of differences.*' Subsequently the Labour Party offered the Government its full support of this attitude. In fact, the only condition put forward, to quote one commentator, was 'that there must be no second Munich, and that the present crisis must at all costs end crises.'

New Zealand stated at the outset of the emergency that she would 'stand shoulder to shoulder with Britain' whatever might ensue. A further message was sent to London on the declaration of war:

H.M. Government in New Zealand desire immediately to associate themselves with H.M. Government in the United Kingdom in honouring their pledged word. They entirely concur with the action taken, which they regard as inevitably forced upon the British Commonwealth, *if the cause of justice, freedom and democracy is to endure in this world.*

I take that last sentence as my text, the underlying sentiment of the Dominions to-day. I know we are in the habit of overlooking conventionally phrased sentiments of that kind. They have fallen glibly from hypocritical lips in the past and will do so again. But there is no getting away from the fact that a short time ago the Dominions were firmly resolved not only 'to keep out of it if we can,' but also to keep public opinion clearly informed of international manœuvres and accordingly impervious to 'the enthusiasm which is near hysteria.' Politicians in the Dominions have increasingly aimed at local self-sufficiency. With the League of Nations, it was said, the last British Empire died.

My point is that Nazi aggression has summarily forced the Dominions to lay all purely national considerations aside. The new situation created is a world and not merely an Empire situation. The Dominions are certainly standing by Britain because they do not want her to be defeated and themselves exposed. But they would never have accorded their support so readily if Britain had not been forced into the war against her will to prevent a predatory Power from swallowing any more victims. Thus they have been inspired by an ideal, the only explanation of their immediate, and, to some people, surprising unity.

Perhaps I have over-laboured this point. But I do not think so. It is necessary to establish at the outset what we are fighting for, lest we may forget again.

And we may well be heartened by the attitude of these Dominions, for their support is worth a great deal. It has been estimated that an initial mobilisation of half a million men could if necessary be effected in the Dominions. Their fighting qualities would, nevertheless, defy any quantitative estimate of their possible contribution. Young and virile volunteers from the free countries of the New World, inspired by an ideal above self-glorification and aggrandisement, should easily be capable of defeating superior numbers of docile automatons. It might be said that the accession of the Dominions to the Allied Front is equivalent to the support of another first-class Power.

I have recently heard it asked, What is the strength of the overseas Empire to-day compared with 1914? What difference has twenty-five years made?

The answer may be simply given to the effect that the difference is the same as the equivalent number of years makes in the life of a young man. The Dominions in 1914 were still to a large extent undeveloped countries where adventurous Britons grew extra food for the homeland.

But they have grown up since then. Gigantic furnaces now illuminate the sky above the Australian sheeplands to produce nearly the best, and certainly the cheapest steel in the world. Scores of giant military aircraft emerge from Canadian factories upon soil that was, twenty-five years ago, the haunt of wild fowl alone. New Zealand and South Africa have similarly learnt to manufacture modern articles of commerce from the illimitable raw materials whose very presence, in many cases, was unsuspected at the time of the First German War.

Whereas last time Britain found it difficult to produce sufficient munitions to meet the demands of her armies overseas, to-day each of the Dominions has its own great munitions industry. It is calculated that Canada alone could keep the armies of the Empire indefinitely supplied with the material necessities of war.

But the development of manufacturing industries has not impeded the growth of the original basic production of the Dominions. These countries continue to produce large

quantities of foodstuffs and raw materials for the larders and factories of the Homeland. The difference is that to-day they produce so much more. Five times as much copper, four times as much zinc, three times as much lead, five times as much wood pulp, three times as much petrol, and nine times as much rubber are produced in the British Empire to-day as in 1914.

The wheat acreage of Canada and Australia has increased by nearly 100 per cent. in the last twenty-five years. The Empire as a whole produces two-and-a-half times more sugar than during the First German War. The case of New Zealand, smallest and youngest of the Dominions, provides a final summary. To-day New Zealand produces six times as much butter as in the last war, twice as much cheese, 50 per cent. more meat and 40 per cent. more wool. And yet—New Zealand in common with the other Dominions can make guns as well as butter to-day.

It has been calculated that the financial resources, the invested capital, bank deposits and savings of the British Empire have practically doubled in the last twenty-five years, while the income of the people has similarly increased. To-day the average New Zealander's income is £107 per annum, that of the Australian £95, and the Canadian £83. The average German *once* earned about £60 a year. Thus possessed of greatly enhanced material, productive and financial resources, the British Empire is far better equipped to fight a great war to-day than in 1914.

Its actual military resources are equally superior. The white population of the Empire has increased considerably in the period under review. The coloured population has grown still more. Therefore the Empire has a larger reserve of man power for the recruitment of its armed forces. As to actual figures of military strength, Canada had a partly-trained army of about 63,000 in 1914, but to-day has about 75,000 trained men, and is rapidly expanding skeleton cadres. Australia's army numbered about 48,500 in 1914; to-day the defence organisation provides for a field army of seven divisions, and there is a well-trained militia force of 120,000. New Zealand had about 26,000 then, and can muster some 50,000 troops now. In each case, of course, there are several times as many able-bodied men of military age in reserve. South Africa had

a very small army twenty-five years ago, but 137,000 troops can be mobilised to-day, with 1,000 pilots, while conscription would bring a further 150,000 men under arms. Thousands of natives are available for labour service.

Already the overseas Empire has demonstrated its new strength by co-operating in the remarkable scheme whereby a continuous flow of pilots for the Royal Air Force will be provided from training centres in Canada and the other Dominions. The military representative of a European Power once remarked to me that the weakness of the British Empire was its widely dispersed geographical character. How could all the parts be defended at once? The development of military aviation has, however, completely reversed that situation. Now the world-wide character of the Empire has been proved a source of strategic strength. We can build our aircraft and train our pilots beyond the reach of the enemy, but the enemy must still prepare his lethal weapons on our doorstep.

The immediate willingness of the Dominions to co-operate in this scheme does finally bear out my contention in the first part of this article. Wars in a just cause bring men together at least; and the early conference of Ministers from the Dominions in London with the British Government has been another outward and visible sign of the new collaboration.

A de-centralised Empire of independent States, the first in history, has taken an early opportunity to demonstrate its solidarity in the face of a threat to the very principles upon which its own constitution is based. There is hope for mankind in such a spontaneous uprising.

DONALD COWIE.

THE 'REICH' AND ITS FUTURE

THE question of war aims is being actively discussed both in Left Wing and Liberal as well as in Conservative circles. Of the former's contribution to the debate it must be said that one is too often left with the impression that elementary realities of the present European situation are being underestimated or even ignored. The attitude of Conservative writers, on the other hand, seems all too frequently to be dictated by an abiding unwillingness to do anything that might conceivably provoke drastic political and social changes in Central Europe. Conservative policy in the last few years has been prolific in mistakes deriving almost uniquely from this particular cause, mistakes large with the consequences we now have before us.

Apart from these expressions of opinion from the Left and the Right, there have also been a number of Governmental statements that bear upon the problems of war aims, most of them characterised rather by a general air of caution than by constructive foresight. But this is perhaps only natural, since Governments speaking on behalf of the whole nation must, especially in times of war, tread warily and with circumspection. But however we may sympathise with the difficulties of Governments, the fact remains that ordinary people find it difficult to obtain guidance on this problem that concerns them so nearly, the more so since official utterances take little or no account of popular beliefs, hopes and fears for the future of Europe. Not that popular ideas are invariably based on the hard facts of the situation. Very often they are not. Nevertheless, the reaction of the man in the street, both here and in France, to Mr. Churchill's speech of November 12th shows that there is among the mass of people an instinctive, perhaps even a consciously realised, feeling that a new European system embodying fundamental political changes will have to emerge as a result of this war.

That such a feeling should be so widely shared is the more remarkable when we take into account the absence of passion and fanaticism in these early months of the war. Popular feeling that radical changes will have to be made in the political order of the Continent seems to find stronger and more definite expression in France than here, perhaps because the French people are geographically and militarily closer to the problem. What can be regarded as conclusively established, however, is that the mass of the people, on both sides of the Channel, are far from accepting as a fundamental war aim any cut-and-dried scheme for the setting up of a new, collective, federal and super-national Europe on the lines propagandised by so many of our publicists. Such proposals are, and will remain, of secondary importance. They must come second to the problem of a settlement, once and for all, with the 'Greater German Reich,' whose existence has provoked the present war.

A political construction that has proved incompatible with the maintenance of European peace must be made to give way to other, juster and more harmonious forms of political organisation. Only after this aim has been achieved; only after the destruction of the German Reich; and after the creation, in the areas of Central Europe which it now occupies, of a new political order based on geographical, economic and political realities; only then can the question of the collective organisation of the European Continent be properly approached. For as long as the German Reich exists with its present geographical boundaries, no matter whether that Reich be organised as at present on National Socialist lines or re-organised on a corporative basis under a Conservative régime, or even democratically, all efforts at a stable and enduring order in Europe are doomed to failure. That this is so is proved by past history as well as by present experience. For centuries the idea of a 'German Reich' has been imperialist and anti-European in conception and in its practical consequences. This characterisation applies not only to the political content of the idea itself, but also to the structure of Germanic Empires, to the method by which they have been created, even to their geographical form. The vital strength of '*Reichspolitik*' has always been in its imperialism, in its will to subjugate and dominate the Con-

tinent of Europe. The Reich has never shown itself to be 'a good European.' Only and always has it been concerned with the imposition on a recalcitrant Continent of the *Pax Germanica*. It would be exceedingly difficult to find evidence in history to show that '*Reichspolitik*' has ever limited itself to the idea of an Empire of all the Germans. The Nazi technique of raising first the cry of 'self-determination' and then, when the efficacy of the slogan has been exhausted, the less morally camouflaged demand for 'living space,' is a technique far older than National Socialism. It has had its counterpart in every forward period of German history.

Nevertheless it must be admitted that in modern times the pan-German concept of a Teutonic Empire has received its most formidable expression at the hands of National Socialist Germany. This fact becomes more striking when we remember that National Socialism, and with it the new Pan-German imperialism, made its appearance on the European scene almost immediately after the Germany of the Kaiser had seen its own imperialist designs shattered on the rock of European resistance.

Let us remember that Germany, after the First World War, preserved its historic frontiers. This is of cardinal importance and should be borne in mind by all those thinkers who see the shape of post-war Europe in terms of a reconstituted Poland and Czechoslovakia—but also of a Germany with all its historic boundaries maintained.

To claim that National Socialism was the necessary consequence of the Treaty of Versailles is not only childish. In its consequences it may well be criminal. The Treaty of Versailles was the last and least of the causes that produced National Socialism. It is far nearer the truth to hold that the growth of National Socialism was made possible and encouraged because of the fact that the victorious Allied Powers actually permitted military Germany to disguise the reality of its military defeat. It was possible for post-war Germany to say: 'Not honourably defeated in the field, but struck down by a blow in the back'; and this had more to do with the development of the new German imperialism than all the terms and conditions of the Treaty of Versailles.

Another point which is not without importance, but which is too often overlooked, is that during the period that lay

between the ending of the last war and the commencement of the present war, efforts truly heroic were made and made again to bring Germany politically, economically and socially back into her rightful and legitimate place in the community of European nations; attempts which, had they been successful, would have safeguarded the orderly development of the Continent and at the same time have guaranteed to Germany her status, influence and political '*Lebensraum*' within the framework of the European system. Such efforts remain associated with the names of leading statesmen of almost every one of the Powers. Their influence on the course of national policy was often immense. They dominated the agenda of one international conference after another. Even though it be admitted that some of the measures taken after the last war by the Allied Powers were open to serious criticism, this in no way conflicts with the fact that efforts were begun, even in the period immediately after the signing of the Treaty, to re-incorporate Germany with the European family. In spite of the understandable animosities engendered by warfare, the Western Powers soon came to a conviction that an evolutionary development of Europe, as it emerged from the Peace Treaty, would become necessary. The fact and memory of the war—a German war then as it is a German war now—delayed the appearance of this conviction, but did not stifle its growth. And the conviction was acted upon. This is the decisive fact. It was acted upon by the Allied Powers, true, without much co-operation from a defeated and resentful Germany. But very soon after the war, Britain and France were well aware that the European system, politically and economically, could not continue indefinitely upon the foundations laid down at Versailles, however inevitable those foundations might have appeared to be in 1918 and 1919. The post-war reorganisation began. And be it noted that it began under no military or political pressure from the Reich. Germany was in no condition to exert such pressure. Whatever was done, was done voluntarily. It was done because both in France and in Britain a feeling of responsibility to the larger European community prevailed over a narrowly interpreted self-interest.

Numerous representative German émigrés, whose greatest ambition it is to be allowed to inherit Hitler's National

Socialist Germany in a rather more conservative and 'moderate' disguise, to-day proclaim that all those efforts came too late; that by the time that they were being seriously undertaken it had already become impossible by normal means to stem the advancing wave of Hitlerism; that National Socialism itself is the unforgivable crime perpetrated against Germany by the West.

It is easy to prove such arguments false. It is more difficult to give the right and appropriate reply. The temptation to answer such arguments with others of like nature, and on the same level, is great; and, moreover, one would have the satisfaction of knowing that one's own case, even argued in such manner, was closer to the truth than that of one's opponents. For it can truly be urged that efforts at conciliation were begun long before the enormous sacrifices incurred in a war of Germany's seeking had been forgotten, long before the immense damage brought about by the war had been repaired. The scars were still open.

Another factor also claims attention. While conciliatory feeling was slowly growing in the Western countries, bringing with it a modification of foreign policy in a direction favourable to Germany, a vastly different development was proceeding within the borders of the Reich. The protagonists of pan-German imperialism were again raising their heads, and speaking to ever larger audiences, ever more willing to listen. No party and no statesman produced by the Republic—for years before Hitler came to power—would have dared risk the consequences of offering convincing opposition to the rising tide of national and imperialist feeling. Not that any of the later Republican Chancellors even pretended to oppose this tide. Their political utterances were often indistinguishable—except in form—from the tirades of their National Socialist successor and their political actions were only too frequently designed to frustrate the efforts of those who attempted to find agreed solutions for the common problems of the European Continent. With the advent of Hitler, the truth of the proposition that the existence of the German Reich vitally obstructs the organisation of a stable ordered system in Europe, was strikingly made clear. The more blatantly waged '*Realpolitik*' of the Nazis should not, however, prevent us from realising that the difference between

German policy in the years immediately before and after 1933 is a difference of degree only, a difference dictated by 'potential,' not a difference of fundamental purpose.

A solution of Europe's international problems on any stable basis is radically obstructed by the existence of the German Reich. If a solution is to be found, therefore, it must be sought in terms of a Europe from which the Reich, as at present constituted, is absent. European self-preservation imposes this condition as a political necessity. But an alteration of the map of Europe such as is here envisaged must not be drawn exclusively, or even primarily, with reference to strategic conceptions. On the contrary, such a reconstitution of the political order of the continent will have to be constructive, will have to base itself on enduring political realities. Only where the power and military supremacy of Great Britain and France together are capable of guaranteeing the stability of the new arrangements—guaranteeing them not in the short run only but in the long run also—can purely strategical arguments be given full consideration.

The political destruction of the Reich necessitates both its isolation and the paralysing of all centripetal forces. It must be isolated, not only in the material sense, but ideologically. Its present power must be brought to an end by the destruction of the Reich and its replacement by alternative geographical and political units. The centripetal forces must be taught to find their expression in federation and not in centralised autocracy. Such a solution is to be the more welcomed since the political structure of Southern Germany, of Central Europe as a whole, and even of European regions more to the south and east, are particularly well adapted to receive federal forms of organisation. The constructive possibilities of federation, achieved without injury to the principle of self-determination, without injustice to the nations and groups that legitimately claim a measure of autonomy in the conduct of their own affairs, are especially great in the areas we have mentioned.

The task of such a Central and South European federal structure would be to gather together and consolidate, more lastingly than has hitherto been possible, all the specifically 'non-northern elements' that fall within this region. Certain

Czechoslovakian circles, which till recently were vociferous in their support of proposals for 'European federation,' have now raised objections to any plan based on 'regional federation.' Their arguments do not appear to be justified, even when we take into consideration the special historic destiny of the Czech people. There is no kind of reason that a federation embracing this particular part of Europe should necessarily lead to a restoration of the Habsburg monarchy, as many of the Czech publicists and politicians maintain. In any federal union extending from the Maine to the Danube, it would be more than possible for a single autonomous unit, while loyally performing all its obligations to the federation of which it was a constituent part, to block effectively any political development in the federation to which it had deep-rooted objection.

This war is being waged to prevent its own repetition; and if, for this purpose, the Reich has to be destroyed, then problems will arise in Europe for which there is no historic parallel. Nor will the achievement of military victory in the field mean that these problems are immediately and automatically solved. Military victory is an antecedent condition, a foundation: but the solution of the post-war problems and the effective organisation of an era of European peace will only be possible if the peoples of Europe are able to will, collectively and with an appreciation of the realities of the situation, the measures necessary to secure the peaceful order they desire.

In the west, as in the east and south of the Reich, new problems will arise calling for the most far-sighted treatment. The military aspect of the question is clear enough. European security demands that, after a victorious war the Rhine should become the strategic frontier of the west. The political, social and cultural problems raised by such a development are more complicated. Even with all its affinities with Western Europe, the ties that bind the Rhineland to the Reich will not easily be broken. To re-incorporate the Rhineland with the west, to create the conditions in which a liberal and pacified Rhineland will become a factor in the peaceful reconstitution of Europe must inevitably demand far-reaching social and cultural measures, implemented it may be for the lifetime of one or even more generations.

Apart from the neutralisation of the Rhineland, and apart from the federal reconstruction of the southern and eastern areas of the Reich, there remains the problem of Prussia. Prussian Imperialism must be isolated and shackled, must be morally quarantined. In the political sphere at least, this aim has to be implacably pursued. Its achievement will provide one of the corner-stones of the new European order, a guarantee that the continent shall be freed from the anti-European threat of a new Great German Reich.

It will hardly be questioned that the political stabilisation of central Europe is a gigantic task, in which success will only be secured as a result of long-continued efforts. The task must nevertheless be undertaken. Whether or not it is to be successfully accomplished will depend upon two factors: the continuance of Anglo-French superiority in Europe, and the measure of international co-operation forthcoming from the European States.

M. WOLF.

BRITISH POLICY IN THE FAR EAST

The rapid march of events necessitates a careful re-appraisal of the outlook in the Far East, where recent European developments have had, and will continue to have, far-reaching repercussions. Up to the present the British Government has been following a policy of *laissez-faire*, according a minimum amount of support to China while at the same time it endeavours to maintain friendly relations with Japan. But we are now approaching a crucial point at which Britain is likely to be confron ed with the necessity of making clear-cut decisions upon which not only her own fate but the future hopes of democracy may well depend.

Among the profoundly important changes that have occurred in the Far East during the past few months must be reckoned, firstly, the isolation of Japan. The Russo-German pact has weakened, if it has not actually broken, the bonds between Japan and Germany, leaving Japan without any important diplomatic or military ally, with the possible exception of Italy, whose Far Eastern interests are in any case negligible. It has had the further result of immunising Russia from the risk of a German attack. If the present Russo-Japanese *detente* should come to an end Japan would find herself exposed much more gravely to Russian pressure in Mongolia and Manchuria.

Already serious enough, Japan's economic and supply problems have been exacerbated by the outbreak of war in Europe. It was upon Germany more than upon any other country that Japan relied for the perfection of her military and industrial equipment. She looked to Germany for the latest models of all kinds of specialised armament; at least half of the precision machinery which she imported from abroad for her armaments and allied industries was of German origin. Because of the increased demand in Europe which the war has caused there has been, too, a sharp rise in the world

market prices of many of the raw materials upon which Japan's war economy largely depends and which she is obliged to obtain from abroad. For a time it may still be possible for her to make good some of these deficiencies by opening up new sources of supply in America, but the Japanese are well aware that a sequel to the recent revision of the Neutrality Law is likely to be the imposition of an embargo against the future supply of war materials to Japan when the next regular session of Congress takes place next January. Since the United States supplied Japan with 56 per cent. of her essential war supplies last year and the British Empire 20·09 per cent., it is obvious that effective co-operation between these two groups could now bring Japan to her knees within a comparatively short time.

While the effects of these changes upon Japanese policy are not yet fully apparent there have been some immediate repercussions. Abandonment of the anti-Comintern alignment from which Japan's aggressive foreign policy drew much of its support was reflected almost immediately in the resignation of the Hiranuma Cabinet and its replacement by a stopgap administration under the mediocre leadership of General Abe, commonly known as 'the general who never saw a fight.'

Japan's internal confusion was further indicated during October by a strike in the Foreign Ministry. Nearly 100 Foreign Office officials resigned on October 5th in revolt against Admiral Nomura, the new Foreign Minister, and his acceptance of the Cabinet's scheme for the creation of a new Trade Ministry armed with powers which were felt to overlap dangerously those of the Foreign Office. In an explanatory statement the striking officials declared that

> unless the political, trade and economic policies of the nation be unified under one control it is almost impossible to expect results from our diplomatic operations with the United States, which is the most urgent question confronting us.

The upheaval was one of many indications of Japan's anxiety to curry favour with the United States in view of the expiration of the American-Japanese Trade Treaty in January, 1940. There has also been some attempt to conciliate Great Britain by soft-pedalling the anti-British agitation which the Japanese authorities have been fostering in North China.

It would be fatally wrong to jump to the conclusion at this stage that these shifts of policy represent a change of heart upon the part of the Japanese. There is no reason to suppose that Japanese policy has ceased to be opportunistic, nor that there has been any weakening of the Japanese determination to establish a so-called 'New Order' in East Asia, with the exclusion of occidental interests and influence as their ultimate goal. It is evident, however, that two new and powerful incentives for the early conclusion of the China war have been created. These are: (*a*) the desire to be prepared against a strategically stronger Russia, and (*b*) the desire to take full advantage of Europe's present extremities.

Russia's present technical neutrality in Europe and her immunity from attack by Germany has greatly increased her potential power in the Far East. With Japan gradually but inexorably approaching economic exhaustion from her crippling struggle with China, Soviet-Russia is free at any time to extend her long-standing feud with Japan into a major war. Whether she would consider it worth while to do so is of course problematic, but the emergence of such a possibility is an extremely important factor in the total situation. The significance of the mass flight of bombers over a 'hitherto unexplored sea route,' recently announced by the headquarters of the Soviet's 2nd Far Eastern Army at Harbarovsk, is not likely to have been lost upon the Japanese, acutely aware of the fact that the distance from Vladivostok to Tokyo across the Sea of Japan is a matter of only 700 miles.

The Japanese are naturally anxious to extract what profit they can from the present pre-occupation of Britain and France with the business of winning the war against Germany. Although the prospects are far less promising than they proved twenty-five years ago, Japanese business men think they see an opportunity to recoup themselves in Europe for the losses in which the unfortunate China adventure has involved them. The Japanese navy is quick to recognise, of course, the increased exposure of British and French interests in China as well as throughout their Asiatic empires. Recent despatches from Tokyo tell of the formation, with influential backing, of a new body called The Institute of the Pacific 'to organise Japanese opinion in readiness for opportunities which

the European war will open.' The Institute claims a preferential position for Japan in Burma, Indo-China, and the Dutch Indies, with special reference to Dutch oil. Its magazine points out that the European war provides a golden opportunity to rectify the 'unjust distribution' of natural resources in the South Seas. It claims that access to those resources is indispensable in order to complete Japan's continental policy and to make the New Order self-sufficient.

But first, as Japanese official statements insist, the China 'incident' (although total casualties must by now have passed the 2,000,000 mark Tokyo persists in refusing to recognise it as a full-dress war) must somehow be liquidated. It had been hoped that the Japanese offensive against Changsha in October would batter a pathway to peace by smashing the Chinese military machine beyond all chance of recovery. The attempt, which represented Japan's first major offensive after twelve months of expensive stalemate, failed ignominiously. Completely outwitted by the Chinese, who have learned a good deal about strategy during the past year or two, the Japanese army suffered what appears to have been a severe defeat and retired in a welter of explanations. There seems good reason to believe that Japan's armies have now reached the geographical limit of their striking power and that from now on it will be almost wholly a war of attrition in which the advantage will be with the Chinese.

The Japanese have one last card up their sleeve and are about to play it. At their instigation Wang Ching-wei, former premier of China and almost the only influential Chinese to succumb to Japanese blandishments, is preparing to set up at Nanking a puppet government which, if Mr. Wang has his way, will amalgamate the present Nanking and Peiping puppet régimes. As the so-called 'beloved disciple' of Sun Yat-sen and consequently one of the most influential of the Kuomintang leaders, he has enjoyed a national prestige, though his followers have won an unenviable reputation for nepotism and self-interest. The Chinese people do not easily forgive a traitor, however, and it is in that light that Wang is now viewed, whatever his motives may be. It is only from the Japanese and a few venal Chinese who set personal gain before patriotism that he can expect to receive any support.

The evident object of the Japanese, once they have

established Mr. Wang in power, is to negotiate with him a 'peace settlement' based upon the three principles enunciated by Prince Konoye a year ago and firmly rejected by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek as the head of the Chinese National Government. These principles were:

(1) Recognition of Manchukuo;

(2) A joint defence agreement permitting Japanese troops to be stationed in special areas and constituting Inner Mongolia a special defence area;

(3) Economic co-operation with special reference to North China and Inner Mongolia.

According to the well-informed Tokyo correspondent of *The Times*, it is expected that 'such terms will enable the new government to attract sufficient support to create peaceful conditions over a large region and gradually to substitute an undeclared peace for an undeclared war.' The Japanese Government evidently is confident, reports the correspondent, 'that the prospect of a lenient settlement will produce a less critical attitude among foreign Powers towards the *fait accompli* which Japan is determined to present them with.'

So well has Japan succeeded in presenting the idea of peace and prosperity around the corner in China that Far Eastern bonds have risen sharply on the London market. But this optimism is, to say the least, premature. In the first place, the Japanese have not yet succeeded in landing their fish—Mr. Wang is demanding a degree of authority and independence which his patrons are loth to give him—and it is likely to prove a difficult fish to fry when caught. Despite their claim to a monopoly of knowledge on the subject, the Japanese are notoriously poor judges of Chinese psychology and their estimate of Mr. Wang's ability to attract responsible Chinese support may well prove to have been greatly exaggerated. Indeed there is good reason to believe that they themselves have been somewhat disappointed at his failure to rally influential Chinese to his banner. But, however desperate the gamble, the Japanese can postpone it no longer and the stage now seems set for Mr. Wang's installation at Nanking before the end of the year.

The success or failure of the Wang Ching-wei venture is likely to depend upon two factors: the amount of support forthcoming from influential Chinese and the extent to which

the new régime is able to win even regional recognition from the interested Powers. The first may well depend upon the second, and it is here that British diplomacy will need to walk warily. Under the influence of certain vested interests, British statesmen have exhibited in the past a penchant for supporting any Chinese leader from Yuan Shih-kai onwards who looked as if he might be strong enough to be worth dickering with. This shortsighted policy, happily discarded in recent years, has probably done as much as anything to retard China's development towards unity and stability. If Wang Ching-wei is established in power at Nanking nothing is more certain than that his Government will be relentlessly opposed by the Chinese nationalists and that it will collapse the instant it is deprived of Japanese support. Any move to accord it even *de facto* recognition will fan the smouldering resentment which such recent manifestations of British policy as the ambiguous 'Craigie-Arita' formula and the handing over of the four prisoners at Tientsin have already aroused in the Chinese mind.

It may safely be accepted as axiomatic that no settlement would be acceptable to China as a whole which was not based upon the fundamental principle underlying the Nine-Power Treaty signed at Washington on February 6, 1922. That principle, to which Japan herself subscribed along with the other Powers having major interests in China, is that China should have the opportunity to work out her own political destiny without let or hindrance by outsiders. Assuredly the Chinese will not agree to any arrangement which leaves the Japanese in a position to pounce upon them again the moment they begin to put their country on to its feet after the war is over. Nor will they be prepared to submit to any long-term disability such as recognition of a Japanese-sponsored régime would be felt to impose.

British connivance at the Japanese attempt to set up a puppet rival to the Chungking régime, with which Japan herself has never broken off diplomatic relations despite the hostilities, would not only encourage disunity and civil war in China. It would also put Japan in a stronger position to exploit the European war to her advantage, and at Britain's expense, both commercially and politically.

But there is a still more important consideration which

should weigh with the British Government in shaping its Far Eastern policy and that is the effect upon American opinion. Probably no result of the European war is more significant for the Far East than the increased importance it gives to American influence in the Pacific. To a much greater degree than ever before Japan will now be dependent upon the United States not only for war materials and machinery, but also for the export trade upon which depends the financing of her foreign purchases. There are increasing indications that the United States intends to take full advantage of this situation in order to enforce, if possible, a return to the twin principle upon which American policy in China has traditionally been based—observance of the Open Door as regards commercial opportunities and the maintenance of China's territorial and administrative integrity.

The announcement last summer of America's intention to abrogate her commercial treaty with Japan (regarded in well-informed quarters as the first step towards imposition of an embargo upon the shipment of war materials to Japan) has recently been followed by a remarkably blunt statement in Tokyo by the American Ambassador to Japan, Mr. Joseph Grew. In a speech which obviously had the approval of Washington, Mr. Grew sharply criticised Japan's recent conduct in China, saying that it was deeply resented by the United States:

> In essence [as the *Manchester Guardian's* New York correspondent declared] it amounted to saying that the United States has no intention of abandoning its interests there, regardless of whatever any other Power may do. This country intends to live up to all treaty obligations and will not condone any contrary action by any other Power.

Rumours are current in America that Britain is considering the advisability of making a 'deal' with Japan involving cessation of aid to China, recognition of Japanese special influence there and even positive aid to Japan in return for guarantee against attack upon Hongkong, Malaysia (including Singapore), the East Indies and Australia. Well-informed observers in London feel that such speculations are premature at the moment, but admit that Japanese co-operation might be considered worth bargaining for in the event of Britain's finding herself at war with Soviet Russia.

Any bargain with Japan at China's expense would be certain to arouse in the United States a feeling of resen ment comparable to that caused by the handing over of Shantung to Japan by the Allies at the Paris Peace Conference in pursuance of a secret bargain made in the course of the war. The concessions made to Japan at that time had a number of far-reaching consequences. They helped Japan to consolidate her strategic position on the Chinese mainland, thus providing her with a springboard for subsequent aggressive action. They shook the confidence of the Chinese in the motives of the Western Powers. They 'did more, probably, than any one thing in the Treaty to create among American people distrust of the work of the Paris Conference.' President Wilson gave way and agreed to endorse the Japanese claims because he was anxious to keep Japan in the League. In grasping at the shadow of Japanese co-operation he lost the substance of American support, with results which are not far to seek both in Europe and in the Far East to-day.

How may repetition of the grave blunders made twenty-five years ago be prevented and Anglo-American co-operation be secured? It is timely to consider the question, for the danger that history may repeat itself is not to be denied. A study of British policy in the Far East recently published under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs reminds us that during the last war British diplomacy in the Far East was 'temporarily bereft of its standing objectives and became, for the time being, merely an adjunct to the British "war machine."' Indications are not wanting to suggest that once again Britain's long-term policy in the Far East is in danger of being submerged 'for the duration.'

By applying the soft-pedal to anti-British agitation and by insisting upon her determination to take an 'independent' line in the European struggle, Japan is obviously manœuvring for a position in which British support may be secured for ending, to Japan's advantage, the hitherto unprofitable adventure upon which she has embarked in China. At the same time it is conceivable that before long the British Government, casting around for allies, or at least anxious to avoid adding to the number of its enemies, might enter into an arrangement with Japan such as would antagonise American opinion for another generation.

What is not sufficiently recognised is that there are at least two fundamental differences between American policy towards China and British policy. One is that the United States is primarily concerned with the development of its trade with China rather than with the preservation of vested business interests based on special privileges or 'regional agreements' with local satraps. The other is that, particularly since the 1911 revolution, American policy has been strongly tinged with an idealism born of a profound sympathy for China and the Chinese people in their struggle to establish a unified and democratic government.

Surely it would be the rankest of folly, especially in the face of our present difficulties, to alienate that sympathy for the sake of a dubious understanding with Japan. Such a step would have incalculably grave results upon the European situation as well as in the Far East. It would align Britain with aggression at the moment when she is proclaiming the ending of aggression as her major objective. It would be viewed not only by her enemies but also by her friends and potential allies as clinching evidence that this country is not sincere in its claim to stand for justice and decency in international affairs.

Britain's future policy in the Far East is thus a matter of great importance to Britain herself. The vital question is whether British statesmen will see the importance of backing up America wholeheartedly now that she is so clearly taking the lead, or whether they will jeopardise the possibility of Anglo-American co-operation, not only in the Far East but in world affairs generally, by flirting with Japan. We cannot have it both ways. If we want American co-operation, then, whatever the fancied risk, we must stick firmly to the principles of the Nine-Power Treaty by which we undertook to 'respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the territorial and administrative integrity of China.' No good, but very much harm, can come of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds.

H. J. TIMPERLEY.

THOUGHTS ON THE GERMAN-POLISH WAR

At the beginning of August I spent a few days in Germany. Neither by talk nor observation could I discover a warlike spirit among the German people. For a nation spoilt by the major victories of Locarno, Austria and Czechoslovakia the question of Danzig was a trifle. While Memel found its way into the national anthem: *Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles* . . . for Danzig no such sentimental association could be found. German propaganda, therefore, had to broaden the basis of its appeal by adding the 'resettlement' of the Polish Pomorze and the return to the German pre-war frontiers. It hoped that on that wider basis some form of enthusiasm could be aroused.

No impartial observer could deny that the claims against Poland stood every chance of being more popular than those against Austria or Czechoslovakia. It became evident that Germany was not reconciled to the final loss of the Pomorze and Poznan provinces. In concluding the 1934 non-aggression pact with Germany, Polish foreign policy quite rightly took into account the fact that German people are endowed with a capacity of blind obedience and acceptance of any 'truth' that authority may think fit to thrust upon them. A totalitarian State can change far more easily the feelings of its people than a democratic one. It can control the expression of popular emotions and impose a sort of embargo upon certain political ideas.

The Polish calculations unfortunately proved to be wrong. Claims against Poland were formulated in more and more violent terms. The propaganda machine was set to work on the well-known Sudeten pattern.

Yet even with this official propaganda raging I could discover, during those fine and warm August days in Berlin, not a trace of indignation against the Poles with the man in the street. On the contrary, on various occasions I, as a

Pole, met with signs of admiration for the stand which Poland was taking. No doubt that admiration was a sort of reversed *Schadenfreude* of people completely helpless in the grip of its régime.

Trying to explain this phenomenon to myself, I came to the conclusion that the lack of response to the claims against Poland, which, *per se*, should have proved immensely popular, indicated a general weariness with the pace at which conquest was proceeding. Between the imagination of a dictator and that of his people there is a curious psychic relationship. In the beginning, during the 'heroic' period of hopes and dreams, they are united; but later, when the time comes to put these dreams to the test of realisation, there is a tendency to diverge. The imagination of a dictator outstrips that of the populace, and finally—Napoleon knew the bitterness of it—the people no longer blindly follow their dictator, but look upon him almost as a nuisance.

The imagination of Hitler was certainly soaring at too swift a pace for the stolid German people. He was in a hurry—illustrated by his recurrent remarks about the limited span of his life. But the German nation already showed signs of weariness; the imagination of the people followed far in the wake of its leader.

Was there a war scare in Germany? The answer is that when apathy has become universal, fear is hard to detect. Apathy excludes to a great extent such strong emotions as scare or fear. The people of Germany knew that they ceased to exist as a factor in German politics. '*Wir sind in einer Sackgasse: die heisst Adolf Hitler*,' as one German said to me.

The extreme unpopularity of the idea of war had several foundations. In the last war Germany did not suffer the ordeal of a foreign occupation. The Russian invasion of East Prussia was but a short interlude; Germany never regarded that province an organic part of the Reich, but rather as a colony.

The people in Germany could hardly assume that this absence of a foreign invasion will be repeated in the next war. The defeat of 1918 still lingered in their memories. The country had entered the last war with the vision of the victory of 1871 and after a forty-year period of peace and prosperity and a huge accumulation of resources and riches.

There was a tendency to despise the 'bourgeois' way of living and to seek an escape from this life of security into one that savoured more of the heroic.

The last six years have put an enormous strain on the nervous and moral fibres of Germany. Despite all efforts of the régime to educate people to 'heroism' ('let them hate us, but let them also respect us'), no great success has been achieved. A German in isolation feels uncomfortable. An Englishman in the same state may be spurred to action. In a sentimental German there exists always the desire to be liked and approved by the world. The conviction that the world does not like Germany does not add to his happiness.

So the idea of war was unpopular. Every impartial observer realised, however, that no popular opposition could be expected and that calculations of an early breakdown of the German machine belonged only to the sphere of wishful thinking. Economists were certainly grossly mistaken who prophesied an imminent catastrophe in the German financial and industrial system. Those observers who told stories of the food shortage in Germany did not realise that Germany is not France. A Frenchman has a palate, but a German has only his stomach. The morale of the German population can play its part only in the latter stages of a prolonged war.

Yet beneath the outward crust of resignation and apathy there dwelt in Germany a hatred of war. And so when the news of a non-aggression pact with Russia was announced in Berlin, people went mad with joy and embraced each other on the streets. They believed that a war was now out of the question. Poland would capitulate before the impossible, and the Western Powers would admit Germany's success and try to find a way out of the imbroglio.

The German nation was willing to forget—and, let us be fair, not only the German nation—that last autumn Hitler was ready to start a war. They hoped blindly that Hitler with his usual luck would again come out on top without plunging Germany into war.

The theory of blackmail has contributed a good deal to the illusions cherished by many European politicians and observers. True, the dividing line between bluff and truth was not easy to discover, but the suggestion that Hitler's threats last autumn were nothing but bluff is certainly

erroneous. He wanted to crush Czechoslovakia by force and was undoubtedly angry when the opportunity was removed. He threatened Hacha to bomb Prague, and he kept his word—by bombing Warsaw.

Some European politicians certainly committed grave error in not taking Hitler at his word. For though he failed to keep his promises, he fulfilled his threats; and when he warned Sir Nevile Henderson that people should not take his threats for bluff, he spoke from his heart. Munich prevented him demonstrating to Europe the might of Germany. But the desire to do so could not be restrained indefinitely. Derisions and accusations of bluff only strengthened his will to destroy.

Not even the worst enemy of Colonel Beck could have accused him of warlike ambitions. All the documents confirm the view that Polish foreign policy showed extreme forbearance and worked until the last moment for peace. The Blue Book gives ample evidence of this view.

Some official quarters in Poland were, it seems, misled as to the true intentions of Herr Hitler by the assumption that he had not put aside his policy of bluff, and would not provoke a war with Great Britain and France. That conviction conformed with the widespread Polish belief that war could be avoided. An overwhelming optimism swept over the whole country. The Polish people firmly believed that Hitler would not risk a world war and that if the worst came to the worst, Poland would be a hard nut to crack. They did not know the terrible war machine of Germany, and they would not accept the quite openly expressed German view that the war in Poland would be over in three weeks (another of Hitler's threats which was fulfilled).

When we try to analyse the whole complex tangle we cannot but conclude that the course of events could scarcely have been changed and that over Polish-German relations hung a certain fatalism. Poland had paid a high price for the non-aggression pact with Germany by delivering the latter from complete isolation. After the French refusal of the Polish suggestion of 1933 to take a firm action against Germany (repeated in 1936) there was no other solution for Poland, disillusioned by the double-faced security introduced by Locarno, than to come to terms with Germany. Her

Foreign Office took the view that drives against Austria and Czechoslovakia would exhaust the supply of German energy. This calculation proved false: Poland did gain only a respite, but no security.

Polish foreign policy, guided by the principles of honour and independence, was confronted after Munich with a situation that was anything but dramatic. Without doubt Polish soldiers amid Czech fortifications would have proved a far better match for the German military machine than when the same splendid material was crushed by it without the protection of any fortifications. A realist would say that there was nothing impossible in this idea and that it would have been far better to dishonour the non-aggression pact with Germany earlier than to hold on to it until it became meaningless. He would say that the fate of Poland was already sealed when the Czech bastion fell. He would perhaps even say that for Poland the consequences of Munich were quite clear: to come to a close understanding with victorious Germany with a confession: *Non possumus.*

The tragedy of Polish foreign policy consists of three factors:

(*a*) The non-aggression pact with Germany proved a stumbling-block in coming to terms with Czechoslovakia before Munich and forming a military alliance with Prague. The Soviet link with Czechoslovakia was an additional hindrance to this.

(*b*) The consequences of Munich and the fall of Czechoslovakia were not clearly enough realised.

(*c*) The possibility of an understanding between Russia and Germany was insufficiently taken into account.

That over-confidence arose from the firm belief that Hitler looked upon Poland as a partner. But actually he treated her as a useful instrument to be employed to suit his own devices. He was sure that Poland would be willing to march with him against Russia, and in the same moment as Poland rejected his offer he made up his mind to destroy her, and to establish a common frontier with Russia.

Did he change his plans concerning Russia? That is the biggest riddle of all, and adds greatly to the present confusion.

It would be unjust to put too much blame on the Polish foreign policy. Fundamentally this was based on a strong

desire to preserve peace. Its shortsightedness was largely due to the really fatal entanglements in which Poland had to live. Let us not forget that Polish foreign policy never took the over-confident view held by the Polish General Staff. Mr. Beck tried to avoid war at almost any cost. He did not know exactly the cards that the General Staff had to play. In France it was the influence of the General Staff which restrained French foreign policy from any move till England had declared her full support; but in Poland such collaboration between Foreign Office and General Staff was apparently non-existent.

If Polish foreign policy had been based on the principles of material interest instead of those of independence and honour, Poland would have associated herself with Germany after Munich—because Munich spelt the doom of the whole of Eastern and South-eastern Europe.

And here is another thread of fate which governed the events of the last years. France, after the tearing up of the Locarno treaty by Germany, was in the position of a man who cannot honour his cheques; she only became solvent again with the help of British capital. But England's participation in the affairs of Eastern and South-eastern Europe came too late. The guarantee to Poland, given at the last moment, followed far behind the sweep of actual events. No efficient help and advice could be organised, and Eastern and South-eastern Europe was confronted already with the choice: submission or destruction. Czechoslovakia chose submission, Poland destruction. Poland, often reproached for the alleged shrewdness and cold-blooded political calculations, proved once more to be what she always was: a romantic nation.

Much as the idea of collective security was derided and criticised, it expressed an awareness of the common destiny binding European nations. There had been a political reality called 'Versailles order.' When that building began to crumble—with Locarno and Austria as the first casualties—the fate of the whole of Europe became uncertain.

Therefore the conclusion seems to be: a new order established after this war cannot be a repaired Versailles; that buildings must be stronger and reinforced from the very start with the sternest measures. No complacency must be

shown. Collective security must be imposed on the peoples of Europe, or Europe is headed for doom and destruction.

The rapprochement between Germany and Russia came as a surprise to those who took their ideological doctrines too seriously and literally. But observers who look beneath the façade of mere words, and treat the phenomena of politics in the light of psychology, were always aware of great affinities between the Nazi and Soviet régimes. A 'proletarian' element is common to both systems; both countries believe firmly that the Western world is rotten, and both systems are anti-capitalistic. Dr. Ley did boast recently that the war reconstruction of Germany follows quite closely the Communist line.

And so Germany, with her own 'Napoleonic phase' already in full swing, released the Russian avalanche and became the god-father of the new Russian imperialism.

Those two imperialisms had many points in common. Not only Germany, but also Russia, had an account to settle with the 'Versailles Europe' (Bessarabia, Baltic States). Russia now supports German demands for peace in the West, because given that both Russia and Germany can 'organise' South-eastern Europe without running the risk of a major conflagration. Russia attacks the lifting of the United States of America arms embargo and adheres to German suggestions in her talks with Turkey. (In some Russian quarters there are whispers about a new Panslavism. *Deutschtum* used to be an 'arbeitshypothese' of the German imperialism in progress. Is Panslavism to form an 'arbeitshypothese' of the Soviet imperialism?)

The future will show if this collaboration of two imperialisms is lasting or ephemeral. But, for the time being, it seems as if a 'working agreement' between Russia and Germany was already in existence. The optimists who console us that a clash between Germany and Russia is inevitable seem to forget that those two imperialisms for a long time lived side by side. Even if Russo-German collaboration proves in the long run as ineffective as the Rome-Berlin axis, let us not forget that that axis nevertheless represented a political reality, and added much to the confusion of European policy. The fact that something does not long endure does not negate its reality while it does.

Europe has embarked on a perilous voyage and we do not know upon what shore we shall land. War aims are proclaimed and discussed. But every sincere observer will confess that a certain bitterness dwells in the hearts of all those who contemplate the future of Europe. In the actual war operations there is a tendency to spare life and move slowly, a certain unwillingness to admit that the horrors of war are already upon us, and that we got actually only a short respite by the grace of fate: both belligerent sides want to be armed better and fuller. On the field of the discussions about the future of Europe there is equally a certain reluctance to proclaim too bold views and to cherish too extravagant hopes.

But one fact emerges clearly enough: peace which will be one day imposed on Europe cannot mean a relaxation of watchfulness and a *dolce far niente* of dreams and illusions. War could be a fruit of despair, but peace has to be the fruit of constructive and wise courage.

Z. Grabowski.

SILENT BOHEMIA

SINCE war has replaced the fashion of bloodless victory more or less from the centre of action, very little is known of what used to be the Czecho-Slovak Republic. The black-out of this first European Nazi colony is almost impenetrable. The scant reports published in the Press originate either from official German sources or interested quarters abroad. Both, therefore, are partial. Bohemia itself is silent. Her inhabitants are not allowed to speak. Foreign observers are not admitted unless of approved Nazi conviction. There is, moreover, no change for the better in the pro-war regulations which have turned a nation of more than 7,500,000 souls into the biggest concentration camp the world has ever seen. Restrictions for non-German nationals for entry to and departure from the Protectorate are severer than ever before. It is a tragic fate for a free, democratic people to live imprisoned. But in view of the end of Poland and with the prospect of later liberation—the restoration of Czech independence being one of the declared war aims of the Allies—the present transitional status gives at least the Czechs a chance to await further developments without being exposed to the danger of national annihilation.

Bohemia and Moravia are not involved in the war and do not participate in it, although their hearts and their feelings are entirely with the Allies. Not a single Czech soldier is directly engaged for Germany anywhere. The newly created militia of the Protectorate Government is looking after the maintenance of internal order only. Where the Czechs can openly choose the sides they take, they have either fought in Poland under General Prchala or are waiting to enlist in the Czech legion somewhere in France, although the Protectorate's Government—under Nazi pressure—had given repeated warnings to the public against joining foreign

military organisations, such action being regarded as 'traitorous' and 'severely punishable.'

Although the terrible end of Poland came as a frightful shock to the Czechs, their firm belief in the West and their resolution to resist Nazi oppression remain unchanged. There is an unbroken inner Czech front against Hitlerism, all attempts to reconcile them with the Germans having failed. The Czechs have learnt the lesson, the experience of the last year has taught them. They abstain from open rebellion, waiting for the decisive moment, when they will be able to help themselves and their friends by action. Their present tactic is passive resistance and they display a grim humour combined with highly skilful discipline in employing methods similar to those which the Nazis used themselves to German Nazi interests without exposing themselves to reprisal. There have been isolated incidents, *e.g.*, the shooting of five S.S. men in Prague followed by a Nazi purge among leading Czech personalities, but passive resistance is the order of the day. Although, especially in the armament industry, the key positions are held by German nationals, the Nazis still feel rather insecure.

The Germans are, of course, fully aware of the anti-Nazi Czech spirit, which makes itself shown at every occasion. One example may illustrate the situation. When the Nazis made known in Prague that one day's receipts of the Prague street-cars had to be handed to the German Winter Help Fund, the Czechs boycotted the cars. What can the authorities do if regular customers and season-ticket holders assemble at the suburban terminus of the street-cars and, instead of using this popular means of transport, form groups marching to work or hiring taxis to get there, waving friendly good-bye to the empty cars? Even in totalitarian States, so far, there is no law enforcing the citizens to use the municipal transport system.

When on September 15th the German Press in the Protectorate praised the achievements of the half year's anniversary of the foundation of the Protectorate, the Czechs learned to their greatest surprise from the semi-official *Prager Zeitungsdienst* that, thanks to Hitler's blessings, Bohemia finally enjoys national peace instead of the fights between the nations. They abstained from expressing any opinion, but confined them-

selves to observe quietly the second anniversary of the death of Thomas G. Masaryk, founder of Czech independence twenty-one years ago, Dr. Hacha, the President himself, having placed a wreath on Dr. Masaryk's grave in the cemetery of Lany. On the day of St. Vaclav, the Czech saint, and on October 28th, Czech independence day, every manifestation demonstrated the unbroken resistance of the Czech spirit against Hitlerism. On Independence Day, in spite of official warnings to forget the past, and in spite of the officially ordered revision of all the history books inside Bohemia and Moravia, again demonstrations took place in several towns, especially in Prague and Tabor, and police had to intervene.

The Nazis dislike this Czech policy thoroughly, without being able, so far, to bring about any change. After having missed the extraordinary chance to come to a genuine German-Czech understanding after the ordeal the Czechs went through in Munich and after, they are fully aware of the danger of the situations. Especially the Sudetens, who are mostly responsible for the policy of national oppression, are very suspicious, feeling most uncomfortable. It was due to their pressure, voiced by Herr K. H. Frank, Secretary of State in the Protectorate and former Deputy of Herr Henlein, that Berlin, although leaving the outer form of the Protectorate's Government, abolished the rest of autonomous rights which Hitler had granted the Czechs on March 16th, thus overriding the policy of moderation advocated by Herr von Neurath. From the beginning, the Protectorate Statute has been both ambiguous and vague. Consequent amendments and interpretations have changed it further in favour of the power of the Reich and against the Czechs. After September 12th, however, all laws, administrative measures and ordinances of the Protectorate must be reviewed by the Reichsprotector before they are effective, whereas originally the prerogatives of the Reich, although exclusive in defence and foreign policy, had been theoretically limited in home policy. The Czech Civil Government, losing the rest of its independence, became merely the interpreter of the Reichsprotector's office.

The abolition of the independent executive power of the Government, however, is not the only step taken by the Nazis against Czech autonomy. Czech jurisdiction, so far handled by Czech courts over Czech nationals, is equally affected. All

sentences imposed by Czech courts must now be passed by the Protector's office before they are executed. As high treason and other penal offences, as well as all mixed Czech-German cases, have fallen already under the competence of the numerous newly erected German courts in the Protectorate, which pronounce judgment according to Nazi law, the Czechs, in fact, have been deprived entirely of their own jurisdiction. Even the Czech police has been placed under the control of the German police. This is taken to mean that Czech policemen in future not only enjoy the leadership of the great Nazi humanitarian, Heinrich Himmler, but that he is in charge of the handling of the important 'association law' and the supervision of police courts and their jurisdiction.

Though the Czechs try everything in order to remain outside the war, there can be no doubt that they cannot escape being affected by it. Spiritually, materially and politically their position became even more involved than before. The inactivity, forced upon them by circumstances, added another strain to an already unbearable situation. The greatest shock experienced was undoubtedly not the outbreak of the war, which was expected by almost everybody, but the conclusion of the German-Russian Pact and the end of Poland. Although by far the greater part of the Czech public is inclined to emphasise the destructive tendencies of the Berlin-Moscow agreement, believing that Stalin, being equally hostile to Chamberlain and Hitler, wanted to use Nazi Germany as a means to destroy the Continent and helped it because of that, the effect of this open collaboration on the Czech mind is very considerable. During the past years a sort of new Panslavism has developed which, although rather more sentimental than political, exercised a general influence on the Czech public. Especially the Leftists, quarters which formerly backed Dr. Benes' policy, were inclined to overrate Russian collaboration and moral support, whereas the Conservative agrarians remained always doubtful and reserved. The new Russian imperialism confirmed their views and cleared the situation thoroughly, increasing the disorientation of the Left, at the same time destroying the hope set in a Panslav renaissance.

The effect of the rapid end of Poland was altogether different. In spite of the fact that the Polish attitude during the

Munich crisis and after had thoroughly embittered the Czechs, they are deeply impressed by the tragic fate of this great Republic and the speed with which it was destroyed by Germany finished them. All Nazi attempts to increase Czech hatred against the Poles during the war failed. The Czechs were fully aware that a Czech Legion fought against the Nazis with the Polish troops and that a Polish defeat would make the East-European situation still worse, while increasing German prestige and Nazi power. The partition of Poland confirmed this view. German attempts to build upon this feeling a better basis of collaboration with Hitlerism were abortive. Too much has happened between the two nations. The Czechs being disdained, oppressed, misused, knew only too well that the two main principles of Nazi policy towards small nations are isolation and intervention, employed until the utter destruction of all national and moral values of the State in question. They realised that there is no time for action so long as the war has not yet entered into its decisive stage, and it would be folly to move before that time.

Czech economy is placed on a war footing and is working at full speed. It is very remarkable indeed how smoothly Czech finance proceeds considering the shocks and changes experienced as a consequence of partition, the Slovak secession, the Aryanisation and Germanisation. Scarcity of labour still exists, in spite of the fact that, especially in the armament, chemical and textile works, a large number of West German workers are employed. The Nazis believe, more than ever before, in the use of exchange of workers, their policy being to transfer the Polish prisoners of war to Northern Germany, the Czechs to Middle Germany and the North Germans to Bohemia. There is a certain shortage of raw material, but as it has been experienced before and the mobilisation of industry has been on the way for some time, an increased quantity of substitutes is used.

The economic results are difficult to estimate in times where inflation of currency and credits are general characteristics of European finance. The Nazis evidently use Czech production to the utmost, paying either in the fictitious currency of marks or with German ready-made goods. Altogether restrictions of daily life, especially the food situation,

seem easier in the Protectorate than in Germany proper. Food and tobacco are rationed, but as almost every second Czech is—at least partly—his own food supplier, the situation as a whole is better. State commissioners supervise production and distribution throughout the Protectorate, and the Reichsprotector's office sees to it that they work 'on the German model.' But the fact that Reichs-Germans are still allowed to send every month a 10-lb. parcel of food supply free of duty to Greater Germany seems to indicate that the agrarian character of the country still helps it greatly. Weekly rations in the Protectorate, however, are small, 4 oz. of sugar a week being nothing for a sugar-producing country; 5 oz. of butter and 1 lb. of meat per head means dieting for a people whose rich food is almost traditional. The soap shortage seems to be particularly difficult. Toilet soap is only obtainable against a medical certificate, and a quarter of a pound of household soap is supposed to last for a month. A shaving stick has to last for three months.

Policy inside the Protectorate is exclusively marked by forced Germanisation. 'There won't be any more Czechs in twenty-five years,' Herr Paul Schmidt, Ribbentrop's right-hand man and Under Secretary of State in the Wilhelmstrasse, told a foreign correspondent in Berlin in April, 1939. This limit has now been reduced to five years. With the deliberate destruction of the constitutional and legal system of Bohemia, the large German immigration and the forced transfer of Czech workers to the Reich, the Czech nation is fundamentally endangered. Already before the war a complete dualism existed between Czech and German institutions, the Germans being obviously prevalent. Czech and Nazi civil government were in power, Czech and German jurisdiction pronounced the law. Czech and German schools tried to teach the youth some of the fundamental principles without which it will be even more difficult to form one's life. Officially the Nazis could always point to the fact that the skeleton of Czech autonomy and Czech institutions still existed. There was no Nazi Government in the Protectorate, Hitler having promised Czech autonomy on one of his famous scraps of paper. The large governing body of the Reichsprotector's office are called 'groups,' and if they belong to the Nazi party's large organisation they are called 'departments.' In spite of the

fact that the original Protectorate Statute only mentioned foreign affairs, defence, post and communications as prerogatives of the Reich, the Germans, in fact, administer finance, trade and commerce, social welfare, employment, cultural policy, as well. The law settling the use of languages in the Protectorate gave the German tongue a clear advantage, as being the established official language. The undisputed fact that from the very beginning Bohemian German nationals have been privileged as the ruling nation worked equally against the Czechs. The former Henleinist leaders, now high officials in the Nazi party organisation in the Protectorate, who have very influential positions in the Reichsprotector's office, are a very important factor of the Nazi policy. Whereas the German officials of the Reichsprotector's office, at least, are experts in their particular job, this even by the Germans' very disputed *élite* does not have any other qualifications than their profound hatred against the Czechs. The special mission they are entrusted with is to create an inferiority complex amongst the Czechs. So far it has failed.

One of the most dangerous means to split the Czech resistance are the attempts to nazify the Czechs. Germany, believing in the doctrine of the 'West-Eastern decline of culture,' considers the Czechs as by far the highest cultured European Slavonic race, and as such particularly able to work for a later Nazification of the East and the South-East. Czech unity, therefore, is undesirable to Berlin. Although the creation of one single Czech party (N.U.P.) was ordered at the beginning of the Protectorate to bring the Czech policy more into line with Nazi principles, it soon became evident that the N.U.P. was more a kind of co-operative political body working along well-established democratic committee lines than a totalitarian party. Again, the difference of policy between the moderate Herr von Neurath, who wanted genuine co-operation with President Hacha, and the radical K. H. Frank became obvious and ended, as usual, with the defeat of moderation. The Nazis fostered the Czech-Fascists movement in order to destroy Czech democracy. They worked along the well-established old tactics of personal differences and ambitions. But even this did not succeed. From the Czech-Fascist slogans published in the Nazi financed Fascist Press—closest collaboration with the Nazis, complete abolition of the

so-called Western orientation, anti-semitism and elimination of all persons who identify themselves with democratic or international ideas—only anti-semitism and the policy of settling old personal accounts lasted. The Czech public, at first utterly disinterested, showed later open hostility. Even the anti-semitic policy did not become popular, because the people knew that the Czechs had nothing to fear from the Jews but everything to fear from the Nazi replacing the Jew. Fascism soon was a crime against national unity. Though backed by the whole Nazi strength, it never became a force in Bohemia, and the constant changes in the Fascist organisation openly demonstrated the failure. The latest Nazi creation, the 'Czech Nazi Workers' Party,' created in October, 1939, mainly from the members of the 'Czech Aryan Culture Organisation,' is bound to be equally unsuccessful, and is not taken seriously by any responsible person inside the Protectorate.

POSTSCRIPT

Since this article was written many young Czechs have given their lives for their convictions of freedom, national honour and dignity. More than 100 students are reported to have been executed, thousands have been sent to concentration camps after street fighting and serious riots in Czech towns. All the Czech colleges have been closed down for three years, so that Czech students will for that period be unable to attend university courses given in their own language. Since the restrictions on leaving or entering the Protectorate make studies abroad impracticable, Czech students will in future be subjected to Nazi college training should they still desire to finish their studies. It means the concentrated beginning of full-scale Germanisation, the final attempt to transform the traditional Slav cultural centre of Prague into the focus of the newly established Nazi cultural colonisation of Central and South-eastern Europe.

It is not for the first time that students in Central Europe play an important part in political events. Nor will it be the last time. The spiritual struggle in Bohemia is almost as old as the conscious fight between Slavs and Teutons for the domination of the Bohemian plateau. The Carolina-

Ferdinandeum, or University of Prague, founded by Charles IV, in 1348, was the centre of the movement for the separation of Church and State. But then for the first time in Central European history the antagonism between Teuton and Slav developed into open hostility. After the Kuttenberg Decree the German students and professors emigrated from Prague and founded the University of Leipzig. Some of them returned, but the secession had left its mark. Antagonism and open hostility between Czech and German students became traditional. In the struggle for liberty in 1848, students died on the barricades. After the Nazi recapture of Prague it was clear that the Nazis would attempt cultural no less than political domination. The 'Insignia' and documents of the old Carolina had to be handed back to the German University, which became the privileged centre for radical Nazism.

Czech students have now been executed not so much to quell revolt in the Protectorate, as to destroy Czech spiritual life. It is a further stage in German spiritual, no less than political, colonisation.

R. H. M. Worsley.

GERMANY'S FOOD IN WAR AND PEACE

GERMANY cannot win a long war because she lacks essential raw materials and the foreign exchange with which to buy them, and, above all, because she lacks adequate supplies of food. She lost the last war chiefly because of her food shortage.

The Russian non-aggression pact has improved the prospects of Germany gaining an additional source of food from abroad, as well as improving her economic and military potentialities. Nevertheless, anything like an adequate food supply cannot be counted on in wartime. Despite all efforts the position of German agriculture is very precarious.

For years there has been a lack of essential foods. The immediate introduction of a system of food rationing when the Polish crisis became acute proves that the German Government reckoned with an increasing lack of food. Great efforts on the part of the Ministry of Agriculture, chiefly by means of special prices and other Government subsidies, have increased agricultural production during the last few years. The harvest of cereals and potatoes (four tons of potatoes reckoned as one ton cereals) increased from 35·4 million tons in 1933 to 38·5 million tons in 1938, and the sugar production rose from 1·4 to 2·2 million tons. By making fuller use of agricultural products the supply to the towns has in some cases been increased from the same amount of produce. For instance, the production of butter rose from 0·4 to 0·5 million tons. Special efforts were made to increase the amount of fodder grown, as the supply of meat and dairy products is largely dependent on imported fodder.

The whole increase in agricultural production since the last boom in 1928 is only about 10 per cent. more than the increase in the population but less than the increase in employment. At the same time the quantity of imported food and fodder sank 40 per cent. During the slump, when millions

of people were out of work, the food consumption was low, and, therefore, imports fell too. But in the meantime every worker has been employed in consequence of the boom in armaments, working hours have increased, and work has been speeded up. But food consumption has scarcely risen above slump level. According to official calculations the per head consumption from the time of the slump till 1938 increased in carbohydrates by 6 per cent., in albumen 7 per cent. and in fat 1 per cent. As during the crisis millions of people went hungry, the official statistics confirm the continued lack of food during the armaments boom.

The dependence of the German food supply on imports from abroad is just as great to-day as it was before the last war, namely, 20 per cent.—every fifth German lives on foreign products. Germany has, therefore, succeeded in producing no more than the same proportion of food as in 1914. An increased population has to be fed from a smaller amount of land. Motor roads, aerodromes and fortifications have reduced the area of land for agriculture by nearly 2,000,000 acres. As no real consideration was paid to agricultural needs, much fertile land was made unproductive in this way, especially in Western Germany. Home-grown supplies have been made more difficult by changes in the composition of the population. Children are now scarcely a quarter of the population, compared with a third before the last war. The proportion of adults, and in particular of old people, who, as is well known, live more from fats than cereals, has increased accordingly. The demand for animal foods has also been increased by the fact that more and more people have become town-dwellers, doing town work and adopting different habits—concentrated foods such as meat and fat form a greater part of the town-dweller's food than of the countryman's.

These changes in production and consumption cancel the slight success which has been achieved with regard to independence in food production. At the beginning of the war about 90 per cent. of the plant foods, but only 75 per cent. of animal foods, were produced at home. It is true the plant foods, bread, potatoes, sugar, which are largely produced in Germany, still form the basic foods. However, they contain almost only carbohydrates, little albumen and no fat. These

ingredients are chiefly contained in foods of which there is a definite lack.

Nearly half of the German fat supply comes from abroad. It is true that butter, lard and bacon are largely produced at home. But the vegetable oils and fats and the ingredients of margarine, as well as most of the industrial fats, come chiefly from abroad. And, whereas it has been possible to increase the cereal and potato production within certain limits, the conditions for the growing of oil plants in Germany are very unfavourable. These plants come chiefly from the tropics. To make up for this shortage with animal fats, cream and lard, large quantities of fodder, especially of oil-cake, would be necessary. But these are also lacking. Whereas in 1932 there were 400 lbs. of oil-cake for each cow, the import during the following years was so reduced that now there are only 250 lbs. The average milk production could therefore not be increased. Whale-fishing, which has been going on since 1936, has done but little to improve the situation. In no branch were the successes of the 'battle for production' so small as in this most important branch, the supply of fat.

The average per head consumption of food in Germany is equal to the essential minimum. But as the consumption of some classes of the population is well over the average, other classes must be under-nourished. Recent investigation has shown that whole groups of labourers are under-nourished. A comparison of the German and English food consumptions shows that the German food standard is lower. All important foods exist in smaller quantities in Germany than in England, *e.g.* meat, 115 lbs. per person per year in Germany compared with 145 lbs. in England; butter, 18 lbs. compared with 26 lbs.; sugar, 50 lbs. compared with nearly 100 lbs.; eggs, 120 compared with 160.

To keep up the insufficient food standard of recent years, about 1,000,000 tons of cereals, 1,000,000 tons of fat, 500,000 tons of vegetable albumen and 250,000 of animal albumen have to be imported each year. If the German people were to have really enough to eat much larger quantities would have to be imported.

In wartime the difficulties of supply will grow, as the soldiers, munition workers and agricultural population would

have to have rations above the present average. As we can safely assume that defence service within the Reich will employ a large number of people and that the number of armament workers will equal that of the soldiers, we may say that half of the population will have to be supplied with peace-time rations. Consequently, the rations of the other half will have to be reduced correspondingly. In the *Kriegswirtschaftliche Jahrbuecher*, Major Beutler, of the German War Office, expressed the view that only a State producing at least 40 per cent. more than the average consumption of agricultural products can hope to be self-sufficient in wartime. Taking this demand as a basis, we can say that Germany is producing only half of what she will need in wartime.

Before the last war Germany possessed a sufficient quantity of foodstuffs, considerable stores of food in the shops and homes, foreign exchange and investments of capital in foreign countries. Now she has scarcely any such reserves. The German position at the start of this war is, then, much less favourable than it was twenty-five years ago. In the last war food rationing was not introduced until 1916, while in the present war it was introduced right at the beginning. This was not the result of careful planning, but of a colossal deficiency. In the course of the last war the bread ration sank to one-half, the meat ration to one-seventh, and the fat ration to one-eighth of their former amounts. In the present war the effects of hunger and under-nourishment will show themselves more quickly.

The German authorities have grasped the fact that the food supply will be much worse this time. Consequently, in the course of the last few years they have prepared and carried out a series of measures calculated to improve the food situation. In the same way as in industrial production, they have erected plant for the production of substitutes. They have tried 'amides' (cattle food resembling albumen) as a substitute for oil-cakes. In several great dairies the refuse was turned into casein, which was used in the wood and lime industries instead of foreign casein, and in the manufacture of cheese as a substitute for milk. Sugar and yeast were extracted from wood, according to the process of Bergius and Scholler, to make up for the shortage of fodder. None of these processes is ever used in normal conditions,

as they are far too expensive. This also applies to the growing of soja beans in Rumania and Bulgaria, where the growing of this valuable cereal, rich in fat and albumen, costs twice as much as in Manchuria. The German authorities have also considered completely stopping the production of beer and alcohol in order to create reserves of cattle food. By this measure, 1,000,000 tons of cereals and 2,000,000 tons of potatoes could be saved.

All these measures, however, would not suffice to compensate the great deficiencies in the German food supply. Even the agricultural surplus areas of Poland, South-eastern Europe, and Russia will be unable to cope with this task unless they completely reorganise their production. But such a reorganisation would take considerable time. Recent reports from Russia say that the Soviet authorities are now contemplating a new series of measures calculated to insure a more intensive collectivisation of the land. Such measures as a rule cause a decrease in production, particularly in the production of cattle, in which Germany is particularly interested. Nevertheless, it must not be overlooked that the German food supply can be considerably improved by imports from South-eastern Europe and Russia.

It appears quite impossible to maintain the inland agricultural production during wartime. Whereas there will be a sufficiency of nitrogen and potash, phosphates have been scarce for some years already. The rationalisation of agriculture has been held up, during the last few years, by the lack of rubber and fuel for the agricultural tractors. As soon as the supplies from abroad of these raw materials and fodder begin to lessen it will not be possible to keep the agricultural production up to its present level; particularly as the necessary man-power will also be lacking. During the last few years the shortage of agricultural labourers has already made itself felt in production. Hundreds of thousands of young farm-hands have been taken from the land for the army or migrated to the towns. Hundreds of thousands of agricultural labourers have been and are now employed in the various armament industries. The Ministry of Agriculture estimates that nearly 1,000,000 less people are working on the land than was the case five years ago. In their place some 100,000 foreign workers have been employed, but they

cannot cope with all the work. This shortage of labour has also been particularly felt because the planting of potatoes and sugar beets has been encouraged, and these crops need much attention. In the time of war at least 2,000,000 able-bodied farmers and agricultural labourers will be called to the army. Women who could take over the work of the men are lacking in the country, as the wives and daughters of the peasants and agricultural labourers have always helped with the work.

During the last war the yield of the harvests was a quarter less than before, because of the shortage of labour and material. This time an even greater drop can be expected, as there are no reserves of any kind.

The peasants, who, together with the urban middle classes, formed the supporters of the National Socialist system, have become disillusioned. In the beginning they had great hopes, for Hitler said that Germany should become an agricultural country. Point 17 of the Party Programme made them hope that the big estates would be expropriated and divided up. They were also promised a reduction of their debts. In the beginning there was at least a moratorium of debts, and a lowering of interest was decreed, the import duty on agricultural products and the price of farm produce raised. But apart from this, Germany was far from becoming an agricultural country or pursuing an agricultural policy. The 'Erbhofgesetz' disinherited about 500,000 farmers' sons who were not first-born. They could not be moved elsewhere as no large estates were divided up for this purpose. The marketing regulations favoured the big landowners and big farmers who could supply large quantities of agricultural produce. The large mass of small farmers were pushed out of the market, as all small quantities of goods had to be delivered to the State trading monopoly. The peasants were not allowed to make butter or cheese themselves or to kill their cattle, or at least they were forbidden to sell such products. In this way they lost the middleman's profits on the sale of their products which they had had before. Then the raising of the price of cereals and potatoes and the lowering of the price of manure was particularly favourable to the large estate owners: the price relationship, however, between the farm produce, meat, butter and eggs, and the necessary fodder

for their production changed to the disadvantage of the peasants. Also, the employment of boys for whom State grants were paid, as well as of soldiers and foreign agricultural labourers during the chief working seasons fell almost entirely to the advantage of the big estates. The peasants, on the other hand, lost a large number of their labourers to industry, and could not induce them to return to the land even by raising their wages.

To-day, as a result of this, the peasants are overworked and embittered. The last time I visited one of my North German peasant friends and asked him how he was getting on, he answered irritably: 'Leave me in peace with your politics.' Later on, however, he did speak of politics. He complained of the oppressive character of the bureaucracy, of the regulations to measure output, to organise the production quotas, to control prices. He said there was no Four-Year Plan in agriculture, but only quarter-year 'planlets,' which were always intended to cover up some new deficiency or some mistaken decree. Before, there was a 'pig cycle,' he said, because the prices varied. Then the prices were stabilised and now there is the cycle because in spring and summer there is not enough fodder. The peasant leader, Darré, wrote about the slaughter of pigs, which the Jews were said to have done in the last war. The German farmers, however, have to slaughter their pigs in peace-time because there are no more Jewish corn dealers to supply them with the necessary fodder. When my friend paused I asked him why he had become so bitter since I had seen him last, he had done some building in the meantime and the harvest was not bad this year. Then he became quite sad and said he thought that all the work he did was for nothing. In Germany all work was only for the war. Germany kept getting bigger, he said, but the peasants and the other people did not get any richer; Germany kept setting other nations free, but the peasants and the others became less and less free. Many peasants were anxious. They would have liked to work in peace, but tanks kept passing from Munster camp or some other military barracks, and reminded them that really there was always war somewhere. In the Colonial School in Witzenhausen it had been said in a lecture that everything would be better when Germany had her colonies back. But,

said the farmer, that will cost the peasants and workers more money, and won't help any of us. There are only a few farmers left who believe things are improving, most of them fear it will all come to a bad end. Many wish there was a Government which would let the peasants work in peace and encourage world trade so that the farmers could once more obtain cheap fodder and the workers earn enough money to be able to buy the farmers' meat, butter and eggs.

This is what my farmer friend said to me not long ago, and there are many other farmers in Germany who think as he does. In the meantime their fears have been realised and they are disillusioned, at a loss and afraid. Towards strangers and representatives of the State or Nazi Party they, of course, wear an impenetrable mask, but in their hearts is the hope of liberation from the oppression of the last years. The prospect that these embittered and oppositional people will make great efforts to supply the food for the needs of war is not very great. The more uncertain the future becomes for them, the more definitely they will become opponents of this war, and the more probable it will become that Germany will lose this war, as she lost the last one, from lack of food.

POSTSCRIPT

This article was written before the German conquest of Poland. Unlike the areas occupied so far, Poland is a chiefly agrarian land. Five to ten per cent. of the total agricultural products are exported. Whereas, apart from the fertile Ukrainian wheat belt, Russia received chiefly the less productive sand and peat soil areas, Germany obtained the more densely populated and, therefore, agriculturally, more intensively cultivated districts, with an average cereal and potato production (4 tons potatoes = 1 ton cereal) of 12·5 million tons. Whereas in Greater Germany about 1·150 lb. cereals and potatoes per head of the population is produced, in West Poland the figure is 1·300 lb. As the standard of living is low, comparatively large quantities can be exported (0·5 million tons). Cattle farming and the production of animal foods is at a lower level than in Germany, but could be considerably developed.

It is not very likely that the Germans will make much effort

to maintain and increase the breeding of Polish cattle. Apart from cereals and potatoes a certain quantity of animal foods will be obtainable from occupied Polish territory.

No considerable supply of food can be expected from Russia. Now that the Russian agricultural production has slowly recovered from the recent process of collectivisation, new measures directed against the private farmers are being considered. If they are carried out, this will mean a new setback in production, especially in cattle farming. Part of the German demand for cereals could be met from the Russian export surplus. But Russia has not sufficient albumen or fats. Taking the present agricultural production level into consideration, any considerable supply of foodstuffs to Germany could, as before the last war, only be possible with 'hunger-exports.' It is unlikely that Russia, whose foreign policy is determined by her need for security, would endanger her internal balance by such exports.

The importance of Russian neutrality for the German food supply is to be measured less by actual supplies than by the breaking of the blockade, the neutralisation of the important agrarian neighbours of Germany, which forces them to deliver to Germany.

But, owing to Germany's lack of foreign exchange, imports from neutral countries can only be counted on as long as the industrial production apparatus of Germany is sufficiently intact to produce manufactured goods for export over and above war manufactures.

WERNER KLATT.

RUSSIA'S GRIP ON THE BALTIC STATES

THE Russian grip on Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania adds another chapter to their long history of foreign domination and struggle for freedom. It is the history of the ever-renewed contest for supremacy in the Baltic by the Great Powers.

This began in the twelfth century, when German merchants, missionaries and crusaders on their first '*Drang nach dem Osten*,' broke into the fertile lands of the Latvians and Estonians. Crushing their resistance, they founded a strong federal State, ruled by the Teutonic Order and the Hanseatic League. When this State crumbled in the sixteenth century, Poland pushing towards the sea occupied Latvia, whilst Estonia became Swedish. Less than a hundred years later Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden included Latvia in his Empire, transforming the Baltic Sea into a lake. But Peter the Great, obsessed with bringing Russia into Europe, needed a 'window to the West' and conquered the two countries in 1710. At the partition of Poland in 1795 Lithuania, who for 400 years had been united with her under a common dynasty, came to Russia as well.

Under Tsarist rule the Latvians, Lithuanians and Estonians were reduced almost to serfdom. Yet by the end of last century a cultural and political renaissance spread among them, culminating in the revolution of 1905. Though fiercely suppressed, this movement flared up again when the Great War broke out. The three subjugated nations formed battalions of their own, and national committees sprang up to prepare for self-government. When Germany—pushing eastward for the second time—invaded the Baltic territories, patriots carried on their work in Russia, and as soon as Nikolas II was dethroned they demanded freedom. As long as the German occupation continued nothing constructive could be done, but when the Kaiser fled and peace was

concluded in the West, the Reich withdrew under Allied pressure. In the fateful year of 1918 Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia proclaimed their independence.

No sooner was this achieved than the new States were overrun by Soviet Russia. But resistance was organised, and in 1919, with the assistance of the Germans and the Allies, the main part of the Baltic was freed again. At the same time a *putsch* of the local Germans occurred in Latvia, and was speedily defeated with Estonian help. Soon afterwards disbanded White-Russian and German troops, led by the adventurer Avaloff-Bermond, swept Lithuania and Latvia with the intention of forming a Baltic Reich after the pattern of the historic federal State. They came as far as Riga, but the young national armies, supported again by the Allies, finally forced Bermond to retreat. After this the three countries were completely cleared of Soviet forces, and by 1920 not a single enemy soldier remained on their soil.

Now Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania could revert to building up their independent existence. But it was building on ruins. The war had destroyed the towns and the countryside; their whole industrial and agricultural wealth was gone. Neither nation had previous experience in self-government. Yet the constitutions they introduced were very democratic and advanced, with ample provision for minority rights and social welfare. Vast agrarian reforms provided the landless proletariat with small holdings to give the State a solid backbone. Cities and ports were reconstructed, railways and roads extended, the currencies stabilised, and the greatest attention was paid to the development of the defensive forces as well as to the promotion of general education and culture. Commercial treaties were concluded with Britain, France, Germany, Russia, etc. Exports rose, the budgets were balanced. The twenty-one years of Lithuanian, Latvian and Estonian independence were thus distinctly progressive. But already in 1926 Lithuania introduced a dictatorship, and when a wave of Fascism spread in Europe in 1933–1934, the other two States could not withstand it either. Authoritarian, nationalistic, anti-left-wing Governments were established, which curtailed public liberties and the activities of the minorities. But the dictatorships were mild and popular with the peasant masses, who form the bulk of the population.

Whether the régimes were democratic or not, Baltic foreign policy—with the exception of Lithuania's handling of the Vilna and Memel problems—was invariably directed at friendly relations with all Powers. The first big achievement in this respect was the conclusion of peace treaties with Germany and Russia. The latter were of particular importance, since in them Moscow renounced all claims to her former provinces and recognised their independence. This enabled the Allies to grant the Baltic States *de jure* recognition in 1921. But situated uncomfortably between powerful neighbours in one of the key positions of Europe, these States feared the repetition of history unless they could obtain additional guarantees of security. Therefore in the same year they entered the League of Nations.

In spite of this, they remained uneasy. Germany being prostrate after Versailles, the traditional danger from one side had vanished. But Lithuania was anxious about Polish intentions, and Russia's agents worked feverishly on Latvian and Estonian soil. The memories of the recent Communist invasion fresh in mind, both Governments wondered whether, disregarding solemn promises, she might not be tempted one day to regain her lost possessions. To prove to her that she was not really cut off from the sea they granted her all transit facilities in their ports. Another safeguard against Moscow was the idea of a Baltic alliance, broached repeatedly in various forms between Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, Finland and Poland, who were all united by the common fear of Russia. But Finland, having rather Scandinavian than Baltic leanings, withdrew. Poland and Lithuania were at enmity over Vilna, and, moreover, the Baltic States distrusted a scheme in which Warsaw aimed at hegemony. The plans broke down. What remained was a Polish-Roumanian and a Latvian-Estonian alliance. From the vague dream of a huge block stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea emanated the first stage of the Baltic Entente.

This went parallel with an improvement of the general atmosphere in Eastern Europe. Communist propaganda ceased. Successive Russian offers of demilitarised frontier zones, disarmament and non-aggression pacts aimed at reassuring the Baltic States. In 1926 the Soviet succeeded in

looked for support against Poland. But time and difficulties had to be overcome before Estonia and Latvia came into line. The commercial treaty of 1928 broke the ice. Four years later followed the signature of Non-Aggression Pacts.

Russia had various reasons for her overtures to the Baltic States. Firstly, she wished to counteract the projected anti-Soviet alliance. Secondly, she wanted a bulwark against the growing tide of Hitlerism. Thirdly, the Japanese menace forced her to insure her Western border. And the fourth and most important reason was that her foreign policy was then approaching the climax of M. Litvinov's efforts to end the dangerous isolation by joining the League of Nations and to open the era of collective security.

The Baltic States, on the other hand, saw militaristic and aggressive Germany gradually resurrecting under Hitler. His programme of colonisation in the East was an alarming repetition of historic Teuton tendencies. Their local German minorities, which ironically enough are now being withdrawn into the Reich, grew restive under his influence. But perhaps the worst shock came when Germany refused to join the projected Eastern Locarno Pact which would have given Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania additional security. The consequence was their gradually increasing rapprochement with Russia. At the same time they concluded the Baltic Entente in 1934, pledging themselves to a co-ordinated foreign policy and to diplomatic support in the international field. Through this step the Baltic States became a territorial and political entity. This was recognised also in Geneva where the Latvian Foreign Minister was elected President of the Council in 1937.

The Baltic States clung desperately to the League of Nations in view of the growing German menace. Realising that with their scanty military resources and open frontiers they might need protection one day, they actively supported collective action. It was pathetic how, during the Abyssinian war, Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia hailed the stand of the Western Powers against aggression, from which they now believed themselves to be safe. But deep was their depression when the League failed and Germany was allowed to annex Austria, to interfere in Spain and to rape Czechoslovakia and Memel. In this situation they saw the only salvation in

freeing themselves from all obligations likely to involve them in international conflicts. They proclaimed a policy of absolute neutrality. Lithuania having liquidated the thorny problems of Vilna and Memel, the Baltic States now established a still firmer solidarity among themselves and took up close contact with Poland. At the same time they showed the marked tendency to be particularly careful with Germany and by avoiding everything she might choose to regard as provocation to try to escape the destiny of her other victims.

Nazi influence was accordingly soon felt in Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania. Early this summer they were afraid to refuse the Non-Aggression Pacts offered by the Reich so as to break the British 'Peace Front.' They were induced to object to the Anglo-Russian guarantee treaty, thus contributing to its failure. They were given to understand that Berlin would regard acceptance of this guarantee as a breach of their neutrality, which might force her to 'protect her interests.' The other reason for their attitude was that Latvia and Estonia were alarmed at Russia's extensive demands, which she could easily exploit in her own interests. These fears proved to be justified now. For Hitler, who had already betrayed so many others, now suddenly betrayed himself. Bent on the destruction of Poland, he compromised with his chief adversary. To buy him off, he renounced the Baltic States which, faced with an entirely new situation after the Polish débâcle, could not but submit to the Soviet. For the time being they seem to be content with the new treaties of alliance and the establishment of military bases all over Baltic territory. This is enough to give them a sort of protectorate over the three small States, though the latter's independence is officially recognised. How they will be able to preserve it only the future can show.

POSTSCRIPT

Since this article was written, various notable changes have taken place in the Baltic States. A new cabinet has been formed in Estonia, which now includes also representatives of the Liberal Opposition, so that the government rests on a much broader national basis than before. The new Foreign

fateful negotiations with Moscow. The implications of a rumoured cabinet crisis in Lithuania cannot be clarified yet. Another important event is the handing over to Lithuania by the Russians of her ancient capital Vilna, occupied by Poland contrary to international treaties in 1920. Though the incorporation of the Vilna territory presents serious economic and financial difficulties, there is great enthusiasm over the transfer throughout Lithuania—now the biggest of the Baltic States. These States have also concluded commercial agreements with Russia, which will greatly increase their annual turnover.

W. Gottlieb.

THE UKRAINIAN PROBLEM

RUSSIA's aim is expansion. Whether it is achieved by exploiting Pan-Slavism or Pan-Proletarianism makes little difference. Already in 1919 Lenin said that the return of Poland, Finland and the Baltic States to Russia could be only a matter of time. In 1921 Bolshevik ideologists referred to Western Ukraine as the bridge to World Revolution; subsequently the Fifth Congress of the Third International adopted a resolution which read: 'The Ukrainian problem is one of the most important problems of Central Europe—a solution of which is necessary in the interest of proletarian revolutions in Poland, Rumania, Czechoslovakia and all the neighbouring countries.'

Thereupon the Bolsheviks set to work to ensure that the solution of the Ukrainian problem should be accomplished in their own particular way. The Ukrainianisation of Soviet Ukraine, started in 1923, was dictated as much by the needs of World Revolution as it was by the internal discontent in Ukraine. By this means the Central Government in Moscow hoped to gain approval and win sympathy in Western Ukraine. Communist agitators in Eastern Galicia and Volhynia spoke of Soviet Ukraine as an independent State which freely joined the Soviet Union. Knowing that national feeling ran high in Western Ukraine, they tried to exploit it to extend Soviet dominion towards the west. As late as the spring of this year the Bolsheviks organised numerous joyful processions along the Polish-Soviet frontier to show the 'bliss and contentment' of the Ukrainians on the other side of the River Zbruch.

A most significant incident during last year's crisis received little attention in Western Europe. When Poland put in her claim to the Polish minority under Czecho-Slovakia the Soviet Government immediately dispatched a note to Warsaw threatening to advance a similar claim to White

Russians and Ukrainians under Poland, even though Moscow was fully aware that incorporation into the Soviet Union was the last thing that these peoples wanted.

Modern Russian imperialism has a much more powerful propaganda weapon in its hands than was at the disposal of pre-war Russian imperialists. This new weapon is Pan-Proletarianism and it is directed chiefly against the two largest imperial Powers of Europe, Great Britain and France.

For different reasons, Germany, too, is a candidate for the spoils of these two empires. In this respect her aims and those of the Soviet Union coincide. It is probable that Germany and Russia have decided that they would both benefit through co-operation.

This understanding may also be prompted by mutual knowledge that the antithesis between their systems is not so marked as between their systems and the democracies. Economically the two countries are complementary, since one has a highly developed industry and the other abounds in untapped supplies of raw materials. As long as they were at loggerheads a territorial barrier between them was useful; once they decided to co-operate such a barrier became a nuisance.

When the French delegates to the Peace Conference insisted that Poland must be made big and strong, they contemplated the creation of a formidable buffer between Russia and Germany. But they overlooked one thing; no amount of 'padding' could increase Poland's inherent strength which depended upon her Polish population, her geographical position, her economy and her social system.

The Polish ethnic element made up roughly 65 per cent. of the population of the new Polish State. To this were added some 6,000,000 Ukrainians, 1,000,000 White Russians and 750,000 Germans, none of whom made for any increase in the strength of the Polish State. The Government, therefore, had to spend much energy in striving to bring about consolidation. With internal friction and a comparatively small population, Poland could not withstand the pressure of two neighbouring giants with a combined population of 240,000,000.

Her economy suffered from two defects: she lacked natural resources and she was industrially immature. Her

geographical position was also weak. Squeezed in between her two neighbours, with no frontier which could afford her safe contact with the outside world in case of need, she was easily cut off at the crucial moment. Finally, the remains of a feudal social order caused resentment among the masses and hindered complete internal consolidation.

* * * * *

The inability of the Czech and Polish States to withstand aggression has been demonstrated. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that just order in Eastern and Central Europe cannot be ensured by the reconstruction of those two States alone. This becomes more evident when we consider that Russia is now following closely in the imperial footsteps of Germany. A lasting and just reorganisation of Europe must presuppose, therefore, that the victims of Russian aggression of twenty years ago will be placed on an equal footing with the victims of German aggression during the last two years.

From among the ninety odd million victims of twentieth-century Russian imperialism, the Ukrainians are the most important. Together with those who were under Poland, Russia has 42,000,000 Ukrainians under her rule. Morally, Russian aggression against Ukraine is as much a disregard of human rights as is German aggression against Czechoslovakia and Poland. From a political point of view, the liberation of Ukraine is of first-rate importance if Europe is to save itself from the menace of militant pseudo-philosophies known as ideologies. The truth of this statement can be substantiated in one sentence: Ukraine possesses all the prerequisites to become a formidable bulwark to Western ideals on the eastern flank of Europe.

Within her ethnographic borders she has a population of 52,000,000, of which 75 per cent. are Ukrainians, 9 per cent. are Russians, 6·6 per cent. are Jews, 5 per cent. are Poles and 4·4 per cent. are Germans, Rumanians, Tartars, etc. In addition there are over 3,000,000 Ukrainians scattered throughout European and Asiatic Russia with a large colony in the Amur valley. It is important to note that nowhere upon this compact ethnographic Ukrainian territory of 760,000 square kilometres do any of the non-Ukrainian

elements form what might be called a territorial national minority. Generally speaking, the non-Ukrainian population is concentrated in the cities. Thus, according to Dr. V. Kubiovich, who is a distinguished demographer and ethnologist, for every 1,000 urban dwellers in Ukraine, 409 are Ukrainians, 207 are Russians, 253 are Jews, 68 are Poles, and 63 are of other nationalities, while for every 1,000 rural dwellers there are 818 Ukrainians, 75 Russians, 22 Jews, 44 Poles and 41 others. Here is the first element of national strength: a large population and no territorial minority problems.

In economic strength, and especially in natural resources, Ukraine compares favourably with any country in the world. She produces annually 60 million tons of coal, 13·8 million tons of iron ore, 1·5 million tons of petroleum,[1] 6 million tons of pig iron, 5·3 million tons of steel, and 1·1 million tons of manganese ore. She is the world's fifth largest producer of hydro-electric energy and the fourth largest producer of sugar. She also produces a surplus of almost every food commodity. During the years 1929 to 1933 Ukraine produced annually 10·8 million tons of wheat or 7·8 per cent. of the world total, 3·5 million tons of maize or 3·2 per cent. of the world total, 19·1 million tons of potatoes or 9·7 per cent. of the world total, 7·8 million tons of rye or 16·6 per cent. of the world total, 4·8 million tons of barley or 11·7 per cent. of the world total and 3·6 million tons of oats or 5·6 per cent. of the world total.

Ukraine's geographical position, too, is much better than that of Poland. She has a coastline on the Black Sea of 1,800 kilometres—that is, 27 per cent. of her total frontier. Her frontier with Rumania is 900 kilometres in extent, with Hungary 100 kilometres, with Slovakia 200 kilometres, with Poland 650 kilometres, with White Russia 1,100 kilometres, with Russia 700 kilometres, with the Don Cossacks 1,100 kilometres and with the Caucasians and the Kalmuks 450 kilometres. Thus, only 10 per cent. of her 6,800 kilometre frontier is with a country territorially larger than she is.

If all the peoples subjugated by Russia were to gain independence Ukraine would naturally become the leader of a powerful East European *bloc*. In that event Russia would

[1] Including Maikop oil fields.

again become Muscovia, as she was up to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The most enduring source of Ukraine's strength is her social structure. She is essentially an agricultural nation in which class distinctions based on birth or wealth are virtually non-existent. Her ancient rural culture has preserved her national identity in the face of several centuries of intensive attempts at Russification and Polonisation.

Certain misconceptions on this subject exist in this country and a word of explanation would be in order. These misconceptions are a product of pre-war Russian information about the racial and political problems of Eastern Europe. This information was embodied in the so-called unity theory of the Russian nation according to which the Russians, the Ukrainians and the White Russians are but tribes of the Russian people. Later it was extended to include all Slav-speaking peoples, and we knew it under the name of Pan-Slavism. Thus the Russians, it seems, were the forerunners of present-day racialists in Germany. The propagation of this theory in the West has done untold harm to Ukrainian aspirations. Although scientific research during the last forty years has effectively refuted most of this Great Russian misrepresentation so that even the Bolsheviks have now discarded it, it still persists in Western Europe, usually in the form of journalistic philology and ethnography.

Extensive anthropometric research, carried on in Ukraine by F. K. Volkov of St. Petersburg University between 1903 and 1914 and later by several of his students, has served to define the Ukrainian racial type. Russian racial types were studied by Hrincewich, Chepurkovski, Anuchin, Erckert and others. They have shown that the Russians belong to the northern group, together with the Poles and White Russians, wherein the Eastern European racial element is dominant with a strong Nordic influence in the north-west and an Ugro-Finnic influence in the east. Concerning the Ukrainians Volkov wrote :

> The Ukrainians are a fairly uniform type ; dark haired, dark eyed, taller than average or even tall, with a round skull, a round head, a narrow face, a straight and fairly narrow nose, and shorter than average upper limbs and longer than average lower limbs. If we compare Ukrainian anthropological peculiarities with those

of other Slavonic peoples, we find that the Ukrainians are, undoubtedly, closely related to the Southern and Western Slavs, excluding the Poles, and they should be regarded as the so-called Dinaric type.

The same confusion was spread about the Ukrainian language until distinguished Slavonic philologists and the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences gave it as their authoritative opinion that no less than the Serbian, the Polish or the Czech language, it is an independent language.

But apart from anthropological characteristics, language, compact territory, common historical traditions and culture, the decisive factor which marks one nation from another is the spiritual bond which provides a people with a common political ideal and common aspirations for the future. In the case of the Ukrainians the existence of this bond was amply demonstrated after the World War when they sacrificed everything within their means in a struggle against more formidable opponents to realise their common ideal in the form of an independent and united Ukraine.

Then, as now, aggressive mechanised force won. If present abuses of power are an unendurable travesty on the rights of man, then it logically follows that identical abuses, only slightly removed in time, fall within the same category.

For various reasons Ukraine was not considered in the last post-war settlement. As a result the reconstructed Central European States were not in a position to resist German and Russian pressure. Had Ukraine been independent the *bloc* of new States—Czechoslovakia, Poland and Ukraine—would have consisted of about 90,000,000 people. Assuming there were no outstanding differences between them they would have been able to safeguard themselves against Germany and Russia. This point should be borne in mind when Europe is ready for another peace conference.

S. DAVIDOVICH.

LENIN AS PHILOSOPHER[1]

THE appearance of the 12th volume of the Selected Works of V. I. Lenin completes the task undertaken by Messrs. Lawrence and Wishart, in collaboration with the Marx-Engels Institute in Moscow, of introducing the English-speaking public to the most important political and scientific works of the founder of Bolshevism. The varied ideological storms experienced by Leninism during the few years since the beginning of the publication of the English translation of Lenin's works find an echo, though a faint one, in the work of the editor, about which, of course, only surmises are permitted. The first volume of the 'Extracts' is arranged by the Editor, Mr. I. B. Fineberg, the last volume by Mr. I. Lenin. No reason is given for this change. On the other hand it is stated in the preface to the 9th volume that 'developments during the past few years . . . imperatively called for a thorough revision' of the explanatory notes given in the preceding volumes. For this reason subsequent volumes were held up until the Moscow Institute of Leninism had put together new observations corresponding to the circumstances of the period.

It can of course not be the task of a short review to discuss exhaustively the significance of Lenin in the development of Russian Socialism or in the history of the Socialist idea. For Communists Lenin's works are a kind of revelation of which every letter is imbued with sacred meaning. One of the oldest suras of the Koran begins with the words: 'No doubt is there about this Book: It is a guidance to the God-fearing.' This approximately describes the attitude of the believing Bolshevik to the words of the Master. It can be truly said that few thinkers in history have evolved to such a limited extent as Lenin. In spite of unavoidable contradictions one must say that Lenin's *Weltanschauung* bears in fact a mono-

[1] V. I. Lenin, *Selected Works in Twelve Volumes*. (Lawrence and Wishart, about 60/-.)

lithic character. He succumbed in earliest youth to the magic of the Marxian metaphysic, with its unequivocal directness so attractive to the primitive mind, and remained true to it to the end of his life.

Lenin at first accepted the metaphysical implications of Marxism as a matter of course. To him, the political publicist and revolutionary leader, 'philosophy' appeared, if not superfluous, still as a *cura posterior*. During his Siberian exile, however, Lenin studied philosophy, above all the French materialism of the eighteenth century and the classics of German idealism. But it was not until after the 1905 revolution that the concern for philosophical problems presented itself to him as an actual political duty. In this period of reaction after 1905 Lenin found himself forced to destroy idealistic tendencies within his own party and particularly in its left wing. To Lenin the Party appeared as a Sect with a *Weltanschauung* not merely uniform but absolutely identical. Philosophical materialism was regarded by him as the dogma of the Party, any deviation therefrom as a betrayal of the Party.

A. A. Bogdanov (Malinovsky), the old Bolshevik and comrade in arms of Lenin, appeared as chief theoretician of the idealistic opposition, who, without adjuring historical materialism subjected the whole methodology of the Marxist philosophy to revision. He was deeply under the influence of Ernst Mach and Avenarius, the founders of the empiriocritical school which achieved great popularity at the turn of the century.

Bogdanov, around whom such old Bolsheviks as Bazarov, Lunatscharsky and others grouped themselves, raised the banner of rebellion against philosophical materialism in the name of an 'Empiriomonism' which was to signify the overcoming both of materialism and of idealism. Actually Bogdanov created nothing new; his teaching is simply a shade of the agnosticism of Mach and Avenarius which had its roots as far back as Berkeley and Hume. Machism led in its further development to the mathematical logic of Wittgenstein, and the philosophically founded scepticism of Bertrand Russell and to the 'Logistic' of Carnap and Philip Frank. These teachings can be defined as dominant in the natural philosophy of to-day. The controversy, therefore,

between Bogdanov and Lenin has kept its actuality even in the present time.

Lenin's significance as a political leader and statesman has long been recognised, his sociology is less well known and as a philosopher he may be said to be practically unknown. We take the occasion of the appearance of the now complete 'Selected Works' to give a sketch of the metaphysical background of the founder of Bolshevism, with special reference to the 11th volume which contains Lenin's great philosophical polemic.

Lenin's metaphysic is as little original as that of Bogdanov. While the latter was a pupil of Mach and Avenarius the former popularised the primitive materialistic metaphysic of Feuerbach and Engels. For Lenin's conscientiousness it is significant that with the object of consolidating his polemic against the Russian 'Machists' he not only studied the whole of contemporary German, English and French empirio-critical literature, but for the founding of his philosophical counter offensive went to the original source of dialectic, namely, Hegel. The only great—even the only complete—philosophical work of Lenin, *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism: Critical Comments on a Reactionary Philosophy*, which appeared in 1908 and which fills the greater part of the 11th volume of the 'Selected Works,' is completely under the charm of the Hegelian dialectic. Among Lenin's papers was found, with other philosophical excerpts, a very detailed summary of Hegel's *Logic*, together with numerous critical and admiring observations. From this it can be seen what exceptional significance Lenin ascribed to the Hegelian metaphysic. Hegel is, in fact, the only 'bourgeois' philosopher the study of whom in present day Russia is not only permitted but practically obligatory.

Bogdanov, in his polemic against Lenin: *Faith and Science*, which represented an answer to Lenin's *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, defines Lenin as a metaphysician who believes, religiously, in Absolute Truth. What Lenin really believed in was 'Holy Matter.' It seemed to him the only reality, and Motion as its only function. The study of the contemporary atomic and electronic theories certainly convinced him that the old 'material' conception of matter was obsolescent. Matter was becoming immaterial, transforming

itself into energy and taking on the nature of a symbol. Thus by the end of the nineteenth century Natural Science was diverted into an agnostic and relativist channel. In Lenin's opinion, however, this shook historical materialism to its foundations and therewith also the whole theory of the Messianic rôle of the revolutionary proletariat. The idea of preserving *historical* materialism as a basis for revolutionary messianism by renouncing the obviously untenable *philosophical* materialism, the tendency which lay at the root of all Bogdanov's and Lunatscharsky's endeavours, was revolting to Lenin.

It was a question of defending at all costs the old philosophical basis of historical materialism: 'Holy Matter' must be preserved for the believing Marxist, even at the cost of transforming this conception into a completely empty symbol. Lenin was finally forced to the following definition of matter: '. . . the *sole* "property" of matter with whose recognition philosophical materialism is bound up is the property of *being an objective reality*, of existing outside our mind.' The sole property of matter therefore consists in the fact that it exists! This Lenin affirms still more clearly: '. . . nature is infinite, but it infinitely *exists*. And it is this sole categorical, this sole unconditional recognition of nature's *existence* outside the mind and perceptions of man that distinguishes dialectical materialism from relativist agnosticism and idealism.'

The existence of matter is thus for Lenin a dogma which needs no proof. He decisively attacks agnosticism and pragmatism. It is interesting, too, that in his metaphysic and epistemology he closely follows Engels without taking into consideration the utterances of Marx which show a more or less clearly defined tendency to pragmatism and agnosticism. In the famous *Theses on Feuerbach* Marx expresses the opinion that 'the controversy over the reality or unreality of thought if isolated from practice appears as a purely scholastic question,' whilst for Lenin, 'knowledge is only biologically useful if it mirrors the objective truth which is independent of the human mind.'

Lenin recognises time and space as well as causality as objectively present. There is an absolute Truth which mirrors itself in human minds. Certainly the mind can only occa-

sionally and approximately reflect absolute truth. Only in this way will Lenin admit relatively in human knowledge.

In all these assertions Lenin shows himself purely as a dogmatic materialist, a disciple of the French materialism of the eighteenth century. But he is at the same time a Hegelian and as such a 'dialectician.' For him dialectic is in the first place nothing but the 'epistemology of Marxism.' With Hegel, however, dialectic is not only epistemology but at the same time ontology. For the 'spiritual alone is the real' and reality is according to Hegel only the '*Selbstbewegung des Begriffes*.' Marx and Engels claim, as we know, to have put the Hegelian dialectic which, in their opinion, was upside down, on to its feet. For Lenin, too, dialectic as epistemology was simply the reflection of dialectic as the theory of the laws of Being. The real world exists—this postulate of Leninist materialism, which after all has no other proof than the 'unconquerable tendency of our understanding' is supplemented by the other equally undemonstrable postulate: this real world exists according to the laws of dialectics. While the Hegelian dialectic of the Spirit has in any case as its point of departure a deep psychological experience, the Marxist dialectic of Being is a purely hypothetical assumption which has its roots in an arbitrary generalisation of the results of the natural scientific research of the nineteenth century. Precisely with Lenin it can be seen how the necessities of a political system led to the construction of a corresponding metaphysic. Lenin, the political revolutionary, needed a metaphysic which raised revolution to a cosmic principle. That is the explanation of his partisanship of 'Dialectic.' But why did he turn so sharply against Bogdanov, who was also a dialectician, but abjured dogmatic materialism? Bogdanov in no way ceased to be a revolutionary through his renunciation of materialism. Quite on the contrary! He and his school advocated much more drastic methods of political struggle than Lenin. The Bogdanov metaphysic was also revolutionary in the sense of the Heraclitean 'παντα ῥει,' which lies finally at the base of all dialectic. But Lenin was not only a revolutionary, but also an *authoritarian* revolutionary, and as such he had to decline the extreme relativism of the Bogdanov school.

With sure instinct Lenin perceived in the relativism of

Bogdanov, which was inseparably connected with the agnosticism of Mach and Avenarius, the danger of 'Fideism.' The disciple of Bogdanov, Lunatscharsky, who later returned to the bosom of orthodox Leninism and became a member of the first Bolshevik Government, quite openly entertained the idea of founding a new religion of the worship of mankind. Such a religion appeared in Lenin's eyes as a dangerous innovation. Why a new religion when the old religion of 'Holy Matter' was sufficient for all claims of revolutionary theory and practice? This religion was on the one hand dialectic and thus revolutionary, and on the other dogmatic and thus authoritarian. It was not relativist as it recognised an absolute, namely, eternal and undying Matter. Lenin knew that a political Church—and as such he regarded the Bolshevik Party—could only be founded on Authority. This highest Authority he saw in himself. But the corresponding metaphysic must also have a firmly rooted dogma as point of departure, namely, 'Matter.'

One of Dostoevsky's characters, an officer given to brooding, finally flung out the question: 'If there is no God, how can I be a Major?' In similar manner Lenin feared that the removal of dogmatism in revolutionary metaphysics would lead to the destruction of his authority as Pope of the Party.

GREGORY BIENSTOCK.

POEMS

CAMBRIDGE TEASHOP IN VACATION TIME

THE low room with the mock archaic beams
Wriggling across
Cream-washed walls
Spreads glad soothing air where warm tea steams.
There at his journey's end each centrifugal wanderer calls.

We,
Nerves
Taut,
From flitting on the manifold dainty bridges
Or amid shy willows,
Draw up our trousers with a weary gesture.

(A vision of massive glory,
Hewn from northern castellated cliffs,
Or slim-piled columns dreamt of
By the quick architect
In some Italian palace, deft and neat.)

The hide-hued liquid spouts
Into our shallow cups,
Tired lips sink in the soft and sugar'd dough.
The room grows dim with shouts.

Each wanderer sips and sups.

(From velvet lawns, edged grey with gothic frill,
Three sycamore-coloured Japanese,
Elegant, padding softly, diminutively
With tiny cameras levelled—simultaneous
Nick of finger, flash of horn-rimmed eye . . .)

But here they peer
Through leaded panes
And order white meringues and cheese.

(Beside the gloomy arch where rain fell,
Square-toed and sombre-hatted,
Boyish simple face and prodding stick,
Red Baedecker in hand,
An American deplored what we call drought.)

Now he watches the waitress over his glasses
(A sylph-like snake,
Blonde—filmy rose—dim blue van Dongen pale)
And orders ham
And eggs and jam.

(Grim, Jewish student-type,
This one had solemnly wandered the long arcades,
With—drifting by like Zephyr on the air,
Her soft flowered dress wavering gorgeously—
At first his sweetheart, but—as day wore on—
Perhaps his mother.)

They toy with teacakes
And slice the delicate flavours
Of snow-crisp pastries.

So evermore against these cream-washed walls
The hide-hued liquid spouts.
The room grows dim with shouts.
There at his journey's end each centrifugal wanderer calls.

UNCLE JIMMY'S MARIONETTES

WAVES like tapering sails:
The yellow box yet stands.

A pool of air swerves round,
Breaking their altitudes
To white mimosa bloom.

Slide back
The lid: at the black
Piano, cantering on his too-high stool
With waxy youthful face and glassy look
Jangles and jigs
Nature (*Romantic Fallacy!*)
    —the Fool.

Out through the curtain
Slick as a spook
Poke the masklike heads of Romeo and Juliet:
Smirking and bobbing,
Wagging and hobnobbing,
    (' His hair's a grizzled oaktree branch
    That flutters in the wind:
    And hers is like a sack of straw
    That's fastened tight behind ')
And they dance with legs as little as the trotters of the
  pigs,
Since every Romantic
That lives by Nature's book
Frantic
And Antic,
Withered in the ' Old Queen's ' time,
And, like a certain
Adam's rib,
Only survives to this day as a glib
Marionette.

The yellow lid slides to again:
Picking orange peel or peanuts,
Silver paper, broken kite-frames,
Fag-ends, tickets for the band,
A white bird stalks across the sand.

The yellow lid slides to again;
But before the vacant shrine,
In Sacramental dance,
The children wobble, charlestoning
Back and forth, back and forth
Beneath the Eternal Absence
Of
The Marionette.

YARMOUTH BEACH

Cloud like a bulbous shadow,
Leaves bright blue.
Contrary spears, the thin rain slides.
Breakers,
(Tossed carpets shaken)
Slash grey fringes on the pitted sands.

Light red corpuscles
Paddle and run :
Cubes of buff
Flap in the sun :
A thousand trippers . . .
(But that's all done).

Black shadows (soft white seaboots) heave huge spines
Against small boats. To staggering yells
Piped high, the pallid landsmen haul . . .
The long keel clattering harsh on wooden runners.

Enamelled white and blue
Shelters with benches
Serve out bottles of green,
Orange, lemon and pink
For delicate wenches
To sip at or drink.
Madam Cooke goes
With her telescope nose
Predicting our fates
And the actual dates . . .

Yohó, Yohô, Yohé . . .

Four naked men run on the sands, and dip
Sallow bodies, grey in the bile-green mats ;
Pose and swing and dance, while round their powder'd
limbs
Like serpents bright, long gaudy towels writhe.

Benjamin Gilbert Brooks.

RISE AND SHINE

INTEREST in the sailing-ship seems to increase, and it may be predicted that the next output of Christmas cards will show more ancient galleons and nineteenth-century clippers than ever. It is good that it should be so; not only because we are a seafaring people but because our very speech is salt to an extent that is seldom realised. Nearly always, and as though by instinct, we use the old sea-terms in true connections—even when we have forgotten their meaning. That meaning is what we are now to consider.

A number of words which are regarded as slangy or colloquial come straight from good use at sea. Thus when people are *at loggerheads* there is a suggestion that, to emphasise their arguments, they have picked up those sea-implements which were bars of iron with knobs at the end, the normal use of which was to be heated for melting pitch. *Nippers*, again, were boys who, when the cable was coming in, used short lengths of rope (also called nippers) to fasten the cable to another and endless rope (the 'messenger') which led round the capstan. The boys raced alongside the moving messenger, and there is no doubt that they were expected to 'nip' round and be 'nippy.' There is a realistic description of the process in Frank Pollard's novel *All in the Downs*. We might notice, incidentally, that the old Navy was full of boys, who were usually whipped by the boatswain every Monday, because it brought luck to the voyage; and in any case, being boys, they were sure to have done something to deserve it. Speaking of whipping reminds us that where there is *not room to swing a cat* the imagined animal is a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Even in an inland town it would be quite natural for a landlady to declare that she was all *taken aback* when her lodger *gave her the slip*, and for her neighbours to remark on the way in which she *carried on*. Should she collapse, it might be *touch and go* whether her friends, though imploring her to *bear up*, could *bring her to*. A ship is 'taken aback' when the

wind gets in front of her sails and checks her way. To 'give the slip to' means that, without waiting to raise anchor, she slips her cable; that is, lets it run right out of the ship, with a buoy on it. If she has no time even to do that she may cut her cable and run before the wind, in which case she will be said to have *cut and run*. To 'carry on' is to crowd too much sail. A ship is said to 'touch and go' when she scrapes over shoal ground without being stopped, and she is 'brought to' when her course is checked, the firing of a gun taking the place of the sal volatile of civilian usage.

In the past we borrowed our sea-terms from maritime traders of all nations, drawing from the two sources of the Mediterranean and the countries round the Baltic, though in recent years we have supplied foreigners with many words of our own. The etymology of the matter has been complicated by the general desire of sailors to make a strange but needed word 'look like something.' Just as in the 'lemon-soles' and 'crayfish' of our fishermen we recognise the French *limandes* and *écrevisses*, so the French sailors needed our word bowsprit. Their own word nearest in sound was *beaupré*, so they took that; but an educated Frenchman must sometimes wonder what a bowsprit can have to do with a fair meadow.

Possibly the same tendency accounts for *Mother Carey* and *Betty Martin* (All my eye and ——), which still remain puzzles, in spite of ingenious guesses. *Davy Jones* may conceivably be a combination of *duffy*—a West Indian negro word for spirit—and Jonah, and it would not be too much to expect that duffy would turn to Davy when Jonah took the Welsh form of Jones. With regard to *Blue Peter*, Professor Ernest Weekley, whose suggestions should be treated with the utmost respect, says that, although the choice of the name may be arbitrary (cf. *Jolly Roger*), yet he has sometimes wondered whether it is in some way connected with the obsolete *beaupers*, *bewpers*, bunting, which has been misunderstood as 'Beautiful Peter' (Piers) and then perverted to suit the colour. *Pepys's Diary* has, 'Among the Linnen Wholesale Drapers . . . to see what can be done with them for the supplying our want of Bewpers for flaggs.' A stormy petrel, by the way, is definitely named after St. Peter, for it walks on the sea.

The oldest Mediterranean word in our sea-vocabulary is probably *anchor* (ancora), and is apparently the only Latin nautical word adopted by the Teutonic languages. *Nausea* is pure Greek, and properly means sea-sickness. *Average* is a maritime trade-word from the Mediterranean, and originally meant a customs impost. We are the only people who use it in its present mathematical sense. It may have come originally from the Arabs, who gave us our *admiral*, from *amir-al-bahr*, commander of the sea. *Freight* we almost certainly took from the Dutch, and to apply it to goods carried overland is a quite modern usage. 'Fraught with danger,' etc., gives the old form of the noun. *Haul* is practically a nautical variant of the older French word *hale* (cf. 'haled to execution'), and *overhaul* is definitely nautical, even if we speak of overhauling accounts. *Boat* is perhaps English, for it is first found in Anglo-Saxon, and in its combination with *swain*, as in boatswain and coxswain, we keep in use the old Norse word *sveinn*, meaning a boy or attendant. It may not be necessary to point out that in the present Royal Navy no 'boat' is found larger than a torpedo-boat.

For some reason we still speak nautically of *heaving* a brick at someone, as seamen 'heave' the lead. Mainwaring's *Seaman's Dictionary*, which was printed in 1644, tells us that 'As we commonly use the word fling away, so seamen they use the word *heave away*, for if it be but a rope yarn, or chip, they will say, heave it away.' In a sentence of a court-martial under Benbow, three men found guilty of desertion were officially ordered to 'heave a die' to see which should be hanged. 'Heave' is a very old Teutonic word, of which the ancient meaning of 'lift' is seen in the phrase 'heave in sight.' Again, any landsman will speak of a ship as *bound* for China, or outward or homeward bound. Strictly the D has no business in the word, which is not a past participle of the verb to bind but comes from the Middle English *boun*, meaning ready. Scotland has kept the old form. Then further, when we 'keep our *weather* eye open' we assist the sailor to maintain an original meaning of 'weather' as a movement of air.

Nearly everyone goes wrong, however, in the use of the phrase *the bitter end*. It does not imply a condition of ultimate

misery, but that all has been done that is possible. The bitts are stout pieces of timber to which a cable is made fast, so that the 'bitter' end of it is that which is within board and abaft the bitts. When it has been veered out to the bitter end there is no more of it to let go. Then there is *the devil to pay*, or, in the full form, 'the devil to pay, and no pitch hot'; the devil being a large seam which took an extra amount of material to caulk with oakum and render or pay with pitch. The landsman uses the phrase in the sense of a heavy reckoning to be made, but the nautical sense is much older than this, and means that there is a big job waiting and no means for doing it.

When we apply the term *bilge* to literary efforts of which we disapprove we do so with full nautical appreciation, and we are likewise quite at home with *mainstay; cut the painter; all adrift; not enough ballast; sheeting it home; clear the decks; the coast is clear; take the helm; all ship-shape; on the wrong tack;* and sailing *under false colours* and *near the wind.* We *rummage* in an attic, *hail* a taxi, and declare that so-and-so has got a *kink*, which last is a nautical word from the Scandinavian.

There are, however, a number of everyday expressions which are used without in every case a clear idea as to their nautical sense, even if they are regarded as nautical words at all. Among such, perhaps, is keep or *hold aloof*, which is an old form of an order to the helmsman: 'keep your luff'; that is, hold to windward; an order often given when it was desired to keep well off a dangerous lee shore. Long John Silver's toast on the *Hispaniola* was, 'Here's to ourselves, and hold your luff, plenty of prizes and plenty of duff.' We may say that a man has a *snug berth* in a government office, but the metaphor is not from a sleeping-bunk but from a ship well sheltered in harbour. Similarly, when we speak of giving somebody or something a *wide berth* we take the imagery from a ship that has plenty of room to swing at anchor. We *tide over* a difficulty or period of distress just as a ship, when wind and tide are against her, anchors until she can get the windward tide. While a 'bearing' has reference to direction or a point of the compass, a ship's *bearings* are the line formed on her side by the water-surface when she sits upright, with provisions, stores and ballast on board, and in proper trim.

So anyone who has been 'brought to his bearings' has been reduced to order.

To include expressions derived from sailing, we recall that when looking at a matter from all points we take it *by and large*, since a ship sails 'by' the wind when she moves against it, and she goes 'large' when she has the wind at a right angle to her hull or obliquely from the stern. A man *outreaches* another just as a ship holds on a tack until she draws ahead of a rival, and a man who is too clever *overreaches* himself, as with a ship that has held on one course unnecessarily far. To be *on one's beam ends* most expressively points to a ship that has fallen helpless on her side, so that the timbers under her decks stand vertically. There is no more vivid description of near-intoxication than *three sheets in the wind.* Nevertheless, though by implication the headsails of a vessel in that condition have lost the power to help her, yet it must not be forgotten that a sheet is not a sail but a rope. How a sheet-anchor got its name is unknown, but a reminder may be offered that, while a seaman speaks of 'anchoring,' or 'dropping' an anchor or 'letting it go,' he never talks of 'casting' it, if only because you cannot cast or throw an object weighing a couple of tons.

Other sea-terms may suggest themselves, some of which will still give work to the philologist, as with the *Rise and shine! Rise and shine!* of the boatswain as he rouses out the watch below. It would make a good motto for those who value the tang of salt in English speech. Sail, in essentials, has changed but little through the centuries, and there are but few of our sea-phrases that would not have passed current in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

N. W. Gregory Walker.

BOOK REVIEWS

Oxford Pamphlets on World Affairs. Nos. 5–15 (Clarendon Press, 3*d.* each).

No. 5. '*Race' in Europe*, by Julian Huxley.
„ 6. *The Fourteen Points and the Treaty of Versailles*, by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy.
„ 7. *Colonies and Raw Materials*, by H. D. Henderson.
„ 8. '*Living Space' and Population Problems*, by R. R. Kuczynski.
„ 9. *Turkey, Greece and the Eastern Mediterranean*, by G. F. Hudson.
„ 10. *The Danubian Basin*, by C. A. Macartney.
„ 11. *The Dual Policy*, by Arthur Salter.
„ 12. *Encirclement*, by J. L. Brierly.
„ 13. *The Refugee Question*, by John Hope Simpson.
„ 14. *The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk and Germany's Eastern Policy*, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett.
„ 15. *Czechoslovakia*, by R. Birley.

These *Oxford Pamphlets*, mostly written in the summer of 1939, present a picture of Europe from the last war to this one, and effectively unmask that German ambition which has led us back from the hopes of 1918 to the horror of 1914. In dealing with the *Fourteen Points and the Treaty of Versailles*, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy has been accused of special pleading. His defence of the Allies in the matter of carrying out Point 4 about disarmament is unconvincing, but the fault lies primarily with the vagueness of Point 4 itself. Although, as Mr. Gathorne-Hardy points out, the Allies 'showed a better appreciation of the requirements of Europe' than did President Wilson, on the whole the Treaty did credit rather to their hearts than to their heads, and for this reason it easily became the plaything of propagandists. One could wish, however, that this pamphlet had emphasised the fact that the Treaty of Versailles provided Europe with some of the most

civilised years in its history, since it brought a real increase in liberty and international co-operation, until it was ruthlessly destroyed by the forces of barbarism. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's pamphlet adds to a summary of his well-known book upon the Brest-Litovsk Peace Treaty an account of the treaty imposed upon Roumania by the Central Powers at Bucharest in May, 1918. The Peace of Bucharest rightly became a by-word for Draconian treatment of the vanquished, but, when a German staff officer was reproached by a Roumanian at the time, he seemed surprised and said: 'You call it a *harsh* peace? Just wait till you see what we are preparing for France and England.' As for Brest-Litovsk, the tables have been turned indeed since Germans and Russians have met there again in 1939 and 'the unchangeable basis of the world of National Socialist thought and feeling' has, after all, been changed. The interest of Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's pamphlet lies also in the effect of the Eastern treaties upon American opinion and finally provides an important note to Mr. Gathorne-Hardy by reminding us that the Brest-Litovsk Treaty was considered by the Western Powers to have cancelled President Wilson's Fourteen Point offer made in January, 1918. It is not true that the Allies accepted them as the basis of negotiations with Germany at the time of the autumn armistice.

Pamphlets 9 and 10 summarise the problems of Central and South-eastern Europe with Turkey. Mr. Hudson very usefully recalls the story of the acquisition of the Dodecanese by Italy and other easily neglected circumstances of interest in East Mediterranean history. He discovers an analogy between the Lausanne Treaty of 1923 and the Munich Agreement of 1939; 'in both cases,' he points out, 'Britain and France . . . saved themselves from war by sacrificing a small nation which looked to them for support,' but whereas Munich only increased tension, Lausanne, owing to Turkey's subsequent restraint, brought a real settlement. Mr. Birley's *Czechoslovakia* (No. 15) examines the great contributions to civilisation made by the small nation victimised at Munich, and, should anyone in Britain still share the strange ignorance of General Göring about the origins and history of the Czechs, they would do well to take this short cut to enlightenment in the matter.

The remaining pamphlets under review constitute a powerful refutation of the contemporary claims of National Socialist Germany. With Professor Julian Huxley's work (No. 5) in 'debunking' racialism a large part of the British public is already familiar, but it is excellent to have it in this concise form. He shows how scientifically untenable are the ideas of separate races and clearly defined national types in Europe. He points out that the use of 'blood' as equivalent to 'relationship' is a misconception 'encountered among many peoples on a low cultural level.' Professor Huxley gives a useful summary of the history of the Nordic fallacy from Max Müller's introduction of the word 'Aryan' into English usage *viâ* Gobineau to Houston Stewart Chamberlain and Hitler. Finally, he points out that, while the Kulaks were scapegoats for the Bolsheviks, they were at least able to submit, but for the Jews in Germany fake Nazi biology made even submission impossible. With the Refugee Question Sir John Hope Simpson deals authoritatively (No. 13). He adds the historically interesting fact that 'the aim . . . of racial purity within national boundaries seems to have been adopted as a deliberate policy for the first time by the leaders of the Young Turk movement. . . .' After recounting what has been done for the various kinds of political refugee in the post-1918 world he comes to the fact of a falling population in both Britain and France. 'Under these circumstances,' he writes, 'the attitude of these and of other countries, whose position is very similar, in refusing to consider themselves as countries of ultimate settlement of selected refugees is unintelligible.'

Above all, Mr. Henderson's and Dr. Kuczynski's pamphlets expose the mendacity of Nazi propaganda with an illumination which makes one ashamed of the credulity with which that propaganda has often been accepted outside Germany. Dr. Kuczynski reminds us that 'there are, to be sure, in Belgium 274 persons to the square kilometre, in Holland 247, in the United Kingdom 195, in Japan 186, in Italy 141,' while in Germany there are 135. 'Although Italy has just suffered a reduction of her "living space"' he continues, 'by the conquest of Albania (which is more densely settled than the Italian Empire, excluding Albania), it would still seem fairer to enlarge the living space of the German

Empire at the expense of the Italian rather than of the British Empire.' Among other things, Dr. Kuczynski quotes German statistics, published in February, 1939, to show that Germany (without Austria, Bohemia and Moravia) is 83 per cent. self-sufficient in foodstuffs, *i.e.*, self-sufficient to exactly the same degree as France. He also shows that Germany provides nearly half the imports of the Cameroons although they are under British mandate, while she could only derive from Togoland the iron of which Nazis speak by the wholesale introduction of slave labour. Here we begin to tread upon Mr. Henderson's ground. It is fairly generally appreciated that colonies do not provide an appreciable amount of the world's raw materials and that the metropolitan countries do not favour their own nationals in the matter of acquiring them. What is not understood is that raw materials are over-produced, and that, in order to do something to protect the primary producer, it is increasingly the metropolitan countries who confer, and the colonies who receive, the main benefits of their association. 'Never was living-space a less real problem for the peoples of Western Europe,' writes Mr. Henderson. 'The acreage needed to produce a given quantity of raw materials is being reduced more rapidly than ever before, while the populations of industrial countries, including Germany, are increasing more slowly than before.'

Professor Brierly on *Encirclement* (No 12) continues the indictment with a number of trenchant observations. 'It is convenient,' he writes, 'for a government to attribute the hardships of which Germans are conscious in their daily lives to the nefarious attempts of the outside world at the economic strangulation of Germany, especially when these hardships are largely the outcome of the policy that that government has deliberately chosen to follow.' On the other hand, Sir Arthur Salter's *The Dual Policy* (No 11) shows a faltering benevolence which obscures the case he sets out to make, for he wishes for a statement of magnanimous war aims, a statement which is in itself incompatible with his twin object of stopping aggression. The fact is that Sir Arthur is unwilling to admit the full difficulty of the German question; he believes, for instance, that he is dealing with a country which nearly went Liberal in 1848. Is he sure even of that? Were not the Germans of 1848 chauvinists—or nationalists

at the least—long before they were Liberals, since freedom, to them, strangely enough meant union, not liberty?

This series of pamphlets is undoubtedly a most valuable compendium, providing the essence of longer studies for those who are unable to contend with voluminous reading. Together the pamphlets make it irresistibly clear that the Germany of 1933 needed to expand only because she was determined to do so, and that this determination was due to her desire to dominate which could only be satisfied by expansion into Bohemia and the valley of the Vistula; by the occupation of these areas she could destroy the security of her neighbours and their ability to defend their own way of living.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN.

Studia Otiosa, by R. Warwick Bond (Constable, 7*s.* 6*d.*).

The materials of this volume are varied, and of even more varied value. As much, however, might be said of many quite important works of criticism, and certain schools of modern thought assume a studied casualness of manner which is at variance with the inflexibility or comprehensiveness of their critical theory. One thinks in this connection of Mr. T. S. Eliot or the late W. P. Ker. There is no such fundamental solidity of outlook in *Studia Otiosa*. Professor Warwick Bond reflects the characteristic elements of the more academic mind, gives a number of interesting and fresh turns to traditional literary problems, and occasionally and rather bewilderingly descends into the arena of what he evidently believes still to be the modern world, and delivers a few irresponsible and random blows.

The purely informative essays are the least important. The earliest, that on *Montaigne*, is somewhat in the manner of *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*. It lacks, indeed, as does the whole book outside the Preface, any special charm of style. But the reader who is not prepared to tackle Montaigne in his own tongue may gain from it some notion of the importance and fascination of the author of the *Essais*. Incidentally, the quotations from Florio only help to show that, however racy the translator may be in himself, he fails to convey

anything like the 'feeling' of his original. It is difficult to see, too, why the essay should build itself up into a plea for a reasoned examination of 'the experiments by which even now a group among us are endeavouring to establish our possession of a means of communicating with the absent and the dead.'

Among his more airy sallies, the Professor attacks with some inconsistency the modern tendency to discussion. 'If . . . great work is seldom produced nowadays,' he says, 'is it not because we are more anxious to ventilate than to form our opinions?' This is in 1906, the 'Age of the Platform and the At Home,'—the Age of Mr. H. G. Wells, whom I suppose he would condemn. Yet Montaigne's 'copiousness is . . . the result . . . very largely of his pleasure in talk.' And he approves of Montaigne—even of his neglect of his mayoral duties during the plague years—since 'it did not occur to anyone to blame him before the ingenious nineteenth century.' The suggestion that in his married life his subject 'compared favourably with his contemporaries' reveals on the other hand a comic and Victorian belief that 'it is unfair to judge a man of that rude age by the purer standards . . . of to-day.' That the relative proportions of virtue and non-virtue among mankind may well be found upon scientific enquiry to remain constant for all periods of human history does not seem to have occurred to Professor Bond.

Brant's Das Narrenschiff is a competent resuscitation of a work which, for all its historical and literary interest, has received less than 'brief perfunctory mention' from the standard English authorities. *The Theban Eagle*, one of the most recent studies, originally saw the light in this Review. It shows a wide though rather conventional appreciation of the poetry of Pindar, and in its emphasis on the importance of non-Attic elements in Greek civilisation offers a valuable corrective to one-sided tradition. But while 'we learn with some surprise that "tyrants," in the absence of Labour-Socialists, may be quite amiable people,' our æsthetic sensibilities receive something of a shock when we find the 'mingled beauty, grace and humour' of parts of *Pythian IX* paralleled by 'Sir E. J. Poynter's picture of 1880, *A Visit to Æsculapius*, or Tennyson's Sleeping Beauty (*The Day Dream*, 1842).' Typical also of the defects of the academic mind is

the ill-informed and really impertinent reference to the tale in verse as 'perpetuated, I note with pleasure, even now, by Hardy, Alfred Noyes, John Masefield and doubtless others.'

Lucan's Pharsalia is an exception to this general criticism. Professor Bond has here taken a much neglected poem, an epic of civilised society, and made of it a piece of living art. The characters of Pompey, Cæsar and Cato, puzzling as they are, are shown as presented in relation to the Stoic ideal, so that the *Pharsalia* becomes a poem in praise of the philosophic failure of the last-named, over the mere heroic failure, and the worldly but unphilosophic success of the two former. Brilliant treatment by Lucan of different types of religious atmosphere also receives elaborate comment. The shorter pieces—*Among Shakespeare's Sources*—contain some really valuable contributions to the understanding of *The Comedy of Errors* and *Timon of Athens*. Many details of the former, specially the 'medical Abbess,' are traced for the first time to *L'Ammalata*, a play written in 1555 by 'Giovammaria Cecchi, most prolific of Italian cinquecento dramatists,' and much of the latter to Boiardo's *Timone Comœdia*, in itself an already elaborated version of Lucian's dialogue, and one which supplied Shakespeare with more material than is usually thought. It is perhaps unfortunate that in *Falstaff as Vox Populi* Professor Bond allows his obsession with the defects of the lower classes—he attributes to them all those of the aristocratic Falstaff, as well as their own—to carry him into an acceptance of the exploded emendation of ''a babbled of green fields.'

BENJAMIN GILBERT BROOKS.

Introduction to the History of Philosophy, by Joseph B. Burgess, (McGraw-Hill Publishing Co. Ltd.).

Mr. Burgess's book is primarily designed to introduce American readers to the history of philosophy. He writes with obvious enthusiasm for his subject, yet his treatment of it is curiously uncritical. He gives us, for example, a clear enough account of Kant's ethical system, but the single page devoted to a consideration of its many difficulties is so inadequate as to suggest that he is scarcely aware of them. Again, Rousseau's conception of the 'General Will' is beset with obscurities, and these are scarcely faced by Mr. Burgess's

remark that 'if the argument of the *Social Contract* is historically erroneous, logically unsound and internally inconsistent, there were yet enough sound thought and certainly sufficient eloquence and fervour to command reader interest.' Nor will the 'reader' who desires further guidance and consults the sources cited at the end of each chapter fare much better. Mr. Burgess seldom mentions the writings of the philosophers whose views he summarises and his references are for the most part to other American histories of philosophy.

It may be unreasonable to expect an historian of philosophy to explain his own philosophic standpoint, and certainly Mr. Burgess is not inclined to commit himself. The impression is conveyed, however, that he regards the thought of the 'modern age' as representing, for some reason, a higher degree of validity than the speculations which preceded it and in particular of those of the Middle Ages. Thus his treatment of scholastic philosophy does scant justice to its achievement. The scholastics believed that the one ultimate reality was God, and that Man and Nature were only real in so far as their principle of being lay in this supreme reality. They were not concerned with how things behave but with how they are linked with Total Being. As Professor Whitehead points out, they classified instead of measuring, and their speculations needed, and in due course received, correction at the hands of 'brute fact.' But however necessary this correction may have been we have paid a heavier price for it than Mr. Burgess seems disposed to admit, and there are many to-day who will agree with Renouvier that 'le monde souffre du manque d'une verité trancendente.'

More Thoughts and Talks, by Sir Arnold Wilson (Longmans, Green & Co., 7*s*. 6*d*. net).

Sir Arnold Wilson's walks abroad are in a fair way to becoming as important a contribution to the history of the social life of our generation as Cobbett's 'rides' a century ago. Sir Arnold does not indeed wield his flail in quite so belligerent a manner as his predecessor. He does not assign, as Cobbett was wont to do, an equal degree of iniquity to everything of which he may disapprove, nor does he share Cobbett's apparent belief that all the evils of society could be removed if the system of reform which he advocated were

adopted. For Cobbett was a man who had his own certain remedy for putting the world to rights, and it may be suspected that in his conversations with those whose lot he desired to improve he was more concerned to explain his own point of view than to inform himself of theirs. Such is not Sir Arnold's way. In his walks, by preference across country, in his favourite third-class railway carriage, or, it may be, travelling steerage, he meets the labourer, artisan or shop assistant and thenceforth it is they who do the talking. The conversation turns naturally enough to their work and to the conditions under which they do it and we are given some interesting sidelights upon the lives of those who do not often have an opportunity of telling their own story.

Here, for example, are the views of a commercial traveller who, like many of the speakers in this book, is not a constituent:

> 'Have you ever thought,' he began over a cup of tea, 'of trying to protect not the working man, in the ordinary sense of the word, but men who are far more helpless, far more insecure—who go from door to door taking orders for goods, mostly on hire purchase. They are not commercial travellers: they are merely the unemployed being exploited by firms who work on the sell or starve principle—"no sale, no commission." Only last week I met an old friend of mine who lost his job through multiple shop competition, and is now "District Manager" for such a firm. The poor devils come to him full of hope; they may go out a whole week and sell nothing. Read the *Salesmen Wanted* columns in the daily papers to see how many firms now operate on this principle. It is a degrading life: at its lowest it involves deceit and fraud, at its best it is uncertain and wearing. I should like to see it illegal to employ men on that sort of job at all unless paid a basic living wage. I know they are unorganised; their votes do not count, but they are citizens and human beings, and ought to be doing something more worth while. If they all stopped working to-morrow it would not hurt trade; the shops would carry stocks and get the business.'

Sir Arnold Wilson believes with Lord Baldwin that 'the work of a Member of Parliament is a kind of ministry,' and if it be the duty of a minister to make himself acquainted with the life of his flock, he certainly fulfils it. He is a Tory who cares little for the vested interests which Conservatives

generally support, and much for the richly diversified communal life of this country which, owing nothing to Government departments, calls forth, and depends upon, voluntary initiative and co-operation. Of all that is impersonal and bureaucratic he is suspicious, for his concern is with the individual and above all with 'the small man,' whose lot in these days is no easy one. These men, who seldom have much influence as voters, have reason to be grateful to their champion and the judgment of the old craftsman who left his bench to shake hands with his Member and, after saying that he would 'probably' not vote for him, added, 'I do believe that you do what you can for all alike, and that's how it should be,' is one which readers of this very human book are likely to endorse.

R. N. CAREW HUNT.

Europe in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, by A. J. Grant and Harold Temperley (Longmans, 700 pages, with several maps).

This well-known study of Europe, first published in 1927, has been brought up to date (October, 1938) in a new edition. What is new consists chiefly in a consideration of the Great War, 1914–1918, and its aftermath in Europe and Asia. The mass of material covering the peace-making at Versailles, and the early strivings of the nations that grew out of it, is treated with the professional skill, lucidity and conciseness that we have been accustomed to expect from the two writers—unfortunately it is the last contribution from the pen of Harold Temperley, who died recently.

The fresh chapter on 'The Efforts for European Peace and Unity,' follows orthodox lines; it traces the rise of the institution of the League of Nations from Castlereagh's Congress idea to the Hague Conferences, and to the functions of the Concert of Europe; in dealing with the part played by the League since 1923, the authors have to confess to a series of first-class failures ending with Neville Chamberlain's strictures on its essential limitations. It cannot be said that the authors appear to have grasped the fundamental reason for its collapse; this part of the work lacks a revealing insight.

A certain superficiality also characterises the other new chapter dealing with 'the main currents of the European

movements,' on the one hand Marxism and the Soviet Republic, and on the other the rise of Naziism and the totalitarian States and the position of the democracies in relation to them. The authors have not emphasised the threat to European civilisation which for instance the Nazi movement constitutes. This is all the more extraordinary as a study of Europe, taken as a whole, is justified by the conception, as the authors themselves state in the very first page of their work, of a definite type of civilisation common to all States which have inherited the traditions of Greece and Rome, and the Christian ideas of faith, morals and worship. Attempts are made to compare Hitler's social ideas with those of Carlyle, and to treat Hitler's *Weltanschauung*, his ideas on race, etc., as if they were sincerely held beliefs, and not a mere instrument of a deceitful and cunning opportunist intent upon swindling the masses in order to pursue his aims of world conquest. In Naziism and Marxism we are faced by Nihilist movements which have already obliterated what we know as European civilisation east of the Rhine.

Most of the work we are considering was evidently written at a time when the League of Nations looked a more hopeful institution, and this seemed to have given the two authors a certain angle of vision, and perhaps an unjustifiable serenity, when they set out the tremendous story of the conflict between authority and liberty which marked the history of European States and the rise of nationality from the days of the French Revolution. The authors devote incidentally a third of the book to the ideas and political consequences of the French Revolution, and this they do in most masterly fashion.

If the study were written in the light of the new facts of to-day, some of the personalities and movements of the nineteenth century would appear perhaps in a somewhat harsher light; to estimate the just measure and proportion is perhaps the greatest difficulty confronting the contemporary historian. The reader, with his mind made sensitive by contemporary events, will in these pages perceive acutely how fatal to Europe was the part played by leading German statesmen throughout the nineteenth century in defeating the strivings of the German people towards effective constitutional government. Metternich, Schwarzenberg and Bismarck, who hated parliamen-

tary government and who crushed the first German Parliament, prepared the way for the present enslavement of the German people. Frederick the Great, and again Bismarck, who is quoted by the authors as preferring Attila to the internationalism of Cobden, in this respect a kindred spirit of Goering and Hitler, produced the militarist attitude to life of Germany to-day, it is the militarist attitude which essentially marks the Third Reich, that Nazi-Prussian Reich of the German nation, which has lately brutally conquered three independent nations so representative of Christian Europe.

The authors of this study are indeed mistaken in making of Versailles more than an episode in the relentless rise of Prussian militarism. In analysing the diplomatic activities of the Chancelleries that led to the Great War of 1914, the authors have not touched upon certain of the surging forces that lay behind them, particularly the ambitions of the Prussian governing classes, the youths and the professors, who then, as the Nazis do to-day, regarded themselves as the exclusive inheritors of the achievements of the French and the English, whose belief in Reason and Christianity prove them, in Nazi eyes, to be decadent. Inability on our part—and to sharing this inability in the past I also plead guilty—to recognise this deep-seated and persistent attitude of jealous hostility has exposed France and Great Britain to great dangers, and led its statesmen to commit great blunders, chief among them being the refusal to oppose by force of arms in 1936 the German military reoccupation of the Rhineland.

Unless Germany wins back her civilisation, it is doubtful whether a future study of geographical Europe would have any meaning; at present the ideals of Europe survive in the countries west of the Rhine and beyond the oceans in the New World.

T. P. CONWELL-EVANS.

The Rise and Growth of the Congress, by C. F. Andrews and Girija Mookerjee (George Allen and Unwin, 7*s*. 6*d*. net.)

The Rev. C. F. Andrews can generally be relied upon to introduce into any subject he touches a point of view which is always humane and frequently illuminating. The subject of his latest book affords an excellent opportunity for balanced

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and sympathetic treatment. Much, it is true, has been written upon the Indian National Congress, ranging in worth from the brilliant but undocumented studies of the late Mrs. Besant to the immensely solid work of Dr. Pattabhai Sitaramaya. But little has been done to explain to the foreign reader the Indian political philosophy which underlies so many manifestations of the Nationalist movement, and which finds expression so clearly from time to time in the activities of the Indian National Congress. Unfortunately Mr. Andrews' book, though careful and painstaking, is thoroughly orthodox in treatment. To term it a ' scissors and paste ' production might be deemed unfair ; yet this is the impression which the book has made upon at least one reader. Mr. Andrews covers ground so familiar, and treats of his survey in so orthodox a fashion, that it is not easy to discover any special claim upon the attention of his readers. More unfortunately still, the narrative breaks off at the year 1920—in other words, at the very point at which the student of present-day Indian affairs would desire to consult it.

There are, it is true, a few matters regarding which Mr. Andrews has appeared to have departed from pedestrian orthodoxy. He has been at pains to emphasise—and this is perhaps the one original contribution made by the book to its subject—the fundamentally religious origins of the early Nationalist movement in India. He carefully traces the course of the religious renaissance which in his view preceded the dawn of modern nationalist thought ; and his chapters on the Brahmo Samaj, the Arya Samaj and the Ramakrishna Mission are well worthy of the attention of students. But his treatment of the problems of Moslem education needs for its acceptance a greater degree of documentation than he has seen fit to give it. He holds that there was a remarkable revival of Islamic culture in Delhi in the days of the last Emperor ; and that only the anti-Moslem feelings aroused during the Mutiny prevented this revival from proceeding on lines parallel with contemporary Hindu movements. But surely such an attempt to explain away Moslem backwardness in Western learning by representing it as an effect of British political intolerance is to misconceive the whole situation. The ' Islamic revival ' of which Mr. Andrews speaks was nothing but the customary coterie of poets and encylcopædists

gathered, as of old, round an Emperor of literary leanings. The backwardness of the Moslem community which, despite the magnificent work of Sir Syed Ahmed, persists to this day, is not to be explained on such simple grounds as those taken by Mr. Andrews. Leaving aside the intolerance of Islam towards Western learning which, in its early introduction, was so strongly tinged with a Christian bias, it is to be remembered that, unlike the Hindus, the Moslems in India have always possessed their own international culture, their own lingua franca, and their own source of polite learning in Persian language and literature. Further, these cultural heritages they were not prepared to abandon for the English learning which appealed so strongly to the more flexible Hindu mind, and quickly became a valuable avenue to official advancement and commercial prosperity. Finally, the fact that the Koran may not be translated imposes upon every Moslem child the obligation of learning by heart long—and to many, it is to be feared, unintelligible—passages of a difficult foreign tongue; and the school-time taken for these religious exercises has necessarily to be deducted from that available for other studies. It is suggested that such factors as these, rather than any political repression by the British, provide an adequate explanation for those educational difficulties from which the Moslem community in India is still engaged in extricating itself.

Another matter concerning which Mr. Andrews differs from the orthodox historians is in his ascription of the rise of the cult of violence to repressive action on the part of the authorities. But to take this view is surely to ignore chronology. It may be frankly admitted that the result of Lord Curzon's policy was immensely to increase the importance and the appeal of the anarchic movement; but the movement itself was not the creation of the circumstances which brought it to the forefront in contemporary Indian manifestations of political unrest. It derived directly from the late B. G. Tilak's cult of physical force which appealed not only to the racial pride of Maharashtra, but also to the inferiority complex of the 'unwarlike' Bengali. Repression no doubt rendered the clash more acute, but the movement preceded the repression, and not *vice versâ*.

L. F. Rushbrook Williams.

Rutherford, by A. S. Eve (Cambridge University Press, 21*s*.).

'One can only say he was a peer among men: he was Rutherford.' Thus was he described by Lord Baldwin, who had the privilege of knowing him intimately, and thus does his character appear from Professor Eve's book. The author has not written a conventional life. Instead he has given us Rutherford's letters to his fiancée (Mary Newton, later Lady Rutherford), to his mother, and to his friends, and the letters his friends wrote to and about him. Where the letters themselves are not sufficient, Professor Eve has written a short connecting narrative, which he has been able to do all the better because he knew Rutherford personally. And so we receive a clear impression of the man—loyal, modest, cheerful, good-humoured, and always ready to help his friends by word or by deed.

Ernest Rutherford was born the second son and fourth child of a family of seven sons and five daughters. His birthplace was near Nelson, New Zealand, and the date August 30th, 1871. His whole career was governed by the people with whom he came into contact; and in the way they helped him he was luckier than most. His parents were no exception to this rule. At the time of Rutherford's birth, his father, in addition to farming in a small way, was a wheelwright, a bridge-builder, and a railway contractor, but later on he specialised in flax farming. And here we see something that must have had a great influence on Rutherford's life, for his father was not only able and industrious, but also inventive. He found a specially suitable form of flax for his district, and invented and improved the machinery for treating it. As his father gave him his first insight into the ways of science, so his mother showed him the virtues of thrift, hard work, and a love of music.

After an unusually successful career at school and at the University of New Zealand, where he achieved the distinction of a double first in mathematics and physics, he stayed on at the University for a year of research work. Here his true genius began to show itself. He concentrated on the detection at as large a distance as possible of Hertzian waves, what we now call wireless waves. For this purpose he invented a new type of detector which gave remarkable results. It was at this period of his life that he laid the foundations for his later

successes. Now, at the age of twenty-four, he was elected to a research scholarship at Cambridge. These scholarships were founded by the Prince Consort from the profits of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and the success of the scheme largely depended on the way Rutherford succeeded. It is interesting to note that his co-scholar was J. S. E. Townsend, now Wykeham Professor of Physics at Oxford.

At Cambridge Rutherford had the good fortune to work under J. J. Thomson, with whom he was soon on very friendly terms. J. J. soon learned to respect Rutherford's abilities, and it was he who, two years later, recommended him to study ionic physics, which developed into Rutherford's life work, and led directly to the discoveries that have ensured him a permanent place in the history of science.

The first of Rutherford's professional appointments came in 1898, when he was twenty-seven years old, the Professorship of Physics at McGill. He remained there for nine years, after which he became Langworthy Professor of Physics at Manchester. In 1919 he reached the goal of every experimental physicist, the Cavendish Professorship at Cambridge.

Such, in brief, is the story of the life of one of the greatest of those who have given their lives to science, and to science in its noblest aspect; not for mere personal profit or reputation, but for the pure love of discovery, for the increase of our knowledge of the world about us.

Professor Eve has produced a great book, because he has shown us so clearly Rutherford the man, with all his hopes and ambitions, as well as Rutherford of the Cavendish. And the Professor earns our gratitude too, by almost entirely avoiding the error into which so many biographers fall, that of putting their subject on a pedestal, making them inhumanly perfect.

I strongly recommend this book to all those who wish to read the life of a great man, and especially to those who want to learn something of pure scientific research. As a word of warning, the unscientific reader may find some of the more technical descriptions out of his reach, although the author has done a difficult job very well. But I am confident that, even for him, this book will amply repay reading and re-reading.

GERALD SEIFLOW.

The Place-Names of Wiltshire, by J. E. B. Gover, Allen Mawer and F. M. Stenton (English Place-Name Society, Vol. XVI., Cambridge University Press, 22*s*. 6*d*.).

This is the sixteenth volume to be produced in as many years by the English Place-Name Society, whose object it is to make an historical survey of the place-names of England, county by county. It is a co-operative enterprise, sponsored by some of the foremost authorities in the country, and calling in aid the services of continental scholars (particularly a devoted band of Scandinavians), the Public Record Office, the British Museum, local antiquaries, landlords, schoolmasters and school children, and many other friends of the Survey.

Some indication of the character of the contribution which the Survey has been able to make to historical and philological studies, as well as of some of the problems it encounters as it proceeds on its majestic way through the English shires, was given just ten years ago by Sir Allen Mawer, the Director of the Survey, in his *Problems of Place-Name Study*. He considered then three aspects of the Survey's work, among many which might be selected: the light it throws on the problem of the Anglo-Saxon and Viking settlements in England; its value in helping to recover some of the lost elements in the vocabulary of our forefathers; and the problems that still await solution. For the historian the first of these aspects is of especial interest. The work done by the Society goes hand in hand with the researches that are being made by field archæologists and by the Ordnance Survey, which has of late years made many brilliant discoveries from the air of old sites and encampments. One of the results of the place-name work in this sphere has been the confirmation of the general accuracy of the much abused *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, as a source for the history of the stages by which the conquest of England was achieved.

Linguistically the work of the Survey has been of the greatest importance; and not the least interesting of the results achieved is the recognition of words which occur in place-names centuries before thter first literary record. Thus, 'the pewit that haunted Pewytelowe in Cleeve Prior in the thirteenth century was there three hundred years before

Skelton summoned the pewyt to sing versicles in Philip Sparowe.' The third aspect of the Survey's work, considered by Sir Allen Mawer, is more technical, raising, for instance, the whole question of our knowledge of the range and character of Old English personal nomenclature.

These problems and deductions are illustrated in the present volume on the Place-Names of Wiltshire. The collection of the material, we are told, has mainly been in the hands of Mr. Gover, the sub-Editor; but it is emphasised that, as mentioned above, this and all other work of the Survey is a co-operative enterprise. As before, the place-name evidence, taken with the archæological indications, goes to confirm the accuracy of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, according to which Cynric in the year 552 won a victory over the Britons on the site now familiar as Old Sarum, and four years later, with Ceawlin his son, fought and no doubt defeated the Britons at *Beranbyrg*, which can safely be identified with Barbury Hill above the Ridge Way, south of Swindon. Old Sarum illustrates the Celtic element in Wiltshire names. The earliest form preserved is in the Antonine Itinerary (*Sorviodumi*, *Sorbiodoni*) from which comes the first syllable of Sarum and Salisbury. Nearly forty years ago Henry Bradley advanced a tentative explanation of the name, and no better suggestion has been made since then. He suggested that the first element of the Latinised name, *Sorvios* or *Sorvia*, might be a Celtic river-name applied to the Avon as it flows just to the west of the site. It would be related to Irish *soirbh*, ' gentle ' ; while the second element is the Old British *dūnon*, ' fort.' There are other names of British origin in Wiltshire, and they are more prominent than in any other district, except perhaps Devon, with which the Survey has so far dealt. Many of the best known place-names in the county, in fact, such as Calne, Deverill, Melchet, Savernake and Fonthill, prove to be British names of streams or woods which had been adopted by Saxon settlers. But here as elsewhere the great bulk of the place-names are English in origin. There is a meagre Scandinavian contribution, and a very slight element of Norman-French origin, of which the best known example is Devizes.

One of the most interesting of the place-names here explained is that of Drake North, which is found to be a corruption of *drakenhorde*, ' dragon hoard, or treasure,' conjuring

up visions of some ancient legend. Puck Shipton contains the Old English *puca*, 'goblin.' Tuley Street in Bradford-on-Avon, like Tooley Street in London, is named from St. Olaf, Scandinavian patron saint of church or chapel.

Perhaps enough has been said to show both the importance of these volumes for scholarship, and their fascination for the ordinary reader, interested in the history of the district where he lives and curious about the meaning of the names of village, stream and hill, and of the surnames derived from them.

E. St. John Brooks.

Country Relics, by H. J. Massingham (Cambridge University Press, pp. 231, 15*s*. net).

This is a valuable book. It contains drawings and descriptions of precious country relics of the past. The drawings are by Mr. Thomas Hennell. They are in keeping with the style of the book, though I think photographs would have been even more effective. The old implements all belong to Mr. H. J. Massingham, and are housed at 'The Hermitage,' his country museum. There is no doubt that many people will be anxious to see his collection after reading his book. One need not necessarily be a 'professional' in order to enjoy this delightful account of the vanished crafts and husbandry of England.

Many of the words used in connection with the country crafts belong to a by-gone age, and may perhaps only be known to our grandfathers. And even then they would be understood in one district only, as the crafts differ in their methods and materials from county to county. For instance, the word 'sprays' (pegs) would be 'buckles' of Worcestershire, the 'spars' of Wessex and the 'speakes' or 'spicks' of Wiltshire.

Mr. Massingham has made it almost a rule to collect those things which have been handed on from family to family. When he visits the Sexty family of Bancroft farm in the Evesham Valley, he feels 'like dropping straight back into the eighteenth century.' I wish the author would have explained why some of the older people of that part of England speak with a Welsh accent though they are not of Welsh extraction. Some of the men who were employed building

'the Hermitage' are so vividly described that they might have stepped out of a Hardy novel. 'The Woodlanders' and 'Far from the Madding Crowd' are, indeed, quoted a good deal, for of all the counties Dorset seems to be the least spoilt by our mechanised age. 'Dorset still, like a clutch of eggs in a wild bird's nest, lies cradled in her own past.'

There is also reference to Dickens. The description of the waggon team in 'Bleak House' speaks for itself.

> It was delightful to see the green landscape before us . . . and when a waggon with a team of beautiful horses furnished with red trappings and clear sounding bells, came by us with its music, I believe we could all have sung to the bells, so cheerful were the influences around.

One of the relics that fascinates me most are the bird clappers for 'starving the crows.' What a delightful job for a boy to start his career as a 'bird minder.'

The author also gives valuable information regarding old churches and its treasures. (The mural painting of 'Christ of the Trades' at Breage Church in Cornwall.)

The deeper meaning of the book is the great need of bringing back to life the old crafts and husbandry. Mr. Massingham wrote his book before the war and seemed quite confident about its realisation. Now that England is at war the chances are even greater. The people will have to fall back on their own natural resources. I don't see why crafts like gloving, basket-making, and even lace-making, should not flourish again.

URSULA HARTLEBEN.

Cruisers in Battle, by Hector C. Bywater (Constable, 10*s.* 6*d.*).

The destroyer is commonly referred to in the Royal Navy as the 'maid of all work,' but, as the author of this book observes, the description is with equal justice applicable to the light cruiser. In the World War these ships were usually the first to go into action and the last to come out. The multitudinous functions of this type of vessel in war-time include scouting and screening service with the battle fleets, leadership of the destroyer flotillas, protecting the battle fleet from torpedo attack, and escorting convoys. Their most important service, however, is to protect our merchant marine

from the attacks of commerce raiders seeking to interrupt the supplies of food and raw materials that are so essential to the maintenance of our war effort. With so many duties to perform it is small wonder that ' no admiral has ever been supplied with the number of frigates or cruisers which he considered adequate,' and Mr. Bywater is justly critical of the decision of the Labour Government in 1930 to restrict our cruiser fleet to fifty ships.

Cruisers in Battle is a stirring record of ' naval light cavalry ' in action during the war of 1914–1918, and one that does justice to the heroism displayed on both sides. A good deal of new material derived from British and German sources, has enabled the author to fill many gaps in the official histories. It is a pity that the book does not include an account of the successful attack by German cruisers on the Scandinavian Convoy in 1918 : probably this omission is due to the long delay in the completion of the German official history, the latest volume of which only deals with North Sea operations up to the summer of 1917. Mr. Bywater's work is illustrated by some excellent photographs, although some readers may wish that these had been replaced by maps or diagrams of the actions described.

Mr. Bywater has some interesting and original things to say about the light cruiser actions off Heligoland Bight and Jutland. These engagements demonstrated the superiority of the British cruisers' six-inch gun to that of the four-inch weapon with which German vessels of an equivalent type were equipped. The greater destructive power and longer range of the heavier gun decided more than one contest in our favour.

Among the most valuable chapters of the book are those which deal with the activities and rounding-up of the German commerce destroyers. Long before the war, the German naval authorities had recognised that the most vulnerable point of Great Britain, as a maritime power, lay in her merchant marine. In a war against our commerce they could inflict serious damage upon us without fear of reprisals against their own shipping, which, as a result of the superiority of the Allied fleets was bound to disappear from the seas soon after the commencement of hostilities. The number and disposition of their cruisers at large in August, 1914, and the

fact that the British Navy was deficient in cruisers of the class best fitted to patrol and guard the trade routes made the task of our Admiralty an exceedingly difficult one. The enormous dispersal of strength that can result from one small enemy cruiser being at large will best be realised from the fact that at the height of the pursuit of the *Emden* more than seventy British and Allied warships were on her trail. Yet such are the difficulties of establishing contact on the broad common of the sea that this vessel remained at freedom for three months, during which time she captured and sank sixteen British ships, valued with their cargoes, at £2,150,000. How long could such commerce destroyers have continued their depredations had aerial reconnaissance been anything like as efficient as it is to-day? It is an interesting point, and one that may be resolved in the course of the present conflict. The hunting down of the enemy raiders in 1914 was a long and troublesome business, but our command of the sea made their final destruction inevitable. Writing in 1889, Mahan declared:

> It is not the taking of individual ships or convoys, be they few or many, that strikes down the money power of a nation; it is the possession of that overbearing power on the sea which drives the enemy's flag from it, or allows it to appear only as a fugitive; and which, by controlling the great common, closes the highways by which commerce moves to and from the enemy's shores. This overbearing power can only be exercised by great navies.

Few readers of Mr. Bywater's book will feel disposed to question the truth of Mahan's statement. Fewer still will fail to realise that the cost of the Royal Navy represents an insurance premium that is well worth paying.

JOHN LEPPER.

ADVERTISEMENTS IN GERMAN NEWSPAPERS

A London daily paper recently reported that loud cheering broke out in a cinema in some German town when an advertisement for a beef soup was thrown on to the screen. This incident must have occurred very early in the war, for there is by now a conspicuous lack of advertisements of food both on the screen and in the newspapers. In fact the most striking feature of these advertising columns in more recent German papers is a complete lack of notices concerning any foodstuffs or raw materials. This is undoubtedly due to the rigid system of rationing which has been introduced. Fixed quantities of meat, fats, vegetables, and even bread are allotted to individual consumers. Wholesalers and retailers have been forced to discontinue all normal sales of their goods, and advertising has therefore become meaningless.

Cigarettes are the only commodity of daily consumption which continue to be advertised in the *Völkischer Beobachter*, the *Angriff*, and other German papers. Cigarette manufacturers still buy space in these papers, and in their latest announcements of their particular brands they do not mention that the quality of their cigarettes has deteriorated since the 'substitute for tobacco decree' came into force on October 26th. Pictures of tobacco plantations and of long, beautiful tobacco leaves still adorn these advertisements, and the readers of these notices are obviously expected to forget that these cigarettes are now being made of 'mint, cherry tree, rose leaves, roots, vanilla, thyme' and a little bit of tobacco.

During the first weeks of the war when certain raw materials could still be purchased, the advertisements for them were mingled with political propaganda. In the *Schwarze Korps*, for instance, in the issue of September 7th, 1939, the *Africa Cola* Company, wholesalers of African raw materials, prematurely proclaimed that some of 'their raw materials came from the German colonies.'

The fact that the commodities usually advertised are no longer mentioned in German newspapers does not mean that the advertising columns are omitted from these papers. On the contrary, these columns are as numerous as before war began, but now, through this medium, an effort is obviously being made to interest the public in things other than food. Cinemas announce their new programmes in large print, and cabarets hope to interest readers in their latest numbers. A curious feature of these cabaret notices is the emphasis on the coffee which can be obtained in the intervals of the show. The words ' small cup of coffee for 45 pfennige ' is printed in larger lettering than the various acts included in the cabaret.

Books, too, are now prominently announced in these advertising pages. The Eher Verlag, the official National Socialist publishing house, of which Hitler is the chief shareholder, advertise freely in all the papers. Many books about Germany's greatness, about her struggle, are announced in heavy print. And these advertisements reflect the extent to which the Jewish question is still brought home again and again to the German public. The *Angriff* for October 1st, 1939, published a notice of a special number of the *Illustrierter Beobachter*, a Nazi illustrated paper, dealing with the ' Hyænas of the Battlefield.' This advertisement reads as follows :

> It is always the same. Behind fighting armies a dreadful figure moves and loots : the eternal Jew. The new issue of the *Illustrierter Beobachter* is publishing a stirring series of pictures of this parasite, the Jew, and of the despicable activities of this devilish creature.

Obviously the Nazis hope that advertisements of this kind will cause the public to miss the implications of other notices in the advertising columns. Where goods were once offered for sale, German business men now publish announcements reflecting the shortage of many commodities and raw materials. On November 1st, 1939, to give an example, a Herr Alfred Heinrich Baumann published an urgent request for tins. ' Small or large quantities wanted,' he advertised, ' no matter what make they are.' This advertisement appeared in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* for days. It was clear that Herr Baumann was not getting the tins he needed.

Notices like Herr Baumann's are less and less frequent,

for the goods are simply not available and it no longer pays to advertise for them.

Most recently the 'help wanted' columns and the obituary notices of soldiers killed in Poland or France have occupied almost all of the space formerly used for normal advertisements.

The 'help wanted' notices illustrate Germany's acute shortage of skilled labour and show that even the most prominent firms of armament manufacturers are affected by this situation.

Krupp, in Essen, is advertising widely for 'an engineer or merchant' who can help the firm 'work out questions of organisation.' Siemens and Ernst Henkel, the manufacturer of aeroplanes, are announcing their need of mechanical engineers.

There are whole pages in all the German newspapers of similar notices from large and small firms working on armaments. All sorts of skilled workers are in urgent demand: steel workers, borers, physicists, draughtsmen (or even draughtswomen), mine controllers, opticians, fine mechanics, construction engineers, architects. And the fact that these notices from the same firms appear day after day indicate that this highly trained labour is increasingly difficult to find.

The obituary notices which appear side by side with these 'help wanted' announcements must make some Germans realise that it will not be easy for many years to have sufficient skilled mechanics. For there cannot be nearly enough apprentices in the skilled occupations left. The striking thing about these obituary notices is the extreme youth of the soldiers and officers who have already fallen at the front. Many are under twenty and very few over twenty-five.

These obituary notices should perhaps be read by all those Englishmen who are hopeful that a breakdown of the German army, or a revolt by the army against Hitler, might end the war. These notices seem flatly to contradict such optimists. Some of them are signed by the dead soldier's parents or relations, many of them by the former comrades in his Nazi Youth organisation, but almost all of them reflect that curiously negative German attitude that it is wonderful to die for the Führer.

The largest advertisement published in any German paper

since the outbreak of war is the obituary notice which General v. Brauchitsch published in the *Völkischer Beobachter* on September 24th, in memory of General v. Fritsch. This notice occupies almost a fourth of a page, and the black rim round it is half an inch deep.

> On the twenty-second of September [General v. Brauchitsch announced] *Generaloberst* v. Fritsch, commander of the Artillery Regiment Number 12, fell in action before Warsaw while he was carrying out a reconnaissance.
>
> From the first day of the war he had been at the Front with his artillery regiment. In his last unconditional sacrifice he died in advance of the army, just as he had lived in advance of it. Deeply moved and in profound grief—but filled with pride—the army now stands at the bier of its great soldier.

This notice is signed by v. Brauchitsch with his full title, a title which might have been v. Fritsch's: *Generaloberst* and Commander-in-Chief of the German Armies.

General v. Brauchitsch's announcement of v. Fritsch's death is significant from the point of view of German advertising. It clearly shows that from now on the advertising columns in German newspapers will be well worth watching, for they will undoubtedly be used more and more for political purposes.

MARGARET GOLDSMITH.

